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MR. PENNYFEATHER ON MANHATTAN

BY DONALD MOFFAT

MR. PENNYFEATHER'S opinion of New York is not, I am sorry to say, as fair as one would wish to find in a man of his tolerance and understanding. I accuse him of being prejudiced.

'Prejudiced!' he retorts. 'Of course I am! Professor Kittredge used to tell us that every man ought to nourish one or two hearty prejudices, to stiffen his moral fibre. New York is one of mine. I think it's a good one.'

But when I try to pin him down to a more explicit analysis of his distaste, I find that he has never really thought it worth while — so far as New York is concerned — to examine his feelings more closely. He honestly dislikes the place itself, the shape and look and feel of it as well as the dirt, the noise, and what he calls its 'mongrel squalor.' He considers it a calamity if circumstances force him to pay it a visit, and lets it go at that. He enjoys telling about an elderly friend of his, lately deceased, whose boast it was that never during his lifetime had he left New England except for necessary business trips to New York which he made every month

for forty years. 'The old gentleman maintained an office in the Grand Central,' Mr. Pennyfeather would conclude with satisfaction, 'and so could take the first available train back to Boston without ever once setting foot outside the station.'

In my opinion Mr. Pennyfeather is a judicious man with a few odd little quirks of mind and eccentricities of character that give pungency to his personality in the way a squeeze of lemon brings out the flavor of fish. Perhaps that is why I like to draw him out; or perhaps (in the case of his New York prejudice) it is with a view to codifying my own mild animus toward the city of my birth. For, having been born and brought up there (or at least brought part way up there), I know that there are just as many decent people in New York as anywhere else, and, therefore, that the city they live in cannot be as bad as Pennyfeather believes. It is true, one seldom meets the decent inhabitants; but that they still dwell there in respectable numbers, just as they did when I was a boy, I take to be incontestable. Mr. Pennyfeather and I

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both have friends among them, and find them much as other people, except perhaps for a certain careless opulence in the matter of small bills and taxicabs. I told Mr. Pennyfeather that I'd consider it a favor if he would take the trouble to analyze his feelings about New York, and let me know the result in due course.

A week or two later we met, as usual without prearrangement, at the club — which club does n't matter. Boston abounds in clubs, regular ones, and others which meet for dinner at members' houses or in secluded holes in the wall, for no reason other than the pleasure of congeniality and conversation, and because the members have always done it on certain days of the month. This club of ours happens to be one of the regular ones, with rooms, and committees, and officers, and all the other paraphernalia of clubdom. Mr. Pennyfeather has a favorite chair, as befits a member of long standing; this chair is so situated, in a corner of the dark little smoking room, that, as he says, he can catch the steward's eye as he peers into the room, and avoid the eye of old Mr. Blodgett doing the same thing. This is rather a neat trick, as I have pointed out to him; for the door through which steward and bore both peer is the identical aperture. Mr. Pennyfeather, however, does n't care for explanations.

II

We met, as I say, in Mr. Pennyfeather's favorite corner at the club, a fortnight or so after our earlier Manhattan conversation. No sooner had I taken the chair beside him than he performed his feat of catching the eye of the steward, whose name is John Paggiacci. The hour, the day, the season, and the weather were all propitious to uninterrupted talk, being, respectively, five o'clock, Saturday, spring, and sunny.

'So you want to know why I don't like New York,' he began, even before our orders came. He was already enjoying himself. 'Well, I've thought about it, and I've looked up facts, and thought about them, too. It's been an interesting experience. I don't like New York any better than I did before; but at least I know why I don't like it.'

'That's something,' I murmured.

'It's everything! Now I can forget about the blasted place for good. You had me a little worried, I admit; for human motives interest me, especially my own. Now I'll give you my conclusions: New York does n't interest me because New York does n't matter.'

'Does n't matter!' I exclaimed.

'Does n't matter in the least,' he repeated firmly. 'And I've found that the reason I dislike New York, as distinguished from being uninterested in it, is because New Yorkers think it matters so enormously. Yes, I confess it: what irritates me most is the average New Yorker's smug assumption that his town is important, and that because he's a New Yorker *he* is important, too. Condescending! Not that he's been a New Yorker very long; maybe three or four years, for an average. Not a train comes into the Grand Central Station without decanting five burning young poets, sometimes six — poets who came to New York, not to write poetry (nobody writes poetry within the city limits), but to find recognition. For they think of recognition as the end of the poet's trail, never caring that it also means they're done as poets. For "recognition" substitute the Manhattan synonym, "publicity." By the time they have that, they've begun to think and speak of themselves as "New Yorkers," a much more satisfactory term than "poet." Then they may look down on their old home folks and their old home selves with pleasur-

able condescension. They have at last achieved their ambition, which was never to write good poetry, but to gratify their egos by thinking of themselves as poets. Of course I use the term "poet" metaphorically — it's the same with every other kind of creature. New York takes their integrity, squeezes it into a more pleasing shape, massages it, flatters it, and presto! Good-bye integrity. Sometimes New York gives them something nice to take its place — and a pretty prize it is, too, much in demand nowadays. Sometimes it gives them that good old pot of fool's gold, Success.'

'Pennyfeather,' I interrupted, 'you exaggerate, you show an unbecoming heat. Anyway, what you say is n't true. New York being recognized as the money centre of the country, — the gambling centre, if you like, — I think it much more fair to say that people come to New York for the sole purpose of making money quickly. I find such direct simplicity of motive honest and sweetly reasonable, if not praiseworthy; and when you say —'

'Of course! That's what I do say: money — success. A successful man is one who has succeeded in making money. Say what you will, in the American tradition — in the tradition of every new land — money has always been the medium by which success is measured. We try to hide the horrid taste by proclaiming that we don't want money merely for what it will buy, — a childish point of view, if ever there was one, — but as a sign that we've made good. Millions of people are hoarse from repeating this axiom. There's some truth in it, too. But in New York you've jolly well got to have money. You can't stay there without it. Thus you find concentrated in New York throngs of men and women proud of the unattractive and inhuman qualities which are essential to success in business. Not that I mind

that, especially. The thing I mind is what their eternal preoccupation with money does to people who become obsessed with it. It shows in their manners, — even the filling-station attendants in New York have bad manners, — and in their faces. You know the New York face: a gray, fearful, avid mask, worn by a man wearily and everlastingly hurrying on the same shabby errand that brought him to New York and keeps him there — the chance of gaining another dollar. Not *earning* another dollar — wangling another, by his wits. You are familiar with the New York face?'

III

I nodded. Mr. Pennyfeather knocked out his pipe, and went on, still in a tone of pitying indignation, such as a child uses in talking about his parents. I missed, however, the underlying note of affection. 'It's the face of one who has lost his independence, as well as his bearings. In his own opinion the New Yorker is the most independent of mortals; and so he is, in the sense that nobody cares what becomes of him. Actually, he is the victim of certain tyrannies which are peculiar to all great cities, but especially to New York. Of these the tyrannies of time and space are the most obvious: of time, because the New Yorker can move no faster in any direction than the crowd will let him; of space, because, unless very rich, he is reduced to living in a cave set in rocks, with a magnificently dressed doorman to make him feel agreeably important. He gets used to his cave, as he gets used to the dirt, the smell, the still incessant if deklaxonized roar from the canyons below — even to the extent of boasting of advantages that his den possesses over those of his neighbors. But a cave it remains, a mere refuge. He does n't even own it, in most cases.

'More than in any other city he is at the mercy of vague social and economic forces, vast mysterious combinations of anonymous power and privilege. The policeman on the corner is something hostile rather than protective; excepting, I must admit, the genially paternal Fifth Avenue traffic cops. New Yorkers live in fear, and look it — "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in to saucy doubts and fears." A narrow glittering strip runs down the centre of Manhattan. You can see it plainly from the top of the Empire State Building as it disappears to the south and crops up again in the towers of Wall Street, as it bulges east and west to embrace semi-isolated oases in the encompassing fury, filth, and squalor. In this glittering section, privilege is king, here the cave dwellers are less completely at the mercy of the forces that harry the other millions. Yet even privilege does n't protect them from the ravening hordes of dirty taxis in the streets; they must scuttle for their lives just like everybody else. Lawlessness is close to the surface in New York; it betrays itself in little ways and big: every driver cheats at the traffic lights, and when the upper-Manhattan street lights failed a few months ago — you remember? — they all took advantage of the darkness by trying to drive the wrong way on one-way streets. The wonder is n't that the inhabitants are proud of being New Yorkers, but that they ever get used to the place. They do, though, at a price.'

'Come, come, Pennyfeather,' I said, 'don't exaggerate. All you say may be true. Still, New York can't be dismissed so easily. The place may not matter to you or me, or to New Englanders in general. But how about the rest of the country? I don't know how many women have told me that they love New York because they feel so alive there. What do they mean? You know: they mean the theatre, Broad-

way, fashions, high buildings, stir, shops, literature, art galleries, new movements, new ideas, the sense of money, hotel lobbies, Wall Street, and all the other elements that go to make up New York. Surely New York sets the style in such matters, and exerts a tremendous influence over the country. Not in New England, perhaps, I grant you. New England still retains some of its stubborn distrust of notions and catchwords. But you need n't try to tell me that Mrs. Smith of Akron and Mrs. Brown of Spokane don't keep an eye peeled on New York for the latest hats and shoes and cocktail napkins and novels and song hits. Or that when a company of troupers hit town they don't judge the show by the length of its run on Broadway.'

I spoke as fast and loud as I could, for Pennyfeather had been wriggling with impatience to interrupt. Unwisely, I stopped to draw breath, and in he jumped.

'I grant you that, and more. But you don't grasp my meaning. New York is merely the clearinghouse which receives, concentrates, and distributes new ideas from the outer world. It originates, generates, little. That's why New York is important in a mechanical sense only. Women's fashions, as you know, come from Paris. New York adapts them and cheapens them and standardizes them so that every American woman can afford to fulfill her ambition of being dressed just like every other woman. New York's great financial structure is modeled on London's. Who writes the books and plays and poems, gets out the magazines and newspapers? New Yorkers? Not on your life! Writers may publish in New York, and go there to cash in on their success (hence the literary tea — ever been to one? My God!), but they move out again fast enough if they're any good. Otherwise they get into journalism, or live on

gin and kisses till they rot. *Who's Who* lists about six hundred New York writers; I looked into it for the fun of it. Of these, I'd never even heard of four hundred — mostly women. Of the remaining two hundred, a quarter neither were born in New York nor live there: they're simply down under their publishers' addresses. That leaves a hundred and fifty. About a hundred of them — including many whose writings are merely incidental to their true occupations — were born in other states or abroad. Boiled down, I counted about twenty-five writers and journalists of established national reputation who are born New Yorkers, in the true sense of the word. Twenty-five out of six hundred supposedly good enough for permanent embalmment in *Who's Who*!

'The serious music,' Mr. Pennyfeather continued, after a short pause which he utilized for staring at me as if he dared me to contradict him — a thing I was in no position to do at the moment, 'the serious music is composed and presented largely by foreigners, imported for the purpose and delighted to be in the big money. The theatre, I admit, amounts to little in this country outside New York; and the theatre is dying of the vapors. The movies, with all their faults, have a hundred times its vitality and courage. Can you think of any element in the New York scene strong enough to revitalize the stage, to make it anything more than the vehicle for clever and workmanlike rehashings? I can't. No, the renaissance will come from outside, when it comes, like everything else.

'The fact that Broadway may have a prosperous year now and then is n't a sign that the quality of its material has necessarily improved: New Yorkers go to a first night, not because the offering is good, but because it's new. As with the stage, so with the arts. Do

you think one out of ten of the crowds that jammed the Van Gogh show last autumn had ever heard of Van Gogh? Of course not! He was just the latest thing to see, the latest thing not to miss, the new thing to talk about.

IV

'For that is the third great tyranny under which New Yorkers live, the tyranny of The Latest. What is it this week? Backgammon, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Van Gogh, skiing, Lucienne Boyer, Malay turbans, Technocracy, no hats for men, roller skating, humanism, Joe Louis, the Blue Room — no matter: there is always something. First comes the build-up, then the pay-off, then — oblivion. In any case, your Manhattanite must see or read or visit the week's novelty at once, or pay the price of continual uneasiness. He must also read up on the subject enough to be able to talk about it at dinner parties — did you ever know a New Yorker to confess ignorance about anything? Ha! But his childlike passion for novelty is no mere coincidence. I truly believe that, if it were n't for the promise of something new and exciting each day, life there would become more than relatively unbearable, and he'd go mad. (Mind you, I'm very sorry for him.) To most New Yorkers, especially to the women, who set the sharp, shrill note of Metropolitan existence, the new fad has become life itself, just as their fear of "dating" is the spectre of their waking hours. The average New Yorker thinks even of Art-with-a-capital-A, not in terms of beauty, but in terms of emotional excitement, of something to get a kick out of. It's the price they pay for living there, poor devils!

'Novelty!' Mr. Pennyfeather took a clipping from his wallet. 'Let me read you this — it's from Lewis Gannett's

review of *Perish in Their Pride*, by the French writer, de Montherlant. "'The real trouble with her,' M. de Montherlant remarks of one of his characters, a modern-art girl, 'and it was part of the real trouble with her generation and her time, was that novelty and worth were synonymous for her. There we have a sign of barbarism. In every society it is always the elements of inferior intelligence which crave to be in the movement. Incapable of discernment through want of taste, culture, and critical capacity, they judge a problem automatically on the principle that the true is the new.'" Not an observation of great originality, perhaps,' said Pennyfeather, replacing the clipping, 'but well expressed; and obviously pertinent to New York, even though the author's theme happened to be the spiritual decay of the French aristocracy. And so I say again, New York does n't matter.'

'Well,' I replied, after a tactful pause, 'life in New York is stimulating, anyway. At least it's never dull.'

'Dull!' He fell on me again. 'Of course it's dull! Just like life in Boston, and every other great city. But at least other cities are free from the worst form of dullness, the brittle dullness of neurotic fatigue; and comparatively free, too, from the abysmal dullness of New York's be-all and end-all, Smartness. What a miserable toad-word it is! Paradoxically, nothing more monotonous than the glittering uniformity of New York smartness is to be found anywhere. Look at the smart women: identical in dress, vocabulary, appearance, obsessions, habits, ambitions. And the restaurants. Many of them are charming, like the women, and — also like the women — often give remarkably good value. But the restaurants are imitations of foreign models, even named after famous European eating places, as often as

possible. Some of the imitations are good enough to outdo the originals in quality of food, service, and atmosphere, and you have the pleasant illusion of being actually in Paris, or London, or Vienna, or Madrid — until you sit down and look at the customers. The customers are fakes. They don't match the impressive background. They look ill at ease — and so the whole effect is ruined. Smartness is essentially imitative, without worth; and so I say that their indiscriminating worship of this weebegone godling has made New Yorkers, in their sophisticated way, the most sheeplike people on earth. And don't you go confusing sophistication with civilization, either. A truly civilized human is the goods.'

'Like you and me?'

'That's right. Let's talk about something else. New York does n't matter. To hell with it.'

'Does any big city matter very much?'

'Yes. Paris matters to the French. London matters to the British Empire. What happens in Paris is vitally important to every Frenchman. Paris is the spiritual and physical core of the nation, the symbol of French moral and æsthetic idealism.' He shook his head. 'Not little old New York. There really used to be a little old New York, you know, in the George M. Cohan sense. But it disappeared during the war. John!'

Pagliacci's melancholy face peered through the door. Mr. Pennyfeather held up two fingers, and the waiter, wholly comprehending, started to withdraw, when Pennyfeather called him back.

'Do you like New York, John?' he asked, conversationally.

John almost smiled. 'Yes, sir. Lotsa money.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Pennyfeather. The waiter withdrew.

V

'Lotsa money,' said Mr. Pennyfeather reflectively. 'Lotsa, lotsa, lotsa. Lotsa everything. Do you want facts?' He turned fiercely to me. 'Facts about lotsa? I've got 'em right here.' He took out his pocketbook again, and from it a long and rather unclean envelope, the back covered with fine scribblings in pencil.

'Of course, when one speaks of New York, one is really thinking of Manhattan. The population of Manhattan at the last census was roughly 1,654,000 — lotsa people; probably less, by now, for it has been steadily diminishing since 1910, when it reached its maximum of 2,330,000. What's happened to the difference? Those that have n't gone home for good, or happily moved to Boston, have swarmed out to the suburbs. If you estimate the average suburban commuter's time between home and office as at least an hour each way, you won't be far wrong. How's that for a life?'

I shuddered. 'Yes,' I agreed, 'I know the New York subway.'

'Still,' he went on, 'they'd rather fight the Battle of Commutation twice a day than stay in the city overnight, and I'm not sure I blame them. One wonders how many regular commuters there are among the — let's see — twenty-one thousand Greater New Yorkers who die annually of heart disease, and whether Manhattan's ninety-four hospitals are sufficient.'

'That's a good many hospitals.'

'Sure it is. But enough? There are even a few lying-in hospitals among them, too. Some people must be born in New York! Then there are one hundred and thirteen Homes, or Refuges, among them twenty-two devoted solely to the care of Fallen, Friendless, Destitute, Aged, Indigent, Infirm, Working, Unmarried, Homeless girls and women.'

'Gosh!' I said.

'Gosh — exactly. And speaking of the ladies, the rape statistics throw an interesting light on the recent growth of New York's much-advertised broad-mindedness.'

'Don't pun,' I interrupted quickly.

'What? Oh — sorry. Call it tolerance. Anyway, in 1910 there were seventy-nine indictments in the Manhattan courts for this particular peccadillo, and twenty-eight convictions. For 1934, New York may point with pride to a record of only three convictions out of one hundred and twenty-four indictments.'

'Well, well — good for them. I've always thought —'

'Yes, New York is safe for rape. But whatever you do there, don't commit arson. They don't like it. Last year they convicted twenty-two out of twenty-three indicted. And I'd go easy on felonious assault, too, no matter how much you're tempted. Five hundred and seven suspects were indicted last season, but twenty-five more than that number went up the river. That's good.'

'It's better than perfection. What else do people do in New York?'

'Well,' said Mr. Pennyfeather, bending over his envelope, 'let's see. According to the 1930 census, 32,486 of them spend their time agreeably cutting and curling other people's hair. Fifty-five thousand wait on table, twenty thousand run elevators, one hundred and six thousand drive cars and trucks; there are forty-two thousand tailors, twenty-two thousand trained nurses, ten thousand stockbrokers —'

'What!' I broke in, astonished. 'Only ten thousand? Why, I thought —'

'You thought New York was mostly populated by stockbrokers? No, it only seems that way. And that was in 1930. There may not be more than half that number now. You see, stockbrokers are interested only in big sums. When seats on the Exchange were still fetch-

ing as high as \$480,000, in 1930, the year after they should have known better, brokers were still scrambling for them. But in 1934, when they were being given away for \$70,000 and a suit of clothes, nobody wanted any. Stockbrokers are a proud race. They like to do their own thinking.

'But such figures represent mere occupational odds and ends. There are nearly three hundred thousand clerks — not counting clerks in shops—who spend their time adding up other people's figures and misfiling their correspondence. Your chances of being knocked down in the street by a factory worker are even better. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand of them work in New York's 19,233 factories and workshops. There were just ten factories more than that in 1899, and in 1919, the top year, there were thirty-two thousand, employing six hundred and thirty-nine thousand hands. But times change, people get sick of New York and move away.

'Reverting to writers again, no fewer than nine thousand New Yorkers admitted to the census taker in 1930 that they wrote. I never realized the Algonquin held that many, did you? Then there are nearly sixteen thousand actors. One of them is Katharine Cornell—who cares about the others? Eleven thousand artists and twenty-one thousand musicians support themselves somehow or other—one hopes, for their sakes, not wholly by the practice of their professions. Maybe they sell things in their spare time. One hundred and ninety-five thousand other men and women do nothing else but sell things—is n't that a comfort?'

'Not to me.'

'But to them. I tell you, it's been interesting, looking up these figures. Who would have said that that many New Yorkers even spoke English well enough to sell things? Would you?'

'Well, you can always find someone.'

'No, people are mistaken in thinking of New York as a polyglot city. Roughly, only one third of the population of the five boroughs are foreign-born — 2,360,000 out of 7,600,000, in round numbers. As to their religious affiliations, it's hard to say with any degree of accuracy to-day; but in 1926, when the last religious census was taken, there were 1,765,000 Jews, 1,734,000 Catholics, 141,000 Episcopalians, and 380,000 members of other sects. Of these the Jews are spiritually much the best cared for: they have over a thousand synagogues, as compared with four hundred and thirty Catholic and one hundred and ninety-four Episcopal churches.

VI

'Ah well, figures mean little enough. It is n't the ships, said Conrad, it's the men in them. Most great cities — New Orleans, San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Charleston — have a flavor, a color, of their own; a character peculiarly the product of their people's habits and aspirations. What has New York? Anything but size, and a sort of weary cosmopolitanism? I doubt it. Is there anything sadder than the contrast between the shining towers of Manhattan as seen from the deck of an incoming liner, and the West Side streets through which the traveler is hurled after landing? Is n't it typical of the New York spirit, this contrast? All showy grandeur on the surface, all shabbiness underneath. Plenty of civilly virtuous leaders have tried to secure better housing for the people, tried to clean and beautify the parks and make the streets look self-respecting; worthy beginnings have been made along these and other lines. But they remain beginnings; and the reason they remain so is that New Yorkers

don't care. The roof gardens at Rockefeller Center opened in a blaze of publicity and lush green; so did the renovated Bryant Park. What will they look like ten years from now?'

'If that's a question,' I replied, 'they will look like the very devil; but —'

'The people of New York liked them last year because they were novelties; but novelties don't stay green without constant care, much less parks. Don't keep interrupting. Who is the typical New Yorker? I've jotted down a list here, the first ones to come to my mind, all Manhattan celebrities of recent vintage: Walter Winchell, Jimmy Walker, Al Smith, Grover Whalen, the late Otto Kahn, Irving Berlin, Jack Dempsey, Alexander Woolcott, Paul D. Cravath, George Gershwin, Harry Romanoff Gerguson, Rodman Wanamaker, Walter P. Chrysler. Who is the typical New Yorker in that list — or in one ten times as long?'

'Jimmy Walker,' I said, 'at a guess.'

'Of course. And what other city could have produced a figure just like him? People are mistaken, however, in thinking that New Yorkers are essentially more venal than the inhabitants of other cities. Tammany Hall misgoverns, but only on a larger scale than elsewhere. The people depend on their Tammany Halls because only through such organizations can they get their personal problems settled promptly, their wrongs righted. If I were a New York clerk living on twenty-five dollars a week, and my landlord tried to have me thrown out, I'd waste no time writing letters to the Housing Authority, or whatever they call it; I'd go see Izzy O'Brien, my district boss, and get immediate action. That's why the so-called decent element in any great city is helpless in its efforts to get honest government — in New York, because of its greater size,

proportionately more helpless. The respectable press does what it can by a perpetual eruption of indignation, an incessant sounding of the civic tocsin: mere sound and fury in the upper air. And there are some good papers in New York, though none has yet developed the prestige of the London *Times*, nor does any one of them exert nationally the authority that the *Times* exercises in the British Empire. Even the best of them remain essentially local papers.'

'Oh, come now,' I said. 'I read a New York paper every day.'

'But that's only because you can't get anything but scraps of news — except local stuff — in the Boston papers. Boston's badly off for papers, I admit. But, superior as some of the New York papers are, even their proprietors share to some extent American journalism's naïve conviction that the way to put out a fire is to pour on more gasoline.'

'It is n't their function to put out fires,' I objected. 'Their job is to start fires.'

'Well — that's true, in a way. But they do know how to keep them blazing, don't they? Circulation!'

'Be fair, Pennyfeather: that's all they've time for.'

'You're right. There's no time for anything in New York. People there measure time not by the calendar but by the alarm clock. Time passes in New York not in a procession of days but in a series of convulsive jerks, interspersed with periods of exhaustion instead of intervals of repose. It takes years of living there to get used to this phenomenon — which is, after all, a perfectly natural one. For people don't go to New York to live: living takes leisure. They go there to get drunk — not necessarily on liquor, though there's plenty of that, but on excitement, money, publicity, success, music, art, theatres, fashion, or whatever other drug they're fondest of taking.

The result is a spectacle uniquely combining the vulgar and the superficial.'

'But there are so many nice people in New York,' I said, beginning to feel a little uncomfortable — as though Mr. Pennyfeather were attacking a friend.

'Of course there are,' he agreed, 'lots of them: civilized, urbane, cultured men and women who mind their own business — and yet retain a kind of ironic civic-mindedness. They know and admit that it's silly of them to live there, even in such relatively favored quarters as Murray Hill, and the Washington Square district, and up near Central Park, or over by the East River. But something keeps them on; habit, perhaps, or a well-nourished sense of proportion. There are no finer folk anywhere than the best of them. Such people are keenly interested in the world about them, and have the ability to make intelligent use of the Manhattan maelstrom without ever letting the current drag them under. Canny fishermen, with a light hand, they keep the fish they like and throw the rest back; and somehow they also retain their appreciation for the little things that drift ashore for their amusement. They see New York objectively, and live their own lives regardless. Every great city has people like that, including New York — real city folk. There's nothing finer. The trouble in New York is to find them. They're lost.'

'That's one type. Then, too, there are the swells, the old New York swells, who have become — no doubt in self-defense — the most conventionally correct humans on earth. Except for the physical fact of their presence, they have nothing whatever to do with the city. They see only each other, and live by the conventions thus propagated.'

'Yes, I know a few of 'em,' I said, smiling as I thought of one in particular.

'Do you know — well, I won't mention his name, even to you. He's a typical, successful, law-abiding pillar of the church, father of a happy family — oh, the most correct and blameless chap in the world. Well, darned if he did n't take a mistress a while ago, in a formal, gingerly kind of way — for no reason I can imagine except that he felt it to be the thing to do, or for fear the lack of one might make him conspicuous! An extreme case, perhaps, but not uncharacteristic, — for he's a type that would rather be dead than conspicuous, — and typical of the sheeplike quality that seems to invest every variety of New Yorker, from the highest to the lowest.'

'It's a dull subject. Let's order dinner. John! Get the bill of fare. That reminds me: a few years ago the letter columns of the *Herald Tribune* were filled with a wholly serious debate on the question of whether or not there was an island off the coast of New England called Thatcher's Island, and, if so, whether there were two lights on it or only one. The editor finally closed the argument by printing a map of Cape Ann on the editorial page, with an arrow pointing to Thatcher's. I trifled with the notion of starting a similar discussion in the *Transcript*: Is there an island called Manhattan on the coast south of Boston, or is it something we ate last night? And then I gave it up, because I realized that nobody cares.'

'Nobody in Boston cares, you mean,' I said ironically.

'That's what I mean — nobody in Boston. What do you want for dinner?' He tossed me the menu which John had placed on the table, and sat back in his chair, grinning at me.

I have sometimes noticed that Mr. Pennyfeather is a man of very positive likes and dislikes.

LABOR FIGHTS ON

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

UP to the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter case, the American Federation of Labor was one of several groups of American citizens singled out by the national Administration for preferred treatment. The Schechter decision had the effect of making such a relationship without the benefit of the law. So long as the NRA, the codes, and the machinery of labor boards existed, the emphasis of the government's industrial relations was upon membership in recognized labor unions. Since the invalidation of those measures, however, the government has been less emphatic, even less certain as to the course that might be pursued in forcing all of labor into a single union, and forcing capital to recognize the authority of that union.

It is true that the Wagner and Guffey Acts gave to the Administration even more authority than the NRA actually developed in industrial relations. But the Supreme Court in the Schechter decision said: —

We are of the opinion that the attempt through the provisions of the Code to fix the hours and wages of employees of defendants in their intrastate business was not a valid exercise of Federal power.

To support this opinion, the Court said: —

The Government also makes the point that efforts to enact state legislation establishing high labor standards have been

impeded by the belief that, unless similar action is taken generally, commerce will be diverted from the states adopting such standards, and that this fear of diversion has led to demands for Federal legislation on the subject of wages and hours. The apparent implication is that the Federal authority under the commerce clause should be deemed to extend to the establishment of rules to govern wages and hours in intrastate trade and industry generally throughout the country, thus overriding the authority of the states to deal with domestic problems arising from labor conditions in their internal commerce.

From the standpoint of these paragraphs in the Schechter decision, we may infer that the labor provisions of the Wagner and Guffey Acts are untenable. I shall refer to these bills further in the course of this article; it suffices here to indicate that only in a few instances, and these not very important ones, has the government attempted to enforce the Wagner Act. These attempts at enforcement have repeatedly been taken to the courts.

In Kansas City, Judge Otis held the Act unconstitutional; in Memphis, Judge Martin held it constitutional; in Boston, Judge Brewster issued an injunction against it. There have been other cases. The substance of the court actions is that the Act is nearing the Supreme Court, where one may judge that even the three liberal justices will not go back on their own decision in the Schechter case. Similar cases will be

brought to the Supreme Court in connection with the Guffey Act.

It is not necessary here to review the Wagner Act (National Labor Relations Act) or the Guffey Act (Bituminous Coal Conservation Act of 1935). Whatever provisions these acts contain concerning industrial relations, the issue is whether the Congress of the United States is empowered by the Constitution to enact legislation regulating the relations between employer and employee. The question involved is whether or not manufacturing is commerce. Even Judge Cardozo's separate decision in the *Schechter* case makes remote the assumption that manufacturing and mining are functions in interstate commerce. Justice Cardozo said:

The law is not indifferent to considerations of degree. Activities local in their immediacy do not become interstate and national because of distant repercussions. What is near and what is distant may at times be uncertain. There is no penumbra of uncertainty obscuring judgment here. To find immediacy or directness here is to find it almost everywhere. If centripetal forces are to be isolated to the exclusion of the forces that oppose and counteract them, there will be an end to our Federal system.

To take from this code the provisions as to wages and the hours of labor is to destroy it altogether. If a trade or an industry is so predominantly local as to be exempt from regulation by the Congress in respect of matters such as these, there can be no 'code' for it at all. This is clear from the provisions of Section 7(a) of the Act with its explicit disclosure of the statutory scheme. Wages and the hours of labor are essential features of the plan, its very bone and sinew. There is no opportunity in such circumstances for the severance of the infected parts in the hope of saving the remainder. A code collapses utterly with bone and sinew gone.

II

The American Federation of Labor faces this situation more realistically than the government. The latter seeks

to go on with the Wagner Act until that is declared unconstitutional; meanwhile the National Labor Relations Board is seeking to enforce the type of collective bargaining specified in the Act. The A. F. of L., however, recognizes that this is meaningless, and a strong movement has developed among its leaders for a constitutional amendment which will give Congress the power to pass labor legislation of any character whatsoever. Several formulæ for amendments have been suggested, but even in the Federation powerful opposition to this movement has appeared.

The proposed amendments, in some instances, place limitations upon the reviewing power of the Supreme Court; in other instances they extend the authority of Congress. A typical proposal is that offered by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union:—

Congress is to have power to establish uniform laws throughout the United States to regulate, limit and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age; to limit the work time and establish minimum compensation of wage earners and employees; to provide for the relief of the aged, invalided, sick and unemployed wage earners and employees, in the form of periodical grants, pensions, benefits, compensation or indemnities from the public Treasury, from contributions of employers, wage earners or employees, or from one or more such sources, and generally for the social and economic welfare of the workers of the United States.

The bulk of the workers, who are not members of the A. F. of L., are apparently not too excited about constitutional changes, for this movement has only found casual support thus far among the intellectual liberal groups in New York and in the Scripps-Howard Press. The Administration has apparently been frightened away from formal association with the idea, and even within the Federation the older leaders resist the agitation for it. The reason

for this is that while the Supreme Court may have killed the NRA, it protects the lives and liberties of labor leaders under existing amendments to the Constitution. Limitations upon the reviewing authority of the Supreme Court would be satisfactory if the A. F. of L. always controlled Congress, but suppose Mr. Hearst dominated Congress? The logic of this proposition is too apparent to be ignored.

The question naturally presents itself: Why does it seem so difficult for the A. F. of L. to function within the existing constitutional framework? Why does the organization require so much legislation to control employee-employer relationships?

The answer is simple. The A. F. of L. now knows from its experience during the past three years that American laborers generally have no desire to join any labor organization; that they join an A. F. of L. union or a company union only when convinced that self-interest recommends it. Therefore, strategy forces the A. F. of L. to develop unionism by law, so that the government will require membership in unions. It can then depend upon its statesmanship and seniority to have itself recognized as the national official spokesman of unionized labor. In fact, in spite of its small membership, the American Federation of Labor holds that position to-day so far as the Administration is concerned, but it is a precarious position because it is unsupported by numbers and is dependent upon the personal good will of the President.

Labor strategy recommends, then, that the A. F. of L. be recognized by law as far as possible. Under the Wagner Act the A. F. of L., and under the Guffey Act the United Mine Workers, are recognized in every way except by actual mention of their names.

My statement that 'American laborers generally have no desire to join any labor organization' will be chal-

lenged. I can cite the three or four million members of the A. F. of L., but there is a better witness. The National Automobile Labor Board held sixty-three nominating and sixty-two final elections before the demise of the NRA brought its activities to a close. A total of 163,150 ballots were cast in the nominating elections. Of those working on the day of each poll, 89 per cent voted; of those eligible, 85 per cent voted. In the final elections, 161,907 ballots were cast, representing 88 per cent of those working and 84 per cent of those eligible to vote.

The results, which I take from the Board's official report to the President, show that 68.6 per cent preferred no organizational affiliation, 13.3 per cent preferred company unions, 8.6 preferred the American Federation of Labor. The Communists polled seventy-two ballots. Altogether some fourteen organizations were represented, and if the company unions are considered 'unaffiliated,' as organized labor would consider them, thirteen labor organizations mustered only 18.1 per cent of the vote.

Now the A. F. of L. answers these figures by charging that these elections were improperly conducted, but by observation and investigation I testify this charge to be untrue. Accepting the vote as conclusive, which I must do after my study of the workings of this Board, I cannot but recommend it as the only scientific survey that has been made of any working group in a mass-production industry to determine its attitude toward organizational problems. And until we have some better evidence this election stands as a fair cross-section of employed labor's opinion.

III

Despite the confusion of programme and administration of the government agencies under the NRA, a method of

industrial relations was slowly developing with the government. This method may be roughly described as the Labor Relations Boards. Sometimes the President and the Department of Labor enthusiastically supported these boards, at other times they forgot their very existence; some of the boards tried to function, others lost meaning upon the moment of appointment. The history of the Labor Relations Boards presents one of the most chaotic pictures in this none too calm administration. When the Schechter decision wiped out the NRA, the boards went with it, but under the Wagner Bill a new board has been appointed which functions haltingly and insignificantly.

Yet the method of the Labor Relations Boards cannot be ignored; it is the one constructive measure that has come out of the NRA. With adequate and properly drawn legislation, these boards can ultimately grow into labor courts of specific and limited jurisdiction. And, as objectionable as labor courts are to organized labor and to many individual capitalists, they nevertheless offer a way out of the chaotic conditions attending American industrial relations. No fairer or more constructive measure for the protection of the individual worker and the individual employer from strikes, lock-outs, racketeering, and unfair conditions has yet been offered by anyone.

Of course, labor fears that the boards will become the instruments of capitalistic control; on the other hand, capital fears them as political agencies to enforce the wishes of the A. F. of L. Some of the boards justified these latter fears.

The National Automobile Labor Board, however, did a magnificent job in the face of these suspicions and without enjoying the support of the Administration. It laid the basis for the judicial character of a Labor Relations

Board; it maintained, on the whole, the peace of the automobile industry, and the representation arrangements for collective bargaining which it brought into existence continue uninterruptedly to this day. That the Board accomplished anything at all was due to the fact that its members refused to be discouraged either in Detroit or in Washington, and insisted upon adhering to rules and regulations and principles no matter who objected. Henry Ford never recognized its existence; all of Washington officialdom resented it; yet it carried on.

The Board consisted of Leo Wolman (impartial), Nicholas Kelley (capital), and Richard L. Byrd (labor). Wolman is professor of economics at Columbia University and for a great many years had been in charge of research for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Nicholas Kelley is a lawyer for the Chrysler Motor Company, but he is also listed as a radical in Elizabeth Dilling's curious *Red Network*; although such listing does not mean very much, it has the merit of indicating that he is not regarded as an enemy of labor. Byrd has been a laborer all his life. If this Board was packed by the President, it was evidently not packed in support of the capitalist position.

The Board engaged upon two specific functions: first, to develop the machinery for 'peaceful organization' in automobile plants; secondly, 'to protect all employees against discriminatory practices by the managements.' The rules were laid down by the President, but the headaches and heartaches were inherited from years of industrial misunderstandings. For instance, how, in the eyes of organized labor, can a selection of workers' representatives be fair unless it is controlled by them? On the other hand, many employers of labor, particularly the small fry who are in actual contact with the works, resist and sabotage efforts to remove them as

intermediaries between the workers and the top strata of management. Foremen particularly sin in this way.

Again, every employee regards himself as subject to discrimination, but most employers of labor believe that the review of discharges by a government board is an invasion of their basic rights. Nevertheless, during the fourteen months of its existence, the Board handled 2400 cases involving one form of discrimination or another. Its report states: —

By and large, the adjustments so arrived at were generally acceptable to both the employers and the employees and their representatives. Where the decisions of the Board or the methods employed by it in arriving at settlements were challenged by either employers or employees, as happened in relatively few cases, the objections rested not on the merits of the case but on the prominence of the persons concerned with the complaint or on the alleged effects of the Board's decisions and procedure on the general strategies employed by one or both parties to the dispute.

As of June 1, 1935, 1129 men were returned to work. When the Board ordered a man back to work, it specified in most cases exactly when this was to occur. Most instances of discrimination dealt with seniority, a difficult problem in industrial administration under any circumstances.

Where, as in the automobile industry and indeed in all industry, the number of jobs is limited, and many more people apply for jobs than there are jobs to fill, decisions on seniority involve determining who among the several applicants for a job is eligible, on his record of seniority, to receive it. Applying seniority, then, becomes a matter of ascertaining the records, determining the facts, and applying the rules and interpretations uniformly. Any agency in dealing with seniority must disregard all matters extraneous to seniority, whether the desire to ease hard circumstances, union affiliation, or other matters. Unless it does so and resists tendencies to make capricious decisions from any motive, seniority rights

swiftly will be dissipated, and the advances made through adopting the seniority rules promptly lost.

Yet, in industries functioning through mass production, seniority is the worker's most effective social security. The brilliant and exceptional man will, of course, go into supervision and perhaps, in due course, even into management; but the average worker can have no protection against the capriciousness of foremen and personnel chiefs and the pressure of labor politicians except in the impartial administration of rules of seniority. These rules give him a direct, permanent, and even vested interest in his job. They are of a lesser yet not altogether unimportant value to the employer. For continuity of employment makes for greater loyalty and efficiency — and these values are not to be treated lightly.

Experience quickly shows that in applying seniority uniformity is of the first importance. Within wide limits it is more important that the rule always works the same way in the same circumstances than that the rule itself be the best rule. Under a system of seniority, seniority is a method of selection, not only for the present but also for the future. There is an unbroken line from the oldest of the seniors to the youngest of the juniors. A case on seniority under a seniority system at bottom is not between an employee and his employer, but between him and all employees. Whether one is in a union and another is not ought not to have anything to do with deciding the case. What is important is that the employee who finds himself junior now shall know that when later, through passage of time and withdrawal of those who now are senior to him, he shall be the senior, he shall himself then have the same advantage under the same rules, and not be defeated a second time because of a change in the rule or the way of interpreting it, or because somebody else has received a favor. If a board or an employer began granting exceptions in hard cases there soon would be no seniority.

And there is the rub. Foremen have been known to accept gifts; personnel

men have been known to have likes and dislikes; membership in lodges, unions, and societies has played its rôle, as have nationality preferences. In a word, impartial, uniform administration is very difficult, and in some instances the Board's decisions may not have been popular. Yet on one occasion, April 19, 1934,

the Board made amicable arrangements to return 224 people to work. No other method could have returned such a number of employees to their jobs in so brief a time. The Board does not think it would have been right to have permitted such a number of people to stay out of their jobs in order that the Board might avoid being conciliatory. It is hard to see how the interests of labor would have been served by holding individual hearings in each of 200 or more cases, in order to satisfy someone's prejudice as to the proper method of settling contentious issues, instead of arranging through direct negotiations and amicable adjustment for the return of more than 200 employees to their jobs within a period of three weeks.

It is impossible in this article to devote more space to the operation of this Board. Yet the fact must be noted that here was a specific effort, not merely to patch up immediate quarrels between industry and labor, but to evolve out of experience an adequate method for genuine collective bargaining and a judicial procedure to protect the laborer in his job without imperiling the management's control of its own plant. Had the Board been enabled to function for a prolonged period, it would undoubtedly have grown into a labor court for a specific industry, and it would have developed standards and attitudes that would in time have become precedents and guides for similar boards in other industries.

To operate such courts politically is impossible, and therefore few labor relations boards have commanded as much respect as this one. Such boards, once appointed, must be aloof, must

reject informal suggestions from capital, labor, or the government. And yet, how can one expect an official of the administration in Washington — not only this, but any administration — to refrain from attempting to force such a board to conform to policy? There again is the rub — it is so hard to keep politics out of anything in the United States.

IV

In my previous articles on labor in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I emphasized the eventual struggle between vertical and horizontal unionism, between industrial and craft unionism. Again to resort to definitions, an industrial (vertical) union is one which includes all the workers, no matter how they are occupied, in a single industry. A craft (horizontal) union is one which includes only workers who are occupied in a specific kind of labor. In the automobile industry, for instance, an industrial union would include everyone: washerwomen, chauffeurs, electricians, carpenters, belt workers, duco-room workers — everyone in the industry. In the same industry, under craft unionism, each category would have a separate union which would be affiliated with one of the several international unions of the American Federation of Labor.

Actually, the situation is not so finely arranged. Vertical and horizontal unions exist side by side within the American Federation of Labor. Whenever a labor organization is designated as Federal Union No. XXX, it is likely to be a vertical union within the American Federation of Labor. On the other hand, such a Federal Union may be in a jurisdictional conflict with a craft union within the A. F. of L. — for instance, auto workers in conflict with metal workers.

It is altogether clear that in mass-production industries it is not to the

advantage of the workers that craft unions should persist. Mass-production industries shift workers about from job to job as style and season change, and the worker who is caught in a jurisdictional row may find himself without work for no reason that he or his employer can recognize as valid. This is unquestionably one explanation for the weakness of organized labor in the mass-production industries.

From the standpoint of practical trade-unionism, the situation is this: the old craft unions seek to perpetuate their own existence; they have the membership, they possess the funds, they control the executive council of the Federation; they are being asked to commit suicide, to turn over all they possess to unorganized or newly organized groups. There is too great a money prize in American trade-unionism for such a reorganization to be practically possible — no matter what principle may be at stake.

Now the issue is brought to a head by John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, who, during the current administration, is the most powerful single individual in trade-unionism. Immediately at stake is the organization of automobile, steel, electrical, radio, and other mass-production workers. If Lewis has his way, and if these workers accept unionization, he will be an absolute tsar in industry. If he fails, he can keep on trying as long as the dues of the United Mine Workers and other unions which support his movement keep him in funds. The stakes are worth playing for, if one is personally ambitious.

Actually, the issue is not between vertical and horizontal unionism; it has not yet come to any out-and-out fight on that issue. Nor is the American Federation of Labor 100 per cent opposed to vertical unionism. All sorts of compromises are possible.

The fight is between John L. Lewis

and the old guard, Gompers leaders of the A. F. of L. who now control it and who challenge Lewis's assertion of dictatorship even when that assertion has the implied support of the President of the United States and the Secretary of Labor. The whole business is complicated by the fact that many of Lewis's opponents are Republicans, while some of his supporters are Socialists. Across the entire quarrel runs the nasty trail of the next presidential election.

The question of industrial unionism arose at the convention of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City in October 1935. The followers of Lewis were badly defeated. The legal basis for the rejection of Lewis's stand is that a contract exists between the A. F. of L. and the craft unions which cannot be broken without consent. The report of the Committee on Resolutions reads: —

This contract called for loyalty to the purpose and policies of the American Federation of Labor. In return the National and International Unions were guaranteed two specific things: first, jurisdiction over all workmen doing the work of the specific craft or occupation covered by the organization; secondly, guaranteeing to the National or International Unions complete autonomy over all its internal affairs.

The American Federation of Labor could not have been organized upon any other basis of relationship between the National and International Unions and the Federation. It is recognized that where a contract is entered into between parties, it cannot be set aside or altered by one party without the consent and approval of the other.

The supporters of the Lewis schism stated their case as follows: —

In those industries where the work performed by a majority of the workers is of such nature that it might fall within the jurisdictional claim of more than one craft union, or no established craft union, it is declared that industrial organization is the only form that will be acceptable to the

workers or adequately meet their needs. Jurisdictional claims over small groups of workers in these industries prevent organization by breeding a fear that when once organized the workers in these plants will be separated, unity of action and their economic power destroyed by requiring various groups to transfer to National and International Unions organized upon craft lines.

These are two excellent statements, but it is difficult to understand why Mr. Lewis would choose this, of all years, to split and weaken the labor movement. He knows as well as anyone else that, since the demise of the NRA, management has stiffened perceptibly. It is also a known fact that, when conditions in industry improve, fewer workers belong to unions — and industry is improving considerably. Wages are going up, more men are being employed, even hours are increasing, which is a good sign. Is this the logical year for a split, no matter what the personal stakes? Is it not possible that the split will so weaken the A. F. of L. that the possibility of organizing the mass-production industries will pass away in a personal row?

These questions are asked on all sides. It is not my function to analyze Mr. Lewis's motives. To the outside observer, he appears to be an obstinate person who must have his way in or out of turn, and who is sufficiently silly to promise platinum watches as an objective in the life of a miner. His friends say that he is an idealist who fights for a principle and that his principle is right. His enemies say that the Guffey bill was put over as an Administration measure, in spite of its evident unconstitutionality and its NRA characteristics, with the clear understanding that the A. F. of L. would deliver the labor vote in the next election.

Whatever the motive may have been, the effects are damaging to the Amer-

ican Federation of Labor. The principal jurisdictional row is over the organization of automobile and steel workers. But in both these industries neither the employers nor the workers have recognized any A. F. of L. union. In a word, the row is over something that does not yet exist, over something that is to be found, to be arranged. The very fact that there is a jurisdictional row lessens the possibility for organizing these workers, because the workers cannot present a united front, while the employers have definite and real grounds for refusing to deal with groups that are quarreling among themselves. We are back in the days of the A. F. of L.—I. W. W. row in the steel industry.

The A. F. of L. executive council will undoubtedly win in the end because it is in possession of realities, — existing unions, — while Lewis, who has strength among the mine and needle workers, seeks strength where it does not yet exist. Of course, if Lewis could organize a powerful automobile or steel union and win a tremendous strike, he would be a big man; but his failure to carry the Federation with him makes that well-nigh impossible. Such an attempt will be resisted to a finish by the company unions and the employers in these industries. Lewis has not one single chance of a dramatic success.

If the Roosevelt Administration continues, however, Lewis is on record as having played the game and fought the Republicans in the A. F. of L. He is piling up merit which ought to bring returns in 1937. If the Roosevelt Administration ceases, it will make little difference to John L. Lewis what happens, for no Republican administration is likely to continue such measures as the Wagner or Guffey Acts, and without them labor statesmanship is out of *Realpolitik*. John Lewis is obviously playing national rather than labor politics at this particular moment, and out

of this may arise very unpleasant situations for capital as well as for labor.

V

While the leaders of the American Federation of Labor are quarreling among themselves, employee representation plans in various industries have taken on certain specific post-NRA characteristics. The term 'employee representation plan' is used in this article as similar in meaning to the term 'company union.' During the NRA period, a sudden impetus was given to company unions, for, as collective bargaining became essential under the law, a medium for bargaining had to be created where it did not exist. The fiction that in every case the employees themselves created the medium lacks historical accuracy and is not of the slightest importance. What is important is that such organizations exist and that they do function.

In the mass-production industries, company unions seem to have become not only firmly established, but fairly competent in presenting the cause of the average worker. It is in mass production rather than the smaller industries that wages rise most rapidly and working conditions improve most easily. In such an industry as the needle trade, where the margin of profit is always narrow, where sweated competition remains, it seems to be inevitable that labor should be militantly unionized. The mass-production industries provide the worker with an altogether different set of circumstances.

Take steel, for instance: common labor in 1895 was twelve cents an hour, and the worker labored twelve or thirteen hours a day; in 1936 the basic pay for common labor is about fifty cents an hour on an eight-hour day. This improvement arises out of the development of the industry and not as a result of labor victories. In fact, steel is the

least organized of American industries, but produces the most favorable basic pay, higher than the average for all industries in this country. (By basic pay is meant the bottom rate for common labor. Only 7 per cent of the workers in the steel industry are classified as common labor; the remaining 93 per cent receive more than the basic rate.)

As the worker's deepest concern is his weekly pay envelope and the general working conditions of his plant, company unions are effective in such industries as maintain a high wage level. The problems of management and labor involve seniority and increased hours of work per man — which, while it means more hours at the existing wage rate, thus increasing the weekly pay envelope, also means less spreading of work, less reëmployment. In a word, whereas the A. F. of L. unions want more workers placed in jobs so that more union members are actually at work, the company unions set a barrier to newcomers by seniority rules so that each man actually at work makes more money. This difference in point of view obviously has vast sociological connotations.

Employee representation plans differ from A. F. of L. unions in that the company union coöperates with the employer, while the outside union fights the employer. The company union operates on the theory that the workers will get the top rates available through conferences between representatives of employees and personnel or industrial-relations executives, while the A. F. of L. unions seek to obtain the top rates through strikes or threats of strikes. Operation of the company union costs the worker nothing, or very little, because the boss pays; but operation of the A. F. of L. union is expensive for the worker. The existence of both depends upon tangible evidence of successful negotiations —

namely, the procuring of satisfactory increments in wages or conditions of work. Competition between these organizations may completely devastate industry, because there is an inevitable ceiling to increased pay and superior working conditions and social services.

It is impossible for anyone to forecast the trend of company unions. The A. F. of L. leaders are often experienced negotiators who know when to stop. Will employee representatives know when to stop asking for more? Will they amalgamate into a widespread national federation of company unions which in principle would be close to the I. W. W. conception of the one big union and in practice would not be very different from the A. F. of L.? The theory of the company union must be that its activities are limited to one company; but will that theory hold as these unions gain in strength? Have the employers raised a giant which may at any moment become a menace to them even greater than the A. F. of L.?

Serious-minded employers of labor ponder these questions. Present trends in company unions are encouraging. Management and representatives of the worker seem to be able to settle such disputes as arise quietly, without even a notice in the press.

And this also has become clear: the employee representation plan, including a degree of collective bargaining, cannot be regarded as a makeshift. Where it has been erected, it cannot be destroyed. Employers have told me that they have faced difficulties in convincing their own colleagues and foremen of their sincerity in dealing directly and promptly with workers' representatives. The bureaucrats in business are often as servile to ancient formulæ as any governmental time-servers; they are afraid to take the initiative lest it cost them a vice presidency. The higher executives must

then step in to prevent the imperiling of employee representation by stupid assistants who are unable to face the definite fact that, having brought these bodies into existence, they must justify that existence by treating them fairly.

The success or failure of employee representation depends largely upon the degree of coöperation which can be developed between the employer and employee in the successful and efficient operation of the plant — and upon honest bookkeeping. Not all employers have recognized that honest bookkeeping is part of their industrial relations, but it is. The employee representative must be able to tell his constituency what the employer is doing. There are many firms to-day which keep their men freely informed through the company unions of their business activities, so that the men will realize that, considering current business conditions, the firm is doing the best it can for them.

But will the employers of labor continue such a policy when good times have appeared again? Will they risk manipulations which cause workers to question not only the veracity but even the wisdom of the employer?

VI

Management must face the fact that during the past three years it has evaded the danger and tyranny of a one-big-union control of industry by a singularly narrow margin. The danger is not altogether past. The one big union can come into existence in the United States only as part of a government programme — and no one can at this moment guarantee that the next administration will not be one to favor such an idea. At present the employer faces the fact that company unions are functioning successfully and that a split in the A. F. of L. has weakened that body;

but he must not sit back complacently and believe that the past three years were a nightmare which may now be forgotten. They were a reality — and still are. The shift of control of industrial relations from management to a governmentally supported labor organization remains a possibility. As economic conditions in the country improve, this danger can be offset, but only by honest, sincere, and realistic coöperation between management and labor. There can be no bluffs, no tricks, no deceit.

Of course, business men are beginning to understand what can happen to them in the United States. They are becoming more thoughtful, more cautious in their thinking. Who can tell a business man to-day that anything cannot happen in this country after the receipt of the Black Questionnaire dated November 20, 1935? This questionnaire was sent to the principal executives in industry. I cite a few questions merely to show how far a government agency dares to trespass upon the rights of the individual: —

Question 2: If you are not a resident of Washington, D. C., state whether or not you have been in Washington, D. C., since January 1, 1935; and, if so, give the date or dates of your visit or visits to Washington, D. C., and the duration of each, and where you stayed while in Washington, and who paid your expenses and how much they were.

Question 3: State whether or not you, since January 1, 1935, have discussed any legislation with any Member of Congress. If your answer is 'Yes,' state the name or names of the Member or Members of Congress with whom you have discussed legislation, and state what legislation has been discussed by you and a Member or Members of Congress; when and where on each separate occasion, and whether you supplied any written memoranda or pro-

posed or suggested amendments to such Member or Members of Congress. Did you discuss any legislation with any Member of Congress at the Mayflower Hotel, or other hotel?

Question 6: If you state that you have come to Washington, D. C., since January 1, 1935, for the purpose of discussing legislation with Members of Congress or appearing before Congressional committees, state at whose request or suggestion you came to Washington, D. C.; also state with whom you came, and if you brought anyone with you, give the name and addresses of such persons, and attach originals or copies of all letters, telegrams, or memoranda received by you, or sent by you, in connection with your Washington trip.

If there were space, I should publish this questionnaire in full to indicate what is now possible in the United States. An engineer told me that after he had answered 'No' to most of the questions he recalled that he had once sat opposite a Congressman, Senator, or something at dinner. He could not remember his name or what they had talked about. Would he go to jail for not having recalled this incident in time?

Such an invasion of private rights, such an inquisition, passes unnoticed. There are too many of them.

If this is possible, why could not industrial relations be twisted out of efficient management by bureaucratic decisions or by government support for one big union? It can, of course, happen if the workers will join such a union. During the past three years, the mass-production workers have really killed the one big union by resisting its appeal. If they are to continue in that attitude, management must continue to treat industrial relations sympathetically as involving coöperation between the employer and the employee.

THE YOUNG KIPLING

BY EDMONIA HILL

IN the latter part of the nineteenth century an American girl married an Englishman who had been appointed by Lord Salisbury to fill the chair of Science at the Muir Central College, Allahabad University, at Allahabad, India. The following are extracts from her diary and from letters written to her home people.

ALLAHABAD, December 1887

DEAR C. — I've met an unusually interesting man with the uncommon name of Rudyard Kipling. It happened this way. We were invited to dine with the Allens, who are neighbors. Mr. Allen, the proprietor of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad and of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, is always on the lookout for the best material for his papers. Some very interesting articles have been appearing in the *Pioneer* entitled 'Letters of Marque,' which were unsigned, and we were all inquiring as to the author, who had supposedly come from the Punjab.

When we were seated at table, and conversation was in full swing, my partner called my attention to a short dark-haired man of uncertain age, with a heavy moustache and wearing very thick glasses, who sat opposite, saying: 'That is Rudyard Kipling, who has just come from Lahore to be on the staff of the *Pi*. He is writing those charming sketches of the native states, "Letters of Marque," which the *Pi* is publishing.'

Of course I was interested at once, for I had been fascinated by these unusual articles so cleverly written. The author has struck a new vein, and everyone was talking about the information he displayed.

Mr. Kipling looks about forty, as he is beginning to be bald, but he is in reality just twenty-two. He was animation itself, telling his stories admirably, so that those about him were kept in gales of laughter. He fairly scintillated, but when more sober topics were discussed he was posted along all lines.

After dinner, when the men joined the ladies in the drawing-room, evidently the rising young author had marked me for an American, and, seeking copy perhaps, he came to the fireplace where I was standing and began questioning me about my homeland. I am surprised at his knowledge of people and places. He is certainly worth knowing, and we shall ask him to dinner soon.

Life in an Indian Station is varied, and one great pleasure is the opportunity of meeting delightful people. I must explain that the *Pioneer* is the leading newspaper of India. It is a sheet of abounding interest to all Government servants, because it publishes a list of promotions, sailings, and everything that is important for the Anglo-Indian exile to know. There are Reuter telegrams covering the news of the world, English letters by noted corre-

spondents, local items, which, with its dignified literary style, combine to make its daily appearance an event.

January 1888

DEAR PEOPLE: We give a garden party to-morrow. I never saw more perfect turf. About twenty old women have been squatting down picking out each stray weed and bottling it, while Umar the head gardener looks on. There are two fine tennis courts and six badminton courts where we can accommodate six or eight players at each. A badminton court is smaller than a tennis court, the net being narrower and higher. The game is played with racquet and feathered cork and is a very merry one with good players who keep the shuttlecock over the net with many rallies. The place will look very festive with the daintily gowned women, the sporting subalterns, the serious civilians, the bountifully spread tables, and the attentive servants in their picturesque uniforms and white turbans.

We sent a note to Rudyard Kipling inviting him to come to the garden party. He replied in a characteristic note saying that the tongue of Pennsylvania was the one language he long and ardently had desired to learn. He would be late, as he had to help put a paper to bed. He does not play tennis, but is quite good at badminton. He said he was pleased to come, and if life here was to be tempered with Allahabadminton he would begin to take comfort. He has told us much of his early life at school.

March 2

DEAR J. — I had a lovely surprise this afternoon. A messenger from the *Pioneer* office appeared bringing me a book from the young man I told you of meeting at the Allens'. We have become quite well acquainted and we both enjoy his cleverness. The title of Kipling's collection of stories, which

first came out in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, is *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and it has this amusing inscription: —

Between the gum pot and the shears,
The weapons of my grimy trade,
In divers moods and various years
These forty foolish yarns were made.

And some were writ to fill a page
And some — but these are not so many —
To soothe a finely moral rage
And all to turn an honest penny.

And some I gathered from my friends
And some I looted from my foes,
And some — All's fish that Heaven sends —
Are histories of private woes.

And some are Truth, and some are Lie,
And some exactly half and half,
I've heard some made a woman cry —
I *know* some made a woman laugh.

I do not view them with delight
And, since I know that you may read 'em,
I'd like to thoroughly rewrite,
Remould, rebuild, retouch, reword 'em.

Would they were worthier. That's too late —
Cracked pictures stand no further stippling.

Forgive the faults.

March '88.

To Mrs. Hill

From Rudyard Kipling.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Kipling is progressing. His parents are quite noted people who now live at Lahore, in the Punjab. The father, John Lockwood Kipling, an architect and designer, was sent to Bombay by the English Government to take charge of the art school, and while there he designed the markets and several of the noted buildings. Young Kipling's mother is very talented. She is the oldest daughter of a Wesleyan Methodist minister, the Reverend George D. Macdonald. When the Kiplings were married they spent their honeymoon beside a little lake in England called Rudyard, and so when, on December 30, 1865, a son was born to them they called him by the name of the place where they had been so enchantingly happy.

Rudyard was educated at the United Services College, the famous school Westward Ho! in Devon, where he remained four years.

His great sorrow was that he could not enter the army, owing to his poor eyesight, and it was particularly hard for him to associate constantly with those who were preparing for the Service. Here at Allahabad I have met two young subalterns who were at Westward Ho! at the same time. They say he was so brilliant and cynical that he was most cordially hated by his fellow students. He was a leading member of the literary and debating societies, and editor of the school newspaper. He says that he earned his first money for a sonnet written for the *London World*, for which he received a guinea, and never since has he had any money which has given him such joy. He fairly thrilled when he spoke of it.

It seems that after his school days he went to London and stayed with his aunt and uncle. They felt that he was seeing too much of life about town, so it was arranged with the proprietor of the *Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette* that he should come out to India to work on the latter paper. In response to the message, 'Kipling will do,' he, at sixteen, started out on his journalistic career. He tells amid roars of laughter how he pretended to be years older, and so had a rare time coming to India. In Lahore he was with his own people, for the Kiplings had been transferred from Bombay to the Punjab, and J. Lockwood Kipling was in charge of the art school of Lahore and curator of the museum.

Young Kipling is certainly all things to all people. He talks equally well to High Court Judge or to a scientist, and I hear he can make first-class love to the latest belle in Simla.

He soon became known from one end of India to the other by his 'turnovers.' The first page of the *C. and M.* is filled

with advertisements up to the last column, and for this column Kipling wrote a story, a poem, a clever political skit, or whatever struck his fancy, so that he made quite a reputation. These articles were called 'turnovers' because they were continued to the first column of the second page, after which came the editorial.

DEAR C. — I am the proud possessor of Rudyard Kipling's *Early Verses*, a small book bound in deep maroon, with back and corners of black striped with gold, about one half inch thick, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 6, published by Shamus Din, Bookbinder, Mouch Gate, Mahala Sahdman Lahore, with a small $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch blue sticker in corner of cover. The inscription is 'January 1889: from Rudyard Kipling, these the first of his ventures into print.' One of the rhymes is the tale of his experiences coming out to India when he was about sixteen. He had grown a dark beard and for mischief was posing as a man of the world, making love to all and sundry aboard ship, which experience he portrays in 'Amour de Voyage.'

Mr. Kipling's characters as a rule have some foundation in real life. Mrs. Hauksbee is a charming personality who is well known in India. She is in appearance exactly the opposite to his description. She is wonderfully clever and a great wire-puller. She presented him with a Bible early in his Indian career with the advice to study it carefully and follow its literary style. No one is more apt than he with appropriate Biblical quotations, as all can see.

It is so interesting to us to learn the background of some of R. K.'s poems and stories. 'My Rival' in *Departmental Ditties* has much truth in it, as the two characters are his beautiful sister Trix and a delightful woman I knew at Simla who really merited all the praise that was given her, as she

was so youthful and attractive. The latter is also the heroine of the 'Venus Annodomini' in the *Plain Tales*, and that is a very truthful picture too.

In 'Three and an Extra' the incident happened at Allahabad to a lady who has become one of my dear friends. I think R. K. gives his best description of Mrs. Hauksbee in this story.

April 1888

I shall never forget the glee in which R. K. came in one afternoon saying, 'What do you suppose I just came across in reading the proof of this week's English letter? Andrew Lang says, "Who is Mr. Rudyard Kipling?"' He was so pleased that they really had heard of him in England, for in all modesty he intends to make his mark in the world.

He has his trials in the office, as his articles and poems must be cut to fit. The foreman used to say, 'Your po'try good sir, just coming proper length to-day.'

One of Rudyard's stories, 'The Recrudescence of Imray,' had its origin in an incident at our home. There was a strange odor in the dining room, and by luncheon time it had become stronger and later was unbearable. As the ceilings are made of cloth to give an air chamber to cool the room, the thatch man was called, and upon investigation he discovered that a wee squirrel had died under the roof. R. studied a while and then exclaimed, 'I have it,' and the result was that terrible story of the sudden disappearance of Imray, whose body sagged on the ceiling cloth and finally tumbled down on the table. His own servant had killed him because he had called his child handsome, thus casting the evil eye on him. After I came to India one of the first things I learned was to say to a mother, in order to warn off the evil eye, 'What an ugly child you have,' no matter how winning the infant.

April 16

DEAR M. — Rudyard was called from Allahabad to Lahore to edit the *C. & M. Gazette*, so he sent us a letter expressing the great joy he has at being among his own people once more, but with sadness at the many changes. He tells of being gummed into an office chair from eight in the morning till six at night, and how he has to work after dinner with nothing in the wide world to show for it except an indigestible paper which most people throw down with the genial remark, 'Oh, nothing in the *Civil and Military* as usual.'

How Kipling does love those wild men of the North! He calls them his own folk. They are savage, boastful, arrogant, and hot-headed, and these vagrant loafers, snaky-lipped and vulture-eyed, come to pay their respects to him.

His description of the Indian press-room on a hot-weather night is great. He says that it is lit by flickering dips with a hurricane lamp here and there. The half-naked men who turn the presses look picturesque in the uncertain light as they loll against the black walls and wait for their call, the presses look mysterious and ghastly, and from the far end comes the tick-tick of the type being set up by white-sheeted yawners. They carry candles, and if they tilt them too much the grease gutters on to the type so printing is impossible. He makes the scene quite Indian-like by telling of some little boys who have not the least business there who have curled up on one of the big tables and gone to sleep.

How I do wish you might meet this interesting man!

The outcome of his being with these Ishmaelites in North India is his tale 'Dray Wara Yow Dee' and he says the incident of the killing is bodily cribbed from a frontier murder case deposition.

I am quite flattered. R. K. writes that he spent the afternoon alternately

browsing over a pipe and trying to hack out a *causerie intime* between two girls at Simla. Because he finds it is very difficult to get the hang of conversation between girls, he asks me on some idle afternoon to look over and check the thing, as he hasn't a single sympathetic soul there to discuss things with and he is choked up with a half-dozen plans and outlines of stories. The proof came with a very wide margin for my corrections. I was gullible enough to criticize what he had written. To-day he replies that he has laughed a great deal at my verdict. I do not approve of much that he writes and I'm not backward in saying so — but he goes on just the same, maligning us. He calls the story 'Poor Dear Mamma' and it is about two girls discussing a dance. One of them is in love with a man who is devoting himself to her mother. The conversation is very amusing.

Why Mr. Kipling is the recipient of many a confession I never can see, as he makes use of every item for his work that he can glean. This was clearly shown once when he was at the Lahore Club. A friend came in bubbling over with newly found love. R. sat at a table idly playing with a pencil. In reality he was taking down word for word what this gallant captain was saying — thoroughly enjoying his subtlety, for he intended to use every expression and he did that very thing, first as a story for the *Week's News* and then combined with other tales which made up *The Story of the Gadsbys*.

MUSSOORIE, May

Rudyard Kipling has arrived to stay at the Charleville Hotel for a few days. He feels that he is condescending, as this is not a fashionable place and his heart is at Simla, the seat of Government, where he meets worth-while people, grist for his writing. However, he can go nowhere in the Himalaya Mountains where he will get a better

view of the snows. He is the most susceptible person I ever knew. As he came up the winding road he glimpsed a girl's head in a window, 'a golden-haired beauty,' and he has been talking about her ever since. I think I know her, so I hope they can meet at a dance. Otherwise I don't see how we shall entertain him. He is full of notions and plans for his *Soldier Stories*. Learoyd with his Yorkshire dialect is beyond me, though he tries to explain.

June

Rudyard is called back to the *Pioneer*, and we are discussing whether we should generously offer to take him in to our house for a little while rather than to let him go to the Club in this desolate season. He has his own trap — the 'Pig and Whistle,' as he calls the turnout — and his own servant, so he would not be much trouble and might prove a pleasant companion.

I don't know how we shall like it to have our home life invaded by him, but it will be impossible for him to stay at the bungalow, for the compound is dug up preparatory to making the new lawn and it is too unhealthy for anyone to live there during the rains in this age-old country. We can give him the Blue Room for his study and the guest-room with the big four-poster mahogany bed. Did I ever tell you that this bed was brought to India in the time of the East India Company? Things which came out in the old days are passed on from one to another. A friend said when she first called that she admired a certain chair and decided to buy it when I left India.

To continue, R. can have the dressing room, bath, and east verandah, so he can be very comfortable. He can write at night to his heart's content when a story takes possession of him and 'the child must be born.' These Indian bathrooms are very different from ours at home. The floor is of

hard *chunam* (plaster), with a high partition for the tub, which is filled as needed by the *bhisti* from his goatskin, which is suspended from his shoulder. The Blue Room has every convenience and is quite private, with its own verandah and entrance from the hall. Kadir Baksh can take complete charge of his master and his part of the house. His man is quite a character. He is tall and commanding in appearance and is wholly dependable, which is well, as Rudyard, who lives in the clouds, needs some earthly care.

July

The *Pioneer* publishes a weekly paper containing stories, poems, and sketches, a kind of supplement called the *Week's News*, for which the youthful editor was expected to write a story filling several columns. His first notification of this was in seeing, as he came from the north into Allahabad, a huge advertisement in the railway stations saying that 'Rudyard Kipling, author of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, will write a series of stories for the *Week's News* beginning with the next number.' This did not disturb the young man, whose only difficulty was in getting time from his routine work to write out the tales with which his brain was teeming. There was no extra payment for these stories.

ALLAHABAD

DEAR J. — When 'The Man Who Would Be King' was germinating in R. K.'s mind he was lunching with us. Suddenly he demanded names for his characters. A. promptly said, 'Well, the queerest name I ever heard was that of a missionary I met in the Himalayas when we were both tramping — "Peachey Taliaferro Wilson."' Of course Rudyard seized that at once. I could think of no name to give, so R. said, 'Well, who was the most prominent man in your home town?' Of

course you know that I replied 'Mr. Dravo,' and sure enough he used these very names, adding a *t* to Dravo.

Later he was sitting at a desk busily writing. A. was in a big chair and I was near by. His custom was to push off a sheet from the pad as fast as he had filled it with his tiny fine writing, letting it fall to the floor. A. picked up the sheets, read and passed them to me, our one complaint being that we could read this thrilling story faster than the author furnished it.

Speaking of 'His Majesty the King,' R. K. said he had a very tender corner in his heart for little children, but there was not often an opportunity for showing it.

I never saw anyone more devoted to children, and alas there are so few in this station; all old enough have been sent to England, but Dr. and Mrs. J. Murray Irwin have a darling little girl who is my godchild. When she comes to the house there is nothing that R. will not do to amuse her. He plays bear, crawling over the floor, and he will endure every sort of teasing. On her birthday he wrote to accompany my small gift a gay little verse beginning: —

Imperious wool-booted sage,
Tho' your years as men reckon are three,
You are wiser than ten times your age
And your faithfulest servants are we.

At last R. K. is coming into his own, for he is permitted to collect the stories he has written for the *Week's News* into a more permanent form to be published by Wheeler, in the Railway Edition. The covers are to be a grayish blue and the pater is designing them.

The first one, of *Soldiers Three*, came for inspection and has been severely criticized by Ruddy. Mulvaney is not smart enough in the way he stands, and the barracks are not just right. I shall keep the pencil sketch, as it will be interesting to compare.

What a life he leads, all among the babblings of the Chamber of Commerce and the unsavory detail of the days among the dockets, departmental orders, and the queer expositions of human frailty, vanity, greed, and malice that a newspaper offers. With it all he watches for suggestive ideas for his tales. For instance:—

'The Judgment of Dungara' had its origin in a statement that A. made at the dinner table concerning the Nilgiri nettle, which has most persistent stinging qualities. R. made use of every item of information he could gain, and in a few days the story of the great God Dungara appeared in the *Week's News*. It has a vivid description of the loneliness of a mission station in the interior. 'Isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you by force headlong into the labors of the day.' The missionary, besides giving his flock the Bread of Life, had taught them to weave white cloth from the glossy fibres of a plant that grew near by. The Civil Service official was due, and the converts, usually naked, were to appear for the first time clothed in their new garments, made, alas, from this terrible nettle. It was woven fire that ran through their limbs and gnawed into their bones. Needless to say, they broke ranks and rushed to the river, 'writhing, stamping, twisting and shedding garments, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of the God Dungara.'

The need in India for hospitals for native women is very great. Dr. Bielby, the Kiplings' physician at Lahore, was going home to England, so she was asked to present to Queen Victoria the dire necessity for some help for the secluded zenana women. She did so, and as a result the Lady Dufferin Fund for a chain of hospitals throughout India was raised by means of everyone giving a day's pay, from the richest rajah down to the humblest ryot — from the Viceroy to Tommy Atkins.

This stirred the soul of Rudyard, so he wrote for the *Pioneer* 'The Song of the Women' — prefacing the poem with the address of the women of Uttarpara to Lady Dufferin which had been published in the *Pioneer*. 'Our feelings in this matter are shared by thousands of our sisters throughout the land and of this we are assured by many signs not likely to come under the observation of the outside world.'

Kipling brought the first copy of the paper just fresh from the press to us and, tossing it over, said, 'What do you think of that?' He is rather cynical about the whole matter, for the giving of money is not voluntary, but practically compulsory.

Kipling's friends felt that it was unfair to him to keep writing stories for the two papers without any extra remuneration, so he was persuaded to discontinue them. He wound up with 'The Last of the Stories.' He pictures a visit of his old friend, the Devil of Discontent, who lives at the bottom of the inkpot, but emerges half a day after each story has been printed with a host of useless suggestions for its betterment. This Devil of Discontent is the proprietor of the largest hell in existence, the Limbo of Lost Endeavor, where the souls of all the characters go. He takes the author below, where his characters are passed in review before him — till his heart turns sick. 'The Last of the Stories' closes, 'Now the proof that this is absolutely true lies in the fact that there will be no other to follow it,' and there were no more for the *Week's News* — a great loss to the Indian public. He was not permitted to sign any of his work.

We invited Rud to stay at our house while we are away, as he is at the N. W. P. Club and he could have more room and also enjoy Bhoj's cooking. He has written of his good times and of his trials.

It seems that the ayah thought this

was her opportunity for a *tamasha*, so she celebrated by having guests in the compound. That meant noisy *ekkas* jingling down the avenue and the night, vocal with much tinkling of anklets to the accompaniment of the *sitar*. Rud says he had no notion that forty poor rupees could create such a devilment for so long.

Evidently he is not idling, as he says Mulvaney 'came' with a rush on the blue couch in the Blue Room, and if he walked one mile up and down as he was hacking it out, he walked three. Old 'Pig and Whistle' is getting lame, so R. is pattering about in the dust, to his infinite weariness and discontent.

September

DEAR ONES: You know we live in a famous old bungalow which has been standing since the Mutiny days of 1857, when nearly every house was destroyed. R. K. so appreciated the privilege of staying in our lovely home while we were away that he wrote a clever sketch for us which tells of our daily life, our occupations, and our servants. He pictures the attractive verandah where we live most of the time, the long avenue of thick-leaved shisham trees leading to the house, and he gives many amusing incidents. He calls this 'Celebrities at Home,' borrowing the title from a series of articles now coming out in an English paper.

Some day maybe I'll send you the manuscript, which is at first in his fine handwriting, but toward the last is hurriedly scribbled.

December

The *Week's News* demanded a Christmas story which would fill a whole sheet of the paper. R. K. brooded over this awhile; the result was 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' which is a true story of his early life when he was sent with his little sister to England to be educated. It is next to impossible to bring up

English children in India, not because they could not have literary advantages here, but on account of the bad influence the close contact with the native servant has on the child. He is a slave to every whim, so Sonny Baba grows too domineering to suit the fancy of an English parent. No self-reliance can be learned while under the pampering care of bearer or ayah. Also, once a *chi chi* accent — as English contaminated by a native tongue is termed — is acquired, it is rarely lost even after years of later life in England, and pure speech is an essential, according to an Englishman. 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' recounts Kipling's experiences at the hands of Aunt Rosa, the stern Englishwoman who made her living by taking in the little waifs from Anglo-India who must be separated from their parents. The hardest choice a woman must make in India is to decide whether it is best to go home with her children or to stay with her husband.

A friend took Ruddy and Trix from Bombay on the long sea voyage, and saw them established in the 'home,' where little Trix was adored and petted but Ruddy was accused of storytelling. There was great jealousy of his brightness in contrast to that of the son of Aunt Rosa. He learned to escape punishment by deceit, and there was no one to teach him the difference between right and wrong. He, poor child, at six was left in the house with a servant while Trix was taken off on a holiday with the mother and her son. Ruddy read and read from the boxful of books that his father had sent him, reading from daylight to dark, till he had devoured them all; then, forlorn indeed, having strained his eyes and being utterly alone, he entertained himself by measuring the whole house hand over hand.

It was pitiful to see Kipling living over the experience, pouring out his soul in the story, as the drab life was

worse than he could possibly describe it. His eyesight was permanently impaired, and, as he had heretofore only known love and tenderness, his faith in people was sorely tried. When he was writing this he was a sorry guest, as he was in a towering rage at the recollection of those days. His summing up in the closing words shows the influence on his whole life.

'We are just as much Mother's as if we had never gone. Not altogether, for when young lives have drunk deep of the bitter waters of hate, suspicion, and despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge, although it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light and teach faith where no faith was.'

Rudyard was planning to go direct to England, when suddenly the idea occurred to him that he would like to see something of the world first, and as he had helped us look up routes he begged to be allowed to accompany us. Then Mr. Allen asked him to write letters on the trip for the *Pi*, which would pay his expenses. We agreed to have him join us, so he writes that he will arrive 'an awful grimy dirty unshaven bricklayer and the great — will perchance come down to the station and blandly tumble over me and then go home and tell his friends that my journey is solely undertaken in the interests of the *Pioneer* and I shall loaf down the platform with an unclean pipe in my mouth and then I'll be fairly embarked on the way to the high seas.'

CALCUTTA, March 9, 1889

Here we are, ready to start on our long journey to climes unknown. Rud has loaded us up with a delightful array of books, and he proudly exhibits two black leather manifold books in which he plans to write his 'Sea to Sea' letters for the *Pioneer* with an occasional 'turnover' for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, his first love.

He has just received *Wee Willie Winkie*, with its attractive cover designed by his father. This is the inscription for my presentation copy:—

I cannot write, I cannot think,
I only eat and sleep and drink.
They say I was an author once,
I know I am a happy dunce,
Who snores along the deck and waits
To catch the rattle of the plates,
Who drowns ambition in a sea of Lager and of
Tivoli.

I cannot write, I cannot sing,
I long to hear the meal bell ring;
I cannot sing, I cannot write,
I am a walking Appetite.
But you insist and I obey —
Here goes!

On Steamer *Madura*,
Now rolling through a tepid sea,
March 10th

to Mrs. Hill from me,
A journalist unkempt and inky
With all regards, *Wee Willie Winkie*.

The covers were torn off from the whole six of the Wheeler edition on account of some postal law, and the letter press sent on to England to Andrew Lang, so that Ruddy may be already introduced when he arrives in London.

The Babu at the Meteorological office at Allahabad will collect the 'Sea to Sea' letters as they appear in the *Pioneer* and bind them, so we can have a record of our trip without keeping a diary, though all India will be looking on.

March 16

I was present at the inception of Ruddy's *Barrack Room Ballads*. We were on the British India steamer *Africa* sailing toward Singapore, standing by the rail, when he suddenly began to hum, 'Rum-ti-tum-tra-la' — shaking the ashes from his pipe overboard. I was used to this, knowing something was stirring in his brain. Humming in a musical tone, he exclaimed, 'I have it. I'll write some Tommy Atkins Ballads,' and this idea kept simmering for months, with an occasional outbreak in soldierlike language. While we

were at Moulmein lunching by a graceful pagoda hung with tinkling brass ornaments at the slender top and with a very broad base, he put forth the opinion that the Burmans had simply copied nature in their building, pointing to a near-by toddy palm tree, and certainly the shape was identical, while the tinkling resembled the rustling of the leaves.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *May 11*

We are sailing to-day for America. When Ruddy went to the shop to buy books for our Pacific trip he found an American pirated edition of his own tales. He was so furious that he stalked out of the shop and bought us nothing, to our great dismay. He declared that he would pronounce a curse on the American people in his very next letter, and for one thing it should be on the slovenly way in which Americans speak, — just like servants, — for the English are so particular about pure speech. I think it is because their lower classes drop the *h* or use dialect, as we do not. When R. met a girl on the steamer who spoke with a very Southern accent he said his curse was working, though we noticed that he was very devoted to this same sweet maiden from South Carolina.

BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA

Mr. Kipling has arrived after his Western tour, where he had many experiences, novel and trying. He seems very happy to be once more with his Anglo-Indian friends, for he has been lonely without letters from his home people. He is settled in the rooms at the College, where he has a living room with open fireplace, a spacious bedroom and bath. There is a couch, where I think he spends most of his time, smoking, reading, and meditating, but not doing much writing. He is absorbing the experiences which are so different

in Pennsylvania surroundings from his Lahore days.

A. has a dark room rigged up at the College and the negatives made on that wonderful trip are being transformed into memory books for Rudyard, ourselves, and others.

BEAVER, *August 1889*

I've been painting a set of dessert plates with a design of our wild flowers to take back to India. One day Mr. Kipling, who has seemed unusually preoccupied, demanded china and paint. We wondered what project was being evolved in that fertile brain and now we know, for he has put upon six fruit plates some clever verses, about ten lines each, which he painted directly on the china without any notes.

His subjects are Plums, Peach, Berries, Watermelon, Apples, Grapes.

I'll copy the verses soon. They are rather badly painted in dark blue, as he was not accustomed to china paints and did not know how to use the turpentine. We tried to help, but he was too speedy for us.

The time has arrived for another parting, as A.'s leave is nearly up. R. K. will meet us in New York, to sail with us on the *City of Berlin*. We shall leave him in London to achieve his world-wide fame, as he is sure to do. In his visits to Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Boston he has made many friends; he has gained new material for his writing, and he feels that his American experiences have been well worth while. He behaved quite decently while at Beaver, for when he felt grumpy he kept it to himself. The servants were puzzled by him, especially when he demanded that the barber shave him in bed. He swapped stories with our Senator and townfolk, arousing interest wherever he went.

Now we are off for our five years of exile.

KANGAROO LOVES ME

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

HE wore a bowler hat. There was a faded velvet collar on his dark blue overcoat. His gayly striped tie was worn and greasy with years of constant use. His teeth were decayed. One knew at first sight that he was married to a woman much bigger than himself. He was obviously a Londoner.

He had no part in the New York crowd. A townsman, yet racy of the soil, his place was in some pub of the London suburbs, where the landlord was a dog fancier and the local book-maker had his sacred corner table and the best chair in the saloon bar. The odor that his memory most lovingly selected was a mixture of beer and iodine. So the pub had smelt whenever a new litter of prize terriers entered the world, and their little tails were being docked on the bar before a choice crowd of the landlord's favorites. He had often held the pup; the dirty hands were very gentle. He had been a favorite of the book-maker, too. Knew a bit about the gees, he did. His bandy legs suggested an early training as a stableboy, and indeed he had ridden a race or two, but lost his job before he was old enough to know when and how to drink.

He stood before one of the kangaroo enclosures in the Bronx Zoo. A female kangaroo lay on her side close to the wire, listening to him. She reclined

in the curious manner of kangaroos: full length and leaning on one elbow, like a Roman lady at a banquet. Her gray underside was luxuriously displayed. With her spare paw she fanned the flies from her nose. She watched him with languorous interest, and waved her ears when he spoke to her.

The crowd, a cross section of central Europe, loud-mouthed, well fed, and feeding as they walked, passed by the kangaroos with little interest; they were bound for the capybara and the anteater, distorted creatures to which they had a certain affinity. When people joined him at the railing, he glanced sidelong at them like a fox. If they belonged to the usual run of visitors, he ducked his peaked head into his dirty butterfly collar and waited resignedly till they moved on. But if the intruder was a man, and alone, and likely to be sympathetic, he motioned to him to be still. He showed uncanny judgment in picking those whom he chose to trust. They seldom let him down, but watched, smiling, while he continued the interrupted conversation.

'Ain't yer a lil bleeder?' he would say softly. 'Like to be back in Austrylia, would n't yer?'

His voice was a caress of curious vowel sounds. The kangaroo fanned herself, and listened with obvious delight.

II

His name was Breown — so he pronounced it, and his associates, to whom such immigrant names as Szczewc were easy because they never saw them written, took him at his own valuation of it. His wife was a roaring Irish-American, red-faced and bulging. She ran a small hand laundry of her own. He had the reputation of a good-for-nothing little Britisher, who would be in the bread line if not for her. It was true that she supported him; yet he would have willingly slaved for some colorless little woman of his own breed. Kate's overpowering vitality sapped his self-respect. A dog would have been something to live for, even to work for, but he had n't the heart to bring up a pup in a New York tenement. He hungered for the monotonous rows of small, sordid houses on the outskirts of London, each with its own back garden where a dog could run loose and there was room for a hutch of ferrets or Belgian hares.

Kate was not unkind, but she was no object for tenderness. She was a mother to men; a brazen, foul-mouthed mother who liked them rebellious and hard-fisted. Her husband was neither. She treated him with a good-humored contempt, and was unfaithful to him on the rare occasions when she aroused a passing desire. He was surrounded by contempt — even at Mike's, where the salted, ethered beer kept up some semblance of a saloon, and he should have been in his element. But Mike's customers knew little of dogs, and of horses less. Of heavy badinage they knew all there was to know, and he was their butt.

Until he discovered the Bronx Park, and the inner shrine which housed his slender and gentle kangaroo, he had no creature to appreciate the sensitiveness that was his birthright. Twice a week for more than a year he had

visited her. On every occasion he risked the three-dollar fine and brought her a carrot. For nine months he threw it over the netting. Then on one triumphant day, and ever since, she had taken it from his hand. Only one carrot he gave her at each visit, for he respected the rights of the zoölogical society, and did not wish to interfere with her carefully balanced diet.

The kangaroo gave him an ambition. It was very long since he had had one. If you had asked him what he most wanted, he would have answered: 'To get 'ome agyne.' But that was a mere longing, like the hope of the pious to go to Heaven; the difficulties seemed so immense that he never even planned return to England. His ambition was more definite. It might be attained. It was a desire that sweetened the hour in bed before he slept, and took away the bitterness of awaking.

One day he overcame his fear of ridicule, and demanded boldly that his desire be granted. He swallowed before speaking, and his scraggy Adam's apple bobbed up and down.

'Lemme in the kyge with 'er,' he begged the keeper.

'Against the rules,' answered the keeper shortly — he was not a little jealous of Mr. Breown's conquest. 'And don't you kid yourself that you've made friends with her. Those kangaroos are the timidest animals in the gardens.'

'Cripes! Timidest animals in the gordens! Yer don't say!' he muttered, deeply impressed.

He slunk away, hurt and disappointed, but his pride in his achievement increased. He did not know he was proud. It took the form of increased pity for the kangaroo.

'She ain't got no call to be timid,' he murmured indignantly. "'Oo's going to 'urt 'er? That's what I'd like ter know! 'Oo's going to 'urt 'er?'

III

He understood that he would never persuade the keeper to let him into the cage. The result of his disappointment was an orgy of poisonous whiskey that left him whiter and spottier than ever. But the orgy was not bad for him spiritually. It was followed by an intense need to assert himself, which led him to use his brain. His cockney cunning, long unemployed for want of any worthy cause, came back to him.

The municipal elections were not far off. He sat in Mike's, drinking cautiously, and dribbling a nasty stream of cockney irony against the Democrats. His tongue was a keen weapon, but he had ceased to use it in personalities, for the sallies which would have set a London pub rocking with laughter were lost in Mike's. His comments on the public administration found listeners; the style passed unheeded, but the eloquence alone won attention. The district leader, white facing on his waistcoat, gold watch chain across his ample stomach, was forced to take notice of this attack. He asked Mr. Breown what the Democrats could do for him. Mr. Breown told him.

'Aw, come on now! Talk plainly, can't you?'

'I tells yer that's what I want,' repeated the little man. 'Get me into the kangaroo kyge, and I'll shut me 'ead!'

Enough of his race remained in the Jew to enable him to recognize a spiritual need when he saw one. He agreed to do his best.

It wasn't easy; but the district leader, his interest stirred both by the oddness of Mr. Breown's ambition and by the difficulty of realizing it, went far up in the hierarchy of Tammany Hall to get permission. Eventually he got it.

The Londoner dressed as if for his

wedding. He was conscious of the same feeling of excitement. It was purer excitement, for he had been afraid of Kate. His marriage to her was a desperate effort to make the new country livable — as if by changing his manner of life he could change his tastes. He had no fear at all of this second wedding. He would have liked to buy himself a new suit for the occasion. But the kangaroo knew the smell of his old suit. She might be nervous of a new smell. Better not risk it.

In the subway he was very still and tense. He hated the subway — chiefly because it was n't the London tube — and took a perverse pleasure in losing himself on it that he might add fuel to his grievance. He did not lose himself on this journey, though Mott Avenue offered him the only genuine chance in New York to do so.

IV

He had stipulated that the interview was to take place after the public had left the gardens. He slipped through the gates a quarter of an hour before closing time. He walked unseeing past the yaks and the ostriches, but stopped to say a word to the emu. The bird came from Australia, the same country as his beloved.

Waiting for him by the kangaroo paddocks were the district leader, his little boy, and two of his friends. The district leader had a healthy human curiosity, sometimes offensive in its outward manifestations, but always kindly. Nevertheless, Mr. Breown resented his presence. It seemed an intrusion on his privacy that made him flush with unreasoning anger. He comforted himself deliberately with the thought that for once he was the centre of interest.

'Timidest animal in the gordens! Er'r, I'll show 'em!'

But even the fame which he knew he

would win did not compensate him. It was like making capital out of the timidity of a bride.

His audience greeted him with the gibes of crude good-fellowship, slapping him on the back, telling him he'd forgotten his whip and uniform, begging him to put his head in the kangaroo's mouth. He stepped jauntily to the cage, acting, acting, with an absurd feeling of disloyalty to his kangaroo.

'Ere y' are, gen'l'men! Walk up and see Mr. 'Arry Breown do 'is fymous act!'

The keeper unlocked the door.

'She won't let you touch her,' he growled disgustedly. 'I never saw a kangaroo yet that would let itself be handled.'

The little cockney entered the cage, and crept softly through the door in the partition that led to the paddock. The kangaroo shied away from him and sat on her hind legs, startled and ready for flight. She recognized him, but he was in the wrong place. It took her some time to reconcile the contradictory fact that a friend whose essence was outside-the-cage-ness was now inside it. He sat on the step and talked to her. After ten minutes of false starts, she hopped across the paddock and rested on her tail, looking at him. He stood up very slowly and made a step towards her. She trembled and her ears moved anxiously, but she did n't stir. He talked to her until it was safe to take one more step. Once she was under the spell of his voice, he offered her the carrot. She hopped forwards on hands and haunches, with the ungainly motion of a kangaroo at ease, and took it.

While she was eating he talked to her, humorously and gently.

She lifted her head and waited for more carrot. Instead, the offering hand came nearer and touched her muzzle. She shied, but it was n't a determined shy. She tempted him again, ears pricked like the gracious ears of an antelope. He stroked her throat and scratched her behind the ears. She lay down on one elbow. Never hurrying, always talking, he stroked the brown back and the soft gray belly. The kangaroo fanned herself with coy detachment. At last she hopped away from him.

He left the paddock, happy as he had not been happy since childhood. He simply did n't see the men who surrounded him. The keeper was generous and enthusiastic. The others, taking their cue from him, showed no less astonishment.

'She sure loves you!' exclaimed the keeper.

'Loves me?' repeated the little man, still dazed by his good fortune. 'Loves me?'

The district leader guffawed.

'And, oh boy! Is you in love with her!'

The gibe, innocently enough meant, crashed into the smooth and shining pool of his mind. He blushed, ducking his head within the butterfly collar, and walked rapidly and guiltily away.

He never went back to Kate or to the district. That was well for him. Yet, had he done so, he would have met with a new respect. They did n't believe that he was really in love with his kangaroo.

A BLUE RIBBON AT AMESBURY

BY ROBERT FROST

SUCH a fine pullet ought to go
All coiffured to a winter show,
And be exhibited, and win.
The answer is this one has been —

And come with all her ribbons home.
Her golden leg, her coral comb,
Her fluff of plumage white as chalk,
Her shape, were all the fancy's talk.

It seems as if you must have heard.
She scored an almost perfect bird.
In her we make ourselves acquainted
With one a Sewell might have painted.

Here common with the flock again,
At home in her abiding pen,
She lingers at the feeding trough,
The last to let night drive her off.

The one who gave her ankle band,
Her keeper, empty pail in hand,
He lingers too, averse to slight
His chores for all the wintry night.

He leans against the dusty wall
Immured almost beyond recall,
A depth of many swinging doors
Past many letter-muffled floors.

He meditates the breeder's art.
He has a half a mind to start,
With her for Mother Eve, a race
That shall all living things displace.

'Tis ritual with her to lay
The full six days, then rest a day;
At which rate, barring broodiness,
She well may score an egg success.

The gatherer can always tell
Her well-turned egg's brown sturdy shell,
As safe a vehicle of seed
As is vouchsafed to feathered breed.

No human spectre at the feast
Can scant or hurry her the least.
She takes her time to take her fill.
She whets a sleepy sated bill.

She gropes across the pen alone
To peck herself a precious stone.
She waters at the patent fount,
And so to roost, the last to mount.

The roost is her extent of flight,
But once she rises to the height,
She shoulders with a wing so strong
She makes the whole flock move along.

The night is setting in to blow.
It scours the windowpane with snow;
But barely gets from them or her
For comment a complacent chirr.

The lowly pen is yet a hold
Against the dark and wind and cold
To give a prospect to a plan
And warrant prudence in a man.

WE THREE COME HOME¹

BY PATIENCE, RICHARD, AND JOHNNY

I

JOHNNY wanted to be a garbage man in Berlin because they had such lovely garbage wagons. You could climb up on them with a ladder and open the boxes and throw in the garbage and then shut them down. They looked like gun wagons. Very tall and all beige. The schupo would make you pick up papers if you threw them in the street. That is why Berlin is so clean. You have to be clean there.

Our school was down the Margaretenstrasses, then up the Ufer to the Schell House, which looks like a fan, and over the Brücke and down the other side of Ufer and then the Genthinerstrasse. That is where Patience went with the girls. Then Johnny and I went down the Genthinerstrasse and down another street and over the street to Dorfingerstrasse, and that's where we, Richard and Johnny, went, to the boys' school. They would n't let girls in our school.

Our Herr Rector was a nice man with white hair and blue eyes, and he was very nice to us. Herr Klauke was my (Richard's) teacher. He also had white hair and brown eyes. Johnny was in the eighth class and I in the seventh. The eighth class is the lowest. Then Herr Klauke used to come on his bicycle and teach us to read German in our

house. He was like a soldier and would say, 'Achtung, das ist nicht recht!' and then we would do it right. He was a very nice man.

We did never dare to be late. If we were late Herr Klauke would slap us with a stick. So we were never late.

Before Hitler came to Berlin we used to stand up when Herr Klauke came in or the Herr Rector. But when Hitler came, then we stood up and said, 'Heil Hitler.' And we put our right hands up. And Herr Klauke and the Herr Rector would also put their hands up and say 'Heil Hitler.' When we did some lessons, then the bell rang, and we marched down to the court and ate wurst that we brought with us. Then we marched up to the classes again and did some more lessons, and then the bell rang at one o'clock and we marched out into the court, and said 'Heil Hitler,' standing in line. Then we went home.

One day Johnny came home and asked Papa if we were Jews. Papa said, 'No; why?' And Johnny said that the boys at the school had asked him if we were Jews and he said he did n't know.

It was very sad for the Jews when Hitler came. We don't know what Jews look like, but they said they were treating them bad in the schools. If we had Jews in our school, they did n't treat them bad. The teachers only wanted us to learn things. And they

¹ In the March issue, 'I, Patience,' with the aid of her younger brothers, told of their early days in France. They are the children of James Abbe, international press photographer. — EDITOR

were very angry when you did n't write neatly and we got four lots of times because we were n't neat writers, especially Richard.

Fraulein Witte was my (Patience's) teacher. She was blond and wore a black dress and was very nice, except she said I laughed too much and talked in the class. But she made me write neatly, and I can write better in German than in English.

Our school had milk and chocolat for ten pfennigs. We could get that from the portier when we ate our wurst. We also had to march. Johnny was very good in school because he paid attention to orders. I was the worst because I talked. Richard was very worried if he did n't get his homework right, because they were very strict with boys. Herr Klauke said if you did n't do your work right in school, what would you be when you were grown up, so Richard was worried.

One day Richard was playing with a boy and this boy told him to break the glass in the fire alarm and Richard said he would n't and then the boy said, 'Yah! you're afraid.' So Richard then broke the glass. Then the boy said, 'You're afraid to push the button,' so Richard pushed the button. Then Richard ran away and the Feuerwagon came and then a schupo came to our house.

Richard was there and Johnny was in the Tiergarten, so Mamma thought Johnny was killed, because the schupo said, 'You have a son, have n't you?' But then he told Mamma and Papa what Richard had done and Richard said, but he was white like snow, 'Yes, I did it.' So the schupo said we would have to pay by the kilometre, and Papa said he hoped the Feuerwagon had n't come from Wannsee which is far away.

Then a paper came from the 'Kriminal Inspektion,' which is the jail, and it said Richard would have to go to the jail to tell about it. But Mamma went

alone and left us with Ilse and Krinke and Gerhardt and Booby in the Tiergarten. But we were scared and waited there until she came back. And we talked about it. Then Mamma came back and she told all of the children that she made the schupo let Richard off because he had n't told a lie about it. But she said the schupo said if he did it again he would have to go to jail for one year. So Richard will never do that again. And in the jail there was a boy six years old who told the schupo he had seen Richard do it. Mamma said he was the witness.

Aunt Sigrid is our very, very best friend and so is Mummy, her mamma. Aunt Sigrid is a little lady with golden hair and blue eyes and beautiful teeth. She is always smiling. She works on a newspaper in the Columbushaus on the Potsdamerplatz. Mummy had two dogs. One was very old, and so was the other. They were jealous of us. Mummy used to invite us to lunch after school and she lived in a garden and had beautiful pictures and books in her studio and beautiful chairs and tables and she made nice cakes and always gave us a present.

Aunt Sigrid loves Mamma and Mamma loves her. She is very kind-hearted and cries if anybody is bad to anybody else. She helps lots of people and speaks four languages. She is also very chic and always has parties and Mamma used to go to them all the time.

Polly was a very tall lady with red hair. She could sing like a man. She was studying in Berlin to go into the opera. She said Mamma did n't know to make soup, because she ate some of it and knew she did n't. Mamma always made soup. We had soup all the time. We got tired of soup. Polly brought some eels to Mummy Schultz and the eels crawled out on the bus and Polly said she was mortified. We had some of the eels. Mummy Schultz

made it because she used to live in Paris and knew about cooking. Mamma said she never had been able to eat eels before she came to Mummy Schultz. But she still can't eat escargot (that's snails). Neither can we because we have never eaten them so do not know what they taste like.

Hitler came at last to Berlin and Mamma went out and marched in the parade. We mean, she did n't mean to march, but the crowd pushed her so she marched to get out of the crowd and nearly got choked by a schupo's rope that they put up to keep the crowd back. Then a horse nearly killed her. Then she nearly lost her fur hat. Then a Nazi thought she was Russian, because Mamma's hat came off of a dead Cossack, and a Nazi put his torch over and tried to burn it off her head. Then Mamma held the hat in her hand and marched and she saw Papa sitting in the Presse box while she was marching and she was mad. But she saw Von Hindenburg in the window and then saw Hitler in another window and all the people were shouting and singing 'Horst Wessel' and 'Deutschland Uber Alles,' and three men tried to stand on each other's shoulders to give Hitler a rose on the third floor. Mamma said, 'It sure looks as though the Nazis are here.' And so they were. Ever after that they stayed. And all the men wore uniforms and went marching and singing on the streets, and everyone was all of a sudden very gay and singing very loud and all the time marching. And Hitler used to ride in the auto with Papa von Hindenburg, and Hitler had his hair over his one eye. But sometimes he was smiling and sometimes he was very angry-looking, and he always had his hand in the air and all the people kept shouting, 'Heil Hitler!'

Then all the boys who were twelve years old went into the army and marched on the streets with an orchestra and carried daggers and swords and

flags and marched down to the Kaiser's palace where Hitler used to meet them. We saw that palace where the King stood on the balcony and heard his people say they did n't want him. It was sad for him, because the German people like Kings.

Then Goebbels burned all the books and went around getting them. One day they had a parade on our street. They always came thru our street. Everybody was in that parade. The chimney sweeps were very funny. They had tall black hats on and were very jolly and were singing 'Horst Wessel.' Then undertakers came in the parade. And all the men in that parade were the men who work with their hands. Not soldiers or generals or ministers or anything like that. That day we were going to see the opera 'Hansel and Gretel.'

General von Goering was a handsome man, but too fat. We went to his house on the Leipzigerstrasse and he had forty rooms, but we did n't see them because there was a man who said he was an adjutant with a glass in his eye, who would n't let us in, but we were in the house just the same, even if we did n't see the rooms. We would have liked to see the lion Goering has. It is his pet. But he has too many soldiers around him. We were in the palace where he used to live. It had a marble staircase and was right in front of the Reichstag. That's the place that burned. They said the Communists did it, and they cut off a man's head on account of it. Mamma spoke to a soldier in front of Goering's old palace, but the soldier was like a statue and would n't speak, and then Mamma said, 'Of course. He is on duty and is not allowed to speak.' These soldiers used to stand all day long in front of von Hindenburg's palace too, and never move. They were just like statues. We went into Hitler's house, but he only had schupos in his place, but we

could n't see Hitler because he was very busy.

One day we were walking through the Tiergarten with Jeannie Lyons and she said she was going home and not going to her private school. And we said, 'Why?' and she said, 'Because I am a Jew. But I am glad I am a Jew.' But if Jeannie is a Jew, then Jews don't look bad at all. Jeannie is very handsome. She has black, black hair and violet eyes. And she is very polite, and our best friend.

We do not understand why Hitler hates the Jews, because Jesus was a Jew and the Jews believe in God and say their prayers. Hitler we guess will never get out of that line he is in because he chose to be like a King, and Kings can't ever be anything else. They have to sit on thrones all the time.

After Hitler it will go down the line with Goering and then Goebbels. These people have chosen, so they cannot change now. Hitler ought not to be so mean with the Jews on account of Jesus. Mamma was telling us the story called '40 Days of Musa Dagh' and the Turks were bad to the Armenians and let little children starve and work in machine shops. And look at the way little children are treated in this world. Look at the Russian children who did n't have anywhere to go and slept under the opera house with newspapers around them to keep them warm, and some of them were robbers, but it was n't their fault because they were hungry. But just the same, someone very good finally gets to these children and takes them in. But it is very sad just the same. Jesus must send these people finally to these children in the world who are walking on the earth all alone and no bread to eat. But we don't understand why Jesus allows this to happen first before the good people finally get these children.

That's why we don't like wars. All

the children suffer then. And while children are onery most of the time to their mammas and papas they don't mean harm to people, so people ought not to be going around killing in the wars so that children will suffer.

Before Hitler came we had beggars up the service stairs all day long. And one man came and Mamma brought him in and gave him some soup. And she asked him why he was like that and he said he used to be a gardener in a castle, but now he slept in the Tiergarten. He was n't sad though. He smiled a lot and said things would get better for him some day.

Then a little man came and he said he did n't want any pfennigs, but a cup of coffee. So Mamma let him in and sat him at the table and he drank two cups of coffee, and ate some potatoes. He spoke English, and he had been a sailor in the English Army. Mamma said, 'Would you like some work? I could use some bookcases here.' But he said, No, he was an iron worker. Mamma said, 'Well, maybe you could make some iron bookcases.' But he said, No, he was too old. Mamma said, 'What do you do all day long?' And he said, 'I go up and down and up and down until I have eighty pfennigs, then I go to the flop house. But,' he said, 'I am going out in the country for the summer and work in the fields. Because a man needs some fresh air.' Mamma said, 'It is a long way to walk.' And he said, 'But the road is straight and I won't have to go up and down stairs.' Mamma said, 'Come back any time for your coffee,' so he came back two more times, and then he went away. And we said, 'Bon Voyage.'

Next day a man came to the door and he was crying because it was a very hot day and he cried and cried and Mamma told him to come in. And he said, 'I have two children and my wife is dying and I am arbeitslose.' So he came every day or so and gave us

prayerbooks and Mamma divided our rice and kasha and sugar and coffee with him. Then one day he came again and he said, 'My wife is dead.' So Mamma gave him four marks for a krantz — that's a wreath for a funeral. And he said, 'Come to the funeral. Come to the funeral. Then you will see how we arbeitslose live and get buried by the city. It is awful,' and he howled.

So then Mamma told Frau Follmer, and Frau Follmer said, 'You just have to go to that funeral. If I am right, then you will learn a lesson.' So we all went over to the Alexanderplatz where he said the church and graveyard were, and we asked and asked but no one knew where that church or graveyard was. So they sent us to all the graveyards around, and we asked about the funerals, but that day nobody was dead, and they didn't have any funerals. So Mamma went to the house where the man said he lived, and she met the portier and she said, 'Does Herr Schoemaker live here?' And the portier said, 'Yah.' 'And has he two children?' and he said, 'Yah.' 'And is his wife dead?' and he said, 'Nein.' 'And is he arbeitslose?' and he said, 'Nein.' So Mamma said, 'Well, der Herr Schoemaker is a schwindler,' and then we left. So Herr Schoemaker never came back to us again.

Then Papa went to America, and then he cabled we must come, and then Mamma said we would move, and then he cabled we must n't come, and we did n't know what to do. Then Mamma said, 'WE ARE COMING.' So we had to pay some rent for nothing, because we had told the portier too soon, and we went away.

II

We slept on the train to Bremer-Haven. It was a very good train. Then in the morning we saw the boat. It was the Europa.

It was as tall as a building.

We stayed on the Europa until we got to Southampton, then we got off and got on a little train, Third Class, but no one else was with us. You could only get in from the outside. Then we got to London. But the houses before you got to London were funny. All little and all the same and every one had a garden.

When we were in London it seemed funny to hear everybody speaking English. We never knew what it was like to be in a place where everybody spoke English before.

We went to play on the Heath, but it was n't so good as the Tiergarten. And once a boy knocked Richard down and said, 'Oh I say, I did n't mean to be a blighter. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry.' We did n't understand how they talked. Richard got up and said, 'Pardon.' Then we went home, because we got tired of flying kites and the English are always walking around. Every morning Aunt Sylvia got up at ten o'clock, then she had breakfast, then we all went out for a walk. We always went the same way. Up the hill, up another hill, down the Heath, then back. It was boring. But we stopped once at the tea-room of the man who used to be in Russia with the Czars and he gave us cakes and talked to Mamma about Russia.

Then Mamma said, 'I am so busy in Fleet Street. Could you children go to the cinema?' So we said, 'Yes, certainly.' So she showed us all the cinemas and we went while she was in Fleet Street.

Then we went to a church and a Monsieur le Curé spoke to us and said, 'You are Scotch, are n't you?' But we said no, we could be Americans if we wanted to and that we were born in Paris. And he said, 'Ah, I once was in Paris.' Mamma said he was n't a priest. What you call a 'Brother.' He remembered all the little bookstands on the

Quay on the Seine and he looked very sad.

One day we went downtown with Mamma. She parked us in all the cinemas that did n't have A on them, and we then saw for the first time Mickey Mouse and the Big Bad Wolf. We stayed to see that three times. The Silly Symphonies were gorgeous and The Three Little Pigs also.

Then one day we were walking on Fleet Street and we saw Mr. Reed who works for the London Times. He was glad to see us. He said, 'WHAT in the world are the children doing on Fleet Street?' Mamma said, 'Oh, we are a close corporation, and stick together.' We went into the Morning Post, that was down an alley. The man there was an 'Honorable.' That meant his father was some kind of a Lord. He said, 'I'm so sorry, but would you please come back in half an hour?' So we went out and Mamma parked us in Lyons' tea-room on Fleet Street. It was in a cellar and they poured the tea out of a tank from a robinet. It was as black as ink, but they made it white with milk. Mamma said, 'Order what you want,' and left us.

When she came back, she said, 'It is a pity I did n't take you with me. You were welcome. Mr. Russell said, "Where are the children? I sent my secretary out to get them tea."' Then Mamma looked at the check, and said, 'What did you eat to make this bill so big?' 'Well,' we said, 'Johnny spilled his milk two times and we ordered more, and we had four muffins apiece, and some cheese cake and some tarts.'

Then one Sunday we went downtown and while we were walking Mamma saw a picture of Stalin on the front of a newspaper. It was Papa's picture, and they were telling a lot of lies about Stalin and Mamma was mad, because she said she hated to have Papa's pictures illustrating lies. So she said she was going to that newspaper to

make a row. Then we came to a big place and that was Houses of Parliament and we saw Big Ben and heard it like we used to hear it on the T.S.F. in Normandie. The Houses of Parliament is a place where they make the Government.

Then we saw a big church and Mamma said, 'This is Westminster Abbey.' 'Abbe?' said Johnny. 'Yes,' said Mamma. 'You know how Papa is a poor business man. He never gets any money for being smart. Well, long ago, his family came over to England with William the Conqueror, and they owned this place, but as usual they swindled his family out of it.'

Johnny believed that and said, 'Gosh!' And asked would we be living in it now if they had n't swindled us. And Mamma said, 'Yes.' But Richard and I, Patience, did n't believe that. It was a big church and all the Kings and Queens were buried there, and the Unknown Soldier was all alone in the middle of the floor with a light shining down on him. Then we went in to see Queen Elizabeth and the Royal Chapel and Queen Elizabeth looked like a monkey. She was made of wax. Gosh, she was ugly.

Then we went to church and everybody was singing and Monsieur le Curé said the prayers, then everyone went out of the church except the people who were looking at the graves. Then Johnny and Richard went in and out of the pews and a man with a long black robe and a white collar came up and was very rude. And he said, 'It is just like Americans to profane a sacred edifice like this.' And Mamma said, 'You could have spoken to us more politely.' And he said, 'I cannot be polite to Americans.' So we started to go out of the church, and a lady came to us and said, 'Please do not think all we English are rude. You are welcome here, and I as an Englishwoman apologize for that man.'

Another day we went to Uncle Winchie's office by Fleet Street, and Uncle Winchie was very funny. He spoke American for us and said, 'Shoo-ur.' And he said, 'You don't say "Sal-is-bury." You say "Souls-berry Square."' And he said he liked the word 'panties' and said he was just crazy about Americans although they were ALL mad. Then he made his secrtry (that's the way he pronounced it) give us tea, then he took us out to a café.

The next morning he sent a letter to Mamma and said he had to lay off work for the rest of the day to get his office in order because he was very upset, and would never be the same after the Americans had come. He was lovely to us, and so jolly.

We saw the King's guards. They had big tall fur hats on and big shiny black boots and white velvet pants and they sat on a horse and never smiled. Then they also said, that is, the Captain said, 'Aarh-ooop!' and then two of them whispered in each other's ears and then some of them marched away and some of them stayed. And the one on the horse stood in the gate of the King's yard and just stood there, all day long.

Then we went to Madame Tussaud's place, and we went into the Chamber of Horrors, and then upstairs and saw Hitler and Dollfuss and Mussolini and all the rest in wax. The King and Queen and their family we liked best of all. They had pink cheeks and were very pretty and wore diamonds. We also saw Sleeping Beauty. In the Chamber of Horrors we saw bloody figures and figures of ladies and gentlemen who had killed people, and Mamma said, 'Crime does n't pay.'

Then we went to the Tower of London. We saw where Ann Boleyn had her head cut off. Were n't they silly to cut people's heads off in those days? In Madame Tussaud's we saw Henry the Eighth and his six wives.

Mamma pointed out those who had their heads cut off, because he wanted to marry so many women. He seemed to only have cut off the heads of the pretty ones. Why, if he was doing it, did n't he cut the ugly ones?

We saw the room in the Bloody Tower where those two little princes got killed because their uncle wanted to be King. We saw the dungeons where they put people to die. And we saw iron horses and all sorts of guns, and chains that they wore all over the horses, etc., etc.

We went to the King's house then and a lot of soldiers in skirts were going in. They were the Scotch and the Irish. A boy we got talking to told us. And DID he like the King! He called the King's son the Prince of Wyles. He spoke like that. And when he talked about the King he called him 'is Majesty, and the Prince of Wales 'is Royal 'ighness.

The soldiers went in to the King's yard and played music for him. Our friend said they were playing the songs the King liked, and the King was sitting in his drawing-room listening to them. Then the Captain said, 'ARRRH-ooop!' and then they all marched out and we went with them up the Pall Mall and our friend showed us the palaces of the Lord this and the Duke that. He called it 'Dewk.' The orchestra with the soldiers played on pipes and it went aaaa-a-eee-toodle-oo, aa-ee-toodle-ooo.

Then he showed us the Prince of Wales's house and we went into his courtyard. He said, 'is Royal 'ighness is topping! 'ee is a dyesy.' He meant daisy.

III

Then pretty soon we got on the train and we went to Southampton. And then we got on the Bremen. The man said, 'Ameer-ic-aa bound. Right.' But first we did n't get on the Bremen. We went on a little boat and all the people

got on and then they brought up the luggage and after that was on we went out to sea. And then we saw the Bremen very high on the water and when the Bremen saw us they played the orchestra for us, and then we went over a board with curtains on the side so we would n't fall into the ocean, and we went into a big door, and the skipper said, 'Guten Tag,' and so we could n't get off this boat for five whole days.

We had to go to a man in an office and he said where we were to sleep and where we were to eat and gave us tickets. There were a lot of old ladies when we came in. They came from Cherbourg. And when they saw a lot of other old ladies, they started laughing so silly and said, 'At last, now to God's Country.' We did n't know that God had any special country until then. Then they spoke to us and said, 'Is n't that cute! What is that on your back?' And we said, 'Schulmappe.' They said, 'Are n't they cute, and can you really talk German? Is n't that just cute?' They were silly. Mamma said it was because they had been aboard ship so long. They had been around the world.

Mamma came down to breakfast with us the first two days. She made us eat oatmeal. But then she did n't come down to breakfast any more, so we had pickles and wurst for breakfast. They did n't have any ice-cream for breakfast, but they gave it to us for lunch and dinner. The Kellner agreed with us that we should always have pickles on our table, and so when we came down they were always there.

Mamma bought two chairs on deck. She used one and sat there all day resting. She said if we reported every once and awhile to her so she'd know we had n't fallen overboard we could go where we liked.

So we played in the playroom and went up and down and all over and had lots of friends. We had a lovely

acrobatic bar up on top deck, and we stood on it upside down all the time.

The first day we had a terrible storm, and Patience got very sick for twenty minutes. Then Richard got sick. Then Mamma said, 'Ah, Johnny is a skipper, he won't get sick.' Then I, Johnny, got sick for five minutes. Then Mamma took us all upstairs on deck in the air so we would n't all get sick again. Everybody was in bed, and everybody who was n't in bed sick was on deck and the stewards went around helping people to get to the rail. Mamma got sick for five minutes and said, 'You don't have any shame when you are seasick.' Mamma got sick because we saw a little boat, and now we saw it and now we did n't, and the big waves buried it. Mamma said, 'It is a gallant little ship, so we won't be seasick any more. Think how the people on that ship must feel.' Then it was all nice again because we stayed in the air. They don't run the Bremen with coal. They have oil and the ovens roar.

We had so much to eat that Mamma gained five pounds and was fat. We had tea every afternoon and the cinema. All the stewards were lovely to us and gave us three and four plates of cakes without us asking for them.

We went swimming in the pool. And everybody was very happy even when the beer glasses fell off the tables when it was stormy.

Then we saw America but it was foggy. There was a fog and the ship went Boom, boom, boom, all the time, and we stopped still for a long time. Then a little boat came and it was called the mail boat and we saw all the bags full of letters from Europe go into it. Then came another small boat that they call the cutter, and Papa was on it. We saw him because he was the only one on board who had a bald head. Then he came up the ladder and we were once more together. He looked very white and thin, and said he had

been working hard. Then he said there were reporters looking for us. Reporters are people who put you in newspapers, but Mamma went into Third Class and said she did n't want to get put in newspapers.

We saw the Statue of Liberty. It was just like the statue we saw on the Brücke in Paris only bigger. They said you could climb up into that statue's finger and into her head.

We could n't see the 100 étage buildings because there was a fog. Then we saw the people on the dock, and we waved to everybody so if we had any friends they could see us. Then we saw Uncle Pete and Aunt Marionette and they were dancing up and down and Uncle Pete was waving his overcoat on his stick.

Papa looked at Mamma and said, 'Mamma, you can't come into New York with a bandanna on your head and a sweater. You must get your good clothes on.' So he made Mamma get our steward and he had to pull down all the luggage to get our valises, and then Mamma changed to her fox fur.

When we got off the ship it was awful. Everybody was running around like crazy people. It was all nervous. Men kept saying, 'Here, lady, taxi,' and 'Where to, lady?' And then we had to look for our luggage and it was all with everybody else's. And Uncle Pete and Aunt Marionette and Jimmy Niles kept saying, 'They are having a reception for you, you must hurry.' But Mamma said, 'Eleven years I have been so quiet, this is a madhouse,' and she would n't get excited. Then Aunt Marionette took us off on a seat and Mamma went to look for the luggage with Cousin Jimmy Niles. Our lawyer Uncle Bill was there too. Even Papa was nervous and saying, 'They've been waiting for you for two hours!' and Mamma said, 'I was n't steering the Bremen, but I'll fix this thing.'

So she went to a man and said she

had to go to a party and could she leave the luggage there. So he said, 'Well, let's get the luggage right away and I'll pass it; nothing in it?' Mamma said, 'No.' So he said, 'Where is your slip?' Mamma said, 'I have lost it.' 'Well,' he said, 'that's too bad,' but he gave her a paper and said she was free, and then Mamma just went up and down that dock and got the luggage with Jimmy Niles and then we went away. We got two taxis and they all kept screaming, 'Taxi, taxi! Where to, lady? What hotel, lady?' So we got out of there, but it was all so nervous, and Aunt Marionette said, 'Yes, that is New York. We are all jumpy.' So then Johnny gave Mamma a key out of his pocket, and it was the key to our cabin, and Jimmy Niles had to take it back.

We went to the Iroquois hotel and all the people were waiting for us and those who could n't wait any longer had left us a note. Mr. McBride and Mr. Schuster, they sell books, had signed their names on the letter and said they were sorry not to have seen us first time in America. But Uncle Gene Lyons and Aunt Billy his wife and Jeannie, their daughter, were there and all kinds of people. Lillian and Dorothy Gish had left us a telegram saying welcome to America and love from all, and Mr. Elmer Rice and his family had also left a telegram saying also welcome. So we were welcome to America.

Cousin Abbe Niles also came and he had never seen us before nor had Jimmy Niles, and Jimmy Niles was smiling all the time and very nice to us. Then we had ice-cream and everybody was talking. Then Dr. Marks came in and he had on some beautiful clothes and a beard that came to a point. He is a dentist and used to fix Mamma's teeth when she was on the stage. He said we were all very nice people and he was glad to see Mamma after eleven years. He said Mamma spoke differently now and Mamma said that was because she

had been speaking other languages for so long, so her voice was different now.

Then before we went to bed Papa and Jimmy Niles and our lawyer, Uncle Bill Walker, and Aunt Marionette and Uncle Pete took us over to see Bert in the Hamburger Lunch Counter, and so we said 'hello' to him.

Then we went to bed downstairs on the fourth floor. Mamma and Papa stayed on the seventh floor.

The portier at this hotel was black and very polite and he let us ride up and down in the lift. The femme de chambre called us 'Honey' and when she laughed her teeth were very white. She was also black. Can you imagine being called 'Honey'? It is 'miel' in French and 'honig' in German, and it is sweet stuff you put on bread.

It was very funny in that hotel. When you looked out of the window you could n't see the sky and everywhere were tall buildings. You could n't see any garden and courtyard when you looked out of the window. Everywhere were tall buildings and we never in our whole lives ever saw such a place like the Empire State Building. You could stand on the street in front of it and had to be careful not to look up too much, otherwise you could break your neck. It had 100 étages. Then there was a building that was all black and had a gold top on it. People in New York must be very rich. Only in the Arabian Nights do you hear also of gold on buildings. Then we went to the Radio City and never in our whole lives had we seen anything like that either before. It was beautiful, but we were afraid of it because it was so tall.

Then we never in our whole lives saw so many people on the streets. New York is very crowded. And no one was ever singing or marching and everyone looked angry on the streets. Mamma said that was depression. Depression is something that depresses you, then you have no job, then you must take

money from the President and that makes you bashful.

Then Johnny could n't find the King's house, but we then found out that America has no King, but a President who is the government and he lives in a white house in Washington, D. C. Not that other Washington which is away over near Alaska.

Then can you imagine, they had trains on tracks that stood on poles up in the air. Then they had the Untergrund, but they went faster than the Untergrund in Berlin. But everything was crowded and no one said 'Gruss Gott' to you or 'Gut' Morgen' or 'nabend' or 'Heil Hitler.' But the best thing in America was when we went under the river. You went under a tunnel and over you was the river. Can you imagine that?

Then we went over to Lillian Gish's house with Papa and Mamma and Mr. McBride. Then we had cakes and nuts and milk at Lillian Gish's and Mrs. Gish played puzzles with us and was always smiling so like an angel. She is very sick and sits in a chair.

Then we saw the perroquet and he fights with Dorothy Gish. Dorothy Gish still had her red dress on.

You could see all the boats from Lillian Gish's house on the river and could also see the jail which is called Welfare Island. Lillian Gish's house is all satin and lace and she has flowers all over. She looked the same as when she saw us in France.

Then a man also came to tea. His name was George Jean Nathan and he remembered Mamma in London. He was very, very polite and had black, black hair and black eyes, and said he hoped we would like America.

Then we went to Mr. McBride's house and you could see all the river and all the buildings from his house. We went up and up and up on his lift. He also gave us nuts and cake. His house was like a hotel and very rich.

Then Aunt Gretchen came and she cried and laughed and cried and laughed to see Mamma because she and Mamma used to be on the stage together. Aunt Gretchen is a very pretty lady with red hair and blue eyes. Her husband, they call them that in America, not her man, was English and talked like they do in London. She had a son called Jimmie and Jimmie was very gentle and valiant.

Then Mamma said we have to get off Broadway. It was n't what it used to be, with orange-juice and lemon-juice stands and like a carnival. And the theatres where she had been in were all different and it was dead to her, so we moved to Long Island and went over a great big bridge in a taxicab with our luggage to the Kew Gardens Inn. Then when you looked out of the window you could see a garden and they were always playing tennis, so we liked it better.

Then we went to school there for a month. The teacher was very nice. Another teacher, she was like the Herr Rector in Berlin, said, 'But they must be obedient,' and Mamma said, 'They will be that because they used to slap them in Berlin if they were n't.' And the Frau Rector said, 'I wish we could smack the children once in a while. They need it. Every American child needs it. They take too many liberties.' Mamma said she meant the children were too fresh.

Eloise was a nice girl and we showed her how to read German. But some of the boys were rude. They did n't say 'pardon' when there was an accident, but started to box with you and were rude. They did n't have any manners. They were always getting mad. And they said we were silly foreigners. One boy said we were French frogs and another boy said we were Huns and Heinies. So we said, 'Well, when we get big we won't be Americans! See!'

Then we went over to Aunt Emma's. She is Mamma's sister and very gentle.

She was n't in when we came, so we went down to her church and waited for her and when she came out she almost cried when she saw us, because she had never seen us before. Uncle Teddy, he's her husband, was very sick and very thin. Paul and William, our cousins, were very bashful although they are big boys. So we all went to the drugstore and had ice-cream.

The drugstores in America are funny. In Berlin it is called 'apotheker,' and they only sell medicine. In America you can get ice-cream and candy and cigarettes and cold cream and toys and moth balls and wash cloths for the dishes and almost anything, like it was in the dolly house in Berlin. The only thing they did n't have was dresses and shoes. You could also get medicine though. And they also had a restaurant where you could sit at a bar like in a bierstube, only in America it is all silver with a big looking-glass and the man behind it wears a funny white hat. In the bierstubes in Berlin the bar is wood instead of silver and the man does n't wear a hat and he gets beer out of a robinet.

Andrew Niles had manners though. He did n't get mad when there was an accident, but was valiant like Jimmie Grant, Aunt Gretchen's boy.

Uncle Teddy had twelve rabbits in his yard, and Aunt Emma was a lovely lady, very sad but she also was valiant. So is Uncle Teddy. And Paul and William who go to high school have manners and always carried our packages and Mamma always gave them twenty-five cents to go to the cinema.

Then Aunt Emma said that 'Alice in Wonderland' was playing in the cinema. So we went with her and Mamma, because that is the first book Mamma ever read to us. Well, sir, can you imagine what they had in that cinema! Robbers! And they were shooting themselves with guns and sneering and the lady was tied up with a rope! Johnny

started to cry and Richard was afraid and I, Patience, hid my face, and Mamma said, 'We shall leave this place. Imagine showing such stuff to children!' But all the children were clapping their hands and shouting and liked it. But we stayed so we could see 'Alice.'

They would n't allow children in to see a cinema like that in Berlin. You could only go in when they had a sign 'Kinder haben eintritt.' Then you were sure there would n't be any robbers. They would n't let us in to see 'King Kong' either in Berlin.

Richard said, 'You see, did n't I tell you that America had lots of robbers and shooting!' They called these robbers gangsters. It was awful! And they were shooting the schupos and the schupos were cursing and swearing and shooting back, and motor-cars that went 'ooh-oo-ooo-ooh' went over a cliff and it was awful. We had perspiration on our heads. But then it was over and we liked 'Alice.' So Mamma ever after asked, 'Have you a gangster picture today?' when we went into the cinema, and if there was we did n't go in. They did n't have any children's theatres where they play 'Goldilocks' and 'Hansel and Gretel' or 'Red Riding-Hood' in Kew Gardens.

We thought it was funny about Andrew Niles. Andrew would n't eat even ice-cream because he did n't dare to eat between meals, and if he did n't get the right marks in school he did n't get his spending money. Supposing you were n't smart enough to get the right marks in school? Gosh. Did that say you had to be punished? You should not be punished unless you don't do the best you can. And besides some people are smarter than others. It is the way God makes you, and you can't help it. Although Andrew was smart and always got the right marks. He was lucky. He is some kind of a cousin of ours.

IV

Then one day Papa bought a Chrysler, which was n't a new one, and we went over to see little Beth. She is our half-sister and has two babies and is very delicate. We said goodbye to her and then we left for Colorado in the Chrysler with Jimmy Niles.

We stopped on the way at Aunt Gretchen's and had lunch in her garden just like she said we used to have in France, and it was boiling hot. And they all argued with Mamma and said we must n't go down to Washington to see the President's white house. But Mamma said, 'Well, I want them to see the capital of this country too.' But they argued her out because Jimmy Niles said at that time of the year you could boil an egg on the pavement. So then we did n't go. Was it hot like in hell, although Mamma says there is n't any such thing as hell where you burn when you die. There is only a God's House where you go.

Then we got to a place called Delaware Water Gap but before we got there the car was always smelling and smoke was coming out of it. And it was something in the brakes and were we scared! But after three or four times, we always stopped and had the brakes fixed, but all the way to Colorado we kept smelling to see if anything was smelling.

We saw the World's Fair at Chicago, and we saw some beefeaters and a lot of people like those in Bavaria and all sorts of European people, but everybody spoke English. And we drank for the first time coca-cola and root beer. Boy, was THAT good!

They had a children's theatre there also and they had chairs that came from China called 'rickshaws.' And a children's railroad and we went over the Fair in a big box on a wire, but we were afraid.

Then we left Chicago and got to

Iowa which they call Ioway there. We stopped in trolley-cars and freight-trains which were made up for hotels. We ate lunch in trolley-cars and everybody at these places had foxes or some kind of wild animal on a string. They were nice people and always said 'Hello' first to you when they saw you, like they did in Berlin say 'Morgen' or 'nabend,' or in Paris where they said always, whether they knew you or not, 'Bon jour, Madame.'

We had eighteen eggs for breakfast in one trolley-car and the lady there was talking to Mamma. And Mamma said, 'It is too bad about the crops burning up. Is n't it a pity.' And this lady said, 'Yes, it is a misery on the people. But the people are to blame. They have forgotten God and God is calling down a punishment on the people.' The countess in our datcha in Russia said the same thing as this. She said the reason why Russia was like it was was also because the Russians had forgotten God. They hated God.

But everywhere the people were talking about President Roosevelt and said he was honest and doing good to the people. President Roosevelt is the government of America. But he has a hard time because the wheat in the fields and the corn and the pigs and cattle are always dying and the people can't get the money. But people in America are not afraid of President Roosevelt like the Russians are afraid of Stalin. They get as white as snow when you say 'Stalin' in Russia.

Then it got hotter and hotter and one day when we were going very fast and the car was n't smelling because Papa had paid a man forty dollars to fix it, the wind blew over us and pushed our top off and it went flying down the road. Then we went on without the top, and it got hotter and hotter, 108°, and our radiator began boiling every ten miles and we had to put oil in the car every ten miles.

Then we stopped under some trees and there were some people there too, a man and a girl and a boy. They had all their clothes out of the back of their car and they were washing them. Papa told Mamma that these people were stranded. That means they did n't have one penny and no gas nor no oil. So we gave them our lunch. Then Mamma had an argument with Papa and she said, 'From now on I am going to be hard-boiled.' So we went on. Then Mamma said to Papa, 'Did you give those people some money?' And Papa said, 'Why, no, if I had you would have been furious.' Then Mamma said, 'Imagine not even giving them a dollar!' Then Papa said, 'Well, if I had you'd have been furious, and now that I did n't you are furious.' So then we suddenly heard a honk and there they were behind us. They had a hitch-hiker with them and that is how they got some gas. So we all went on until we came to a cowboy camp, so Papa invited them all in and said he would pay for them and see them to Denver. Mamma said, 'I did n't say we ought to take them on as boarders.' But Papa said, 'We can't go halfway.' So then Mamma got sick and they had to take her in to bed and she had a sunstroke.

Then we all went on to Denver and it got prettier and prettier when we saw the mountains. They had blue and purple over them and it was cold when the sun went down. And then we came to a place and we said, 'Is this Larkspur?' and they said, 'No'm, twenty-five miles down.' Then we came to another place and said, 'Is this Larkspur?' and they said, 'No'm, Sedalia; Larkspur, eighteen miles.' Then we came to another place like a village and we said, 'Is this Larkspur?' and they said, 'No'm, Castle Rock; Larkspur ten more miles down thar.' So finally we got to Larkspur and that is where we were supposed to go.

THE BURDEN WE CAN BE¹

BY FRANCE PASTORELLI

I

WHEN sickness first breaks out in a household, it not only brings the normal life of the one attacked to a standstill, but keeps that of the other members more or less in suspense. At first the attention and care of the whole household are focused on the sufferer, whose life perhaps is in danger, and he or she instinctively turns to the affection of loved ones for help, sympathy, and support. Then the sickness which one had imagined would soon be conquered — or conquer! — persists, drags itself on endlessly, asserts its incurability. One was prepared for a rough and rapid passage-at-arms, and one finds oneself compelled to sustain a monotonous siege, of which the end is not in sight; and the paths of the invalid and those around, parallel at first, diverge more and more.

These helpers, then, who in the beginning rivaled each other in zeal, and did not know how to express the pity and love with which they overflowed, we soon find to be deficient, and note their growing weariness and indifference as our illness prolongs itself indefinitely. The sufferer, who had previously felt that she was understood, supported, and surrounded with care, has now to go into an icy zone, where she will feel isolated though living in the midst of others. It is one of

the most painful parts of the pilgrimage of illness, where at each step the sufferer sees more clearly the trench which is being dug and goes on widening between herself and the healthy people round her — and, sad to say, those she loves most.

Can we without injustice or ingratitude make the assertion that sometimes we have to endure special suffering at the hands of the non-sufferer, the one who helps us in so many ways, whom we call to our assistance at all hours of the day or night, the rescuer without whom many of us would perish like abandoned nurslings?

I have hesitated between painful alternatives concerning this distressing avowal. At one time I despaired about it in secret, at another I did my utmost to hide it from myself, for I could not make up my mind to reproach those round me in any way. Finally, I got to understand that a cruel situation cannot be put right unless it is probed to the bottom, and that it could only be a good thing for those round me and for myself to dig down to the very roots of the reasons of the suffering caused by those who loved me and whom I loved.

My conviction is that one of the reasons which prevent people round us getting a real understanding of our illness is that they so soon get accustomed to the new situation.

For us, on the other hand, the trial of suffering gets more and more difficult

¹ In the March issue Madame Pastorelli told of the first painfully victorious adjustments of her long illness, 'The Glorious Bondage.' — EDITOR

to bear from the mere fact of its being prolonged. (Although the crushing weight of it never ceases, yet not a day passes when the hardship of my fate does not come upon me with renewed shock.) The healthy people round us get accustomed to seeing us always weak, and in pain, and confined. The renewed outbreaks of our complaint, the hours when our lives are in danger, our ever-narrowing limitations, our times of improvement which get shorter and shorter, no longer awake in them that astonished dismay which formerly we took as a proof of their affection. Their blunted senses no longer leave them aghast when confronted with our suffering, and they gradually become blind to nearly all the details of a life in a sickroom.

But it is a mistake to take this as a sure sign of want of sympathy or blunted affection. It is the result of an almost inevitable evolution, which we can see taking place in other directions as well. Everything which loses the glamour conferred by novelty and strangeness loses also its value and importance in man's eyes.

Only certain rare affections, especially those of mothers, husbands and wives, daughters, and angelic Sisters of Charity, do not get hardened to the suffering of those they love, and identify themselves more and more with them with a love that goes on growing in understanding and strength, however long the trial. Only to such loving hearts as these does the illness of the loved one never become too painful or heavy a burden; it is a trial which the invalid and the loving friend or relation share with a reciprocal love, tender and passionate. But not everyone has the privilege of participating in such a love as this.

II

One can easily imagine that the invalid often finds it difficult to establish

well-balanced relations with the healthy in the midst of all the misunderstandings which he feels going on round him. If he complains, he will soon succeed in annoying them, however legitimate his complaints may be in his tragic condition, and he will be quickly branded as a hypochondriac, accused of exaggerating his ills and of being absorbed in the contemplation of them. If he perseveres bravely with his treatment; if, in order to obtain a physical fitness most necessary from his people's point of view perhaps, he submits wholeheartedly and without a murmur to his medical adviser's prescriptions and most stringent regulations, he will be the invalid who is always watching himself, and looking out for opportunities to coddle.

If it happens that, discouraged by the failure of various forms of treatment and medical advice which proposes now one thing, now the opposite, and by the realization that his doctor has not much hope of a cure, an invalid becomes skeptical about it himself, and if he drops certain prescriptions, although he is aware that his doctor had not much faith in them, then he will be called unreasonable, a patient who will do nothing to get well, one that nothing can be done for. If he scorns to complain, and goes so far as never to mention his physical sufferings which nothing can alleviate, or to speak of an interior life which he feels he must live in solitude, then it will be found that he is not so ill or unfortunate after all, and those round him will speedily neglect the attentions due his illness and needs.

Healthy people can be very slow in understanding certain things concerning an invalid, things both great and small. How many, without the slightest ill will, are slow and find it difficult to adapt themselves to our restricted movements and the few positions we are able to take up! Sometimes they never succeed in doing so. How little

awkwardnesses and inconsistencies get piled up round the sickbed in the course of a single day!

It may be that, in spite of all our explanations and the evidence of the senses, articles we are likely to want are never arranged so that we can get hold of them fairly easily. Everything we really need, which should be just at hand, is sure to be placed out of reach of our arms, as inaccessible as if it were in the next room. Or perhaps questions are asked us from the farther end of the room, so that, tired as we are, we have to raise our voices to answer them; if we do not speak loud enough, the questioner repeats without coming any nearer. Or, again, someone may talk to us right at the head of the bed, so that we are obliged to answer without looking at the speaker, or else we have almost to dislocate our neck and get giddy in trying to see him; or, again, he may take up a position at the foot of the bed, and, while he is talking, lean on it as he would on the rail of a balcony, and give it little shakes and knocks most trying when transmitted to the patient.

The invalid will be sorely tried by certain types of healthy people found at every bedside.

There will be the one who makes it understood — without suspecting how naïve and a little ridiculous it appears — that he looks upon health, not as an inestimable privilege which he ought to be thanking God for every hour of his life, but as some kind of superiority due in a measure to himself and of which he has reason to be proud. As to sickness, he makes it very evident that in his eyes it is an inferiority only to be despised. The manner in which such a person makes sick people feel that he is humoring them is as insulting as a slap in the face. His 'humorings' have nothing in common with the consideration which affection inspires, and which goes straight to the heart of the patient.

There are others who do not exhibit quite so indelicately the scorn they feel for infirmity and physical weakness, but all they can rise to is a half-benevolent, half-disdainful condescension when confronted with the activities some invalids succeed in attaining to, or the spirituality they have gained.

Of the fact that these activities can surpass in quality and execution those of many busy lives they take no account. Whatever they say, whatever they do, they always seem to be trying to descend to the level of the invalid, without so much as suspecting that they may not have attained to that invalid's height. 'It helps him to pass the time' is their reflection either spoken or unspoken when they come face to face with a crippled existence.

Then there are the sermonizers and givers of advice: 'If I were you, I would do this or that. Why do you do such and such a thing?' When they say, 'Why do you stop in bed? Get up, and I will help you to get on your legs again,' one feels that they are saying to themselves, though they dare not say it out loud: 'Why have you made up your mind to be bedridden for the rest of your life?'

There are others the exact opposite. On one occasion, perhaps, they have happened to be present during a dangerous crisis. They do not disguise their pleasure any more than their astonishment at finding you alive after such an attack, and they give you to understand that they do not expect to have the same pleasure renewed if another one like it supervenes.

There are the persistent tellers of anecdotes who stupefy you with their insane chattering. They abound among nurses and people who have had a chronic invalid in their own households. They do not spare you a single detail of the terrible scenes of agony at which they have been present, or a single phase of the slow disintegrations of the

body they have witnessed. They recount in detail the white lies and pious frauds they have fabricated to deceive the patient.

There are those who would have you understand that sickness is far more trying to the people round the patient than to the patient himself, and who, when telling you about an illness one of their own relations has had, describe with a superabundance of detail their own feelings, their own weariness, their own courage, their own sufferings, without a thought for those of the patient.

There are those who from morning till night, and even from night till morning, fritter away their health in useless occupations, and who are so little capable of realizing the actual state of things that they ask the invalid what he can ever find to do.

There are the restless people. They offer you any number of things for which you have no use. They show an excess of zeal, and bustle about when there is no occasion. They are noisy and obtrusive, yet absent when they could be of use; these are the people who wake you to ask if you are asleep.

Again there are the visitors who make a great show of their sympathy with sick people, but from every pore of whose person ooze ignorance and levity when they are faced with the terrible problems and great lessons of real suffering. There are those who boast that they know how to look after sick people, and that they 'have a way' with them, but one soon awakes to the fact that for them invalids are but dolls to amuse themselves with, or stubborn children to be domineered over in the manner of a Prussian corporal.

Finally there are those who do really understand. We are indeed privileged if we have friends among these! Their hearts intuitively foreshadow pain and foresee how a life of suffering may be turned into a work of energy and love. No discordant words fall from their

lips. If we withhold from them the right of probing our calamity to the very depths, they will take care to treat it lightly, but we find nothing more touching than the respect which radiates from their silence. Even if we have known them but a brief hour, it is to them that our thoughts go out when we are oppressed by loneliness, and when the lack of understanding round us is stifling as a sandstorm.

III

These words fell one day from the lips of a friend of mine who was visiting me in bed, where I had already been lying pinioned for three years: 'An invalid is a burden weighing heavily on the lives of those round.'

I must admit that for the first moment I gasped as if I had been thrown unexpectedly into icy water. But I quickly recovered myself; the friend in question is neither cruel nor devoid of tact; I know that where she is concerned I am not divested of the power of giving, and our friendship is such that we can venture into the dangerous realms of truth. Moreover, in quite early days the painful truth had been borne in upon me, and was not to be disguised, that an invalid is, or in any case may be, a burden on those round him. We invalids are making a great mistake if we imagine that the mere fact of not being absolutely unbearable is sufficient to prevent us being burdens. Our illness can in itself be one, because of the attentions we need, and our dependence, and the grave crises for which, unfortunately, we cannot choose those hours of attack which would least upset the lives of those in our vicinity, and which thwart not only their pleasures and whims but also their most legitimate needs and urgent necessities, which interfere with their rest and their work, overtax their strength, and curtail their liberties.

We are burdens because we cannot lead a normal life, or even always endure people to live a normal life round us; burdens because of that inner discomfort which contact with our mutilated lives brings into the free enjoyment of a happy and normal life; burdens because of that kind of uneasiness tinged with remorse which comes to some healthy people when they brush up against a misfortune in which they vaguely feel there are some duties they ought to undertake, but which they have no desire to see take shape; burdens because of the troublesome problem we present, and the constant reminder we are of the tragic element in life, of the dark threatenings hanging over everyone; burdens because of the terror which the sight of pain in and danger to someone else inspires in others. I have seen this strange terror in persons to whom I am indifferent, as well as in those who have an affection for me. I have seen both dread the onset of a heart attack in their presence, as others dread the sight of blood; I have seen them, when an attack is on, thrown off their balance by this terror, and all their initiative and impulse to help paralyzed. I have come to the conclusion that this terror has nothing in common with the pain and grief one feels in seeing a friend suffer, but I allow that it is not incompatible with it.

I have been told that an invalid is not responsible for the repercussions on the lives of his relations which the needs of his illness may give rise to. That may be so. But is it a reason for our hearts to be content to do nothing about it?

To a certain degree it is in our power to lighten the burden or make it more heavy. How is it possible not to be animated with a strong desire to reduce it to a minimum? What are we to do or not to do in order to take the weight off the lives round us?

IV

If we do not wish to become a crushing burden which will soon be found unbearable, we must root out all tendency to complain. How disagreeable contact with us must be when we air our grievances one after the other, and when we insatiably turn our misfortune over and over with everyone and view it in all its aspects! To expose one's sickness of mind and body, as a beggar does his sores to get pity, is to renounce all claim to dignity of soul.

Ah, I know well that it is not always because we are cowards that we persist in talking about our trouble, in giving its details and consequences! No, it is often to prevent lack of understanding weaving its opaque veil between the healthy people round us and ourselves; it is to try and break a silence in which our hearts agonize as long as we have not learned that they can expand in it; it is in order not to be drawn away far from those whom we love, and not to do them the injury of living in their midst a life which they can no longer share. However it may be, let us know how to keep silence, for lamentation, even if there is true foundation for it, wears out the listener, so that he is not truly aware of the reality and extent of the calamity which gives rise to it.

It is above all at the beginning of an illness that one makes the mistake of thinking that if one's trouble is described it will be made intelligible. Later one learns that, whether one speaks of it or not, it will still be impenetrable to the onlooker, and in any case will rarely be completely or lastingly grasped by another mind.

I shall not search now for what may be attributed to egoism or other feelings in this impossibility on the part of mankind to endure for long the complaints of misfortune, or even the mere coming into contact with it. I will

confine myself to noting that most people cannot stand the sight of tears. The victim whom illness or misfortune has struck down will be quickly forsaken if he overburden those who come near him with his repinings.

In sickness, as in other trials, the soul oscillates between strength and feebleness; we should like to keep our courage steadfastly waxing — instead, it is unequal and fugitive. We know periods of exaltation when it ascends like water under pressure which sends a frothing plume to the sky; no sacrifice or effort seems too big for our impulse. Then our courage, which we thought would conquer everything, dies down and we feel as feeble as if the blood had gone out of our veins.

Let us try not to let the repercussions of these undertow movements of our bravery affect those round us. We may only allow our tears to fall on other hearts when by so doing we are giving a very special friend a precious token of affection and trust. In such a case it is not burdening someone else with our own trouble, but it is sharing it with one who has the right. We may have only one friend — or possibly not one at all — whom we would allow to see our tears. Outside the interchanges of true friendship it is a miserable and selfish business if we inflict the sight of our discouragement on all round us, make everyone a party to our anguished forebodings, and scatter the gloom and anxiety we carry within to the four winds of heaven.

V

During a long period in my illness I had suffered through feeling more acutely what separated me from my friends than what bound me to them, but all of a sudden I became aware of the possibility that they might experience the same kind of suffering with regard to myself. In fact, have not the

friends who enjoy good health sometimes real reason for feeling or believing that we are out of touch with them? What can they think and undergo when the invalid himself makes any interchange of thought impossible, and so deprives them of the opportunity of offering anything they have to give which is of value, when they feel that he is in the grip of thoughts which he refuses to let them have the smallest share in?

It must be admitted that the rôle of the one who is well is a terribly uncomfortable if not a tragic one to play, and that, hampered by all the dilemmas with which he is confronted, he finds it hard to adopt the right attitude towards the patient.

Treatment of the physical kind does not generally raise very difficult problems, but it is otherwise where the life of the mind and soul is concerned. However well-meaning and intelligent the healthy person may be, it is in this direction that he runs the risk of being awkward, and being led to make serious mistakes in his anxiety to spare those who are ill.

It happens that ill and well put a strain upon themselves to spare each other, each wishing to hide from the other some painful truth which he thinks he has been the first to discover; each tries to make the other believe that his own trouble is less than one would think; each hopes that the other is ignorant of what he has knowledge of. Distressing mistakes and misunderstandings may then ensue.

There are some cases where the thought of death is bound to haunt the minds of those who love us, as well as ourselves, but it is generally tacitly understood that it shall never be spoken of, and that we shall each bear alone, they the fear of losing us, we the distress of leaving them. Our loved ones stop our mouths, as they would that of an unreasonable child; they

would have us understand that the thought of death is a foolish figment of the imagination, which as far as we are concerned must not be tolerated for a moment. The disagreement between their words and our thoughts — and theirs — is so great that there is nothing to be done on both sides but cloak our anxiety in silence.

Sincerity, then, goes through severe tests in a sickroom. But the tragedies on account of truth which take place between patient and non-patient often extend beyond the confines of dangers and distresses to be dissimulated or owned up to; and the one who is well can be cruelly divided in his mind when he is caught between the fear of being the exciting cause of some emotion or state of exhaustion, which might bring on a sudden attack, and the desire to keep intimacy and trust free from even the shadow of deception. And, to take only one or two examples, it will be his personal suffering that he will try to hide, his own fatigue and difficulties that he will think it right to be silent about. At times, remarks or rebukes that he would like to utter — to explain some apparent deficiency on his own part — die away on his lips, because to speak them would be equivalent to planting an arrow in one of our open wounds.

Let us remember that healthy persons would feel very uncomfortable at having to ask us for anything, and that for them to have recourse to what we have to give we must be in a state to offer it with that kindly impulse and sincerity which alone make a gift acceptable. It is up to us to dismiss from our hearts and attitude all that prevents our room being a place which our friends love to come to. It is for us to find out how we can still be actively helpful; for us not to permit our friends to carry alone the slightest burden which our affection could perhaps lighten; for us, finally, to wish and allow

others to forget — so long as our suffering body does not remind them of it too insistently — that we are ill.

Alas, however strong our desires and wishes may be in this respect, it will sometimes be difficult to remove all the barriers which our illness, or at least the life which it entails, erects between us and the healthy. In order that there should be no hindrance to true intimacy with those we love, nothing inherent in our invalid state must prevent them from speaking freely of themselves. Even if they make no use of their opportunities, they must feel that there is nothing to put a limit to them.

We must be very careful over this. Our attitude, the attitude of the invalid, creates difficulties in its turn. It may so happen that we imply by a smile, a silence, a comment, that the annoyances which our friends magnify into calamities would be looked upon by us, if we were the victims, as very trivial affairs. It may be, too, that we like to remind those who fail to recognize it that what they are suffering from is still compatible with a life which may be envied. I confess that we say these things sometimes with irony and impatience, but with many of us it is in order to encourage our interlocutor, and give him a juster insight into the true values of life. It is rarely that the latter asks himself if we must not have had some very cruel and revealing experience to make us think these things; it will generally be said that we envy those who are well and that we have become quite incapable of sympathizing with anybody else. Nothing is more untrue!

We invalids have not lost the faculty of being in touch with suffering of a different kind to our own, but we have acquired a sense of values which perhaps many healthy people lack, and which perhaps we were lacking in when we were free from the hindrances of ill

health. Life and health have become in our eyes precious gifts not to be spoiled or thrown away. But is it not spoiling them to wish to raise little grievances and obstacles to the rank and dignity of the greatest trials God has reserved for man? We know that this sense of values is not to be acquired without having traveled a particular road; others can speak to us freely, even of that which seems of no importance by the side of our wrecked lives, humanly speaking. Contempt or indifference will be absent from heart and lips.

It is through their own pain that such invalids have learned pain; and the fact that the worst of their sufferings are not perhaps evident to every eye has taught them not to regard as less than theirs pain which is less apparent. They know too well that pain takes on every kind of form, every shade, every taste of bitterness. So when it is a question of giving them, in the midst of your own suffering, that which friendship has a right to claim, when you could be the Cyrenian who will help lift up their cross, come without hesitation or scruple to their bedside. If there is any discrepancy between their fate and yours, forget it, as they themselves forget it. Whether it is pain or joy you have to share with them, bring it all to them. Talk to them about anything you like, without letting yourself be cut short by the fear of accentuating too much the distance there may be between a normal life and theirs. Of this distance many have taken full measurement, and can look at it without a shudder. Speak, then, freely to them of the joyous life they will know no more, of the activities which they can never again take part in, of the freedom which has gone forever from them. Make them under-

stand your difficulties and the questions which puzzle you, even if they are of the kind which illness absolves them from. Be assured that what they have learned in illness keeps such fervent sympathy alive in them that it enables them to live their difficult life and to take a share in that of others, out of the very fullness of their hearts. And if the thought of their pain comes into your mind, never let it lead you to keep silence about your own suffering, but let it make you feel that it is just the long trial of these invalids which has made them able to understand all.

And we in our turn must never forget the reasons which put us in a position to understand the healthy person much better than he can understand us in those things which specially concern us; he knows nothing about us as invalids; we know everything or nearly everything about him, because we were once healthy ourselves.

The man who has passed from unbelief to faith becomes for that reason incomprehensible to the unbeliever, but, because he has so passed, knows better than the ordinary believer everything which troubles the mind of the doubter. It is pretty much the same case with us and the healthy.

We have, too, to take into account that intellectual and spiritual lives are more accessible to us than to the healthy. Many of the things which appeal to them distract them; what demands the attention of the invalid collects his thoughts together, intensifies his powers of reflection, and makes him more spiritual. We must pay heed to the responsibility conferred upon us and the steps we are bound to take, from the mere fact of being aware of what the other is ignorant of, and of the road which has to be followed in order to know.

T. E. AS CRITIC AND FRIEND

BY F. YEATS-BROWN

I

My acquaintance with T. E. came about when I wrote to him in the spring of 1926, as Assistant Editor of the *Spectator*, asking him to review some books on the Middle East. I addressed the letter to Colonel Lawrence, at All Souls, Oxford. He replied in a characteristically cryptic way: 'I have n't written anything since I enlisted, and hope most sincerely that I won't, so long as I remain in the R. A. F. . . . T. E. S.'; and enclosed my original letter, so that I should be under no misapprehension as to the identity of the writer.

After further letters (all of which he answered to Miss Yeats-Brown, insisting, in spite of my protests, that Literary Editors were always feminine) he agreed to write for the *Spectator* occasionally, on any subject except Arabia.

This was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted for four years. 'Reviewing comes hard to me,' he wrote. 'I can't do it without trying my best: and if I've ever in my past written decently it was under dire command of some mastering need to put on paper a case, or a relation, or an explanation, of something I cared about. I don't see that happening with literature and so I don't expect you to like what I write. My last two employers cast me away very firmly, after a trial. I am expecting you to do the same.' In the next few sentences (interesting, it seems to me, because they

display so clearly the strange conflicts in his character) he discussed how his pseudonym of Colin Dale should be gradually revealed to the public. 'I'd suggest the first five or six things worth publishing be restrained to their initials. If the miracle continues after that (surely either your forbearance or my endeavor will break down) we might climb so far as Colin D., keeping the full truth about the D. till it was certain that the fellow could write and had a character. In my heart of hearts I know he has n't. People have been led away by his retinue of extraneous accidents.'

But of course T. E. was a brilliant reviewer. He could not have failed to be so. It was no extraneous accident that gave him a command of English as virile as that of the Elizabethans. He was a master of language by virtue of his energy, industry, and adventurous will. One of the first essays he sent to the *Spectator* was on D. H. Lawrence; a firm of publishers wrote to me at once to ask who the reviewer was, and suggesting that he should edit a volume for them. When, later, he reviewed Mr. H. G. Wells's collected short stories, I sent the article to the author, who was also curious as to the identity of the critic who had made what he described as the most interesting estimate of his work that he had ever read. However, in spite of laudation on all sides, T. E. continued in his self-depre-

ciation: 'Your financial department is in a muddle,' he wrote. 'In my previous reviewing attempts I've generally been left with the book as my reward. Sometimes they have paid as highly as a guinea a thousand. But four guineas is fantastic. Will you chasten them gently? . . . If the next effort is n't better than this we'll have to pack it up. No need to look for excuses. I'm quite aware (always have been) that I can't write: and my judgments haven't got that philosophic basis of belief in something incredible which enables such as Middleton Murry to go on writing when they've nothing in God's earth to write about.'

II

One Wednesday afternoon I was correcting proofs in my flat at Adelphi Terrace House, when I heard a knock. A slight figure in a blue suit stood at my door, and apologized for disturbing me. It was T. E., just back from India.

I made him some China tea (he had a palate for delicate flavors, which he rarely indulged) and was plying him with questions, when Richard, the office boy of the *Spectator*, arrived with some galleys. Richard was a smart boy, and I remembered that out of his small wages he had bought the recently published *Revolt in the Desert*, so I told him who the visitor was. 'Is it true you ride your motor cycle at a hundred miles an hour, sir?' he promptly asked. T. E. was delighted. He loved to talk about machines, and told Richard some wonderful stories about tanks and aeroplanes. That day he was happy, and in reminiscent vein: the printers waited long for their proofs.

On another occasion, when another person was in my flat, T. E. sat very quiet; there was a riddling smile on his lips, and a cruel look in the eyes; he was always the soul of courtesy, but he had no 'small talk,' and an immense capac-

ity for silence. Presently he seemed to fade away like the Cheshire cat; he was no longer there; instead of T. E., a small, polite man, inclined to wring his hands, sat stiffly on the edge of my sofa.

Twice I met him by pure chance in London, and spent several hours walking about the streets. He told me that he loved London; his comments ranged from cathedrals to the unemployed, and from strategy to speedboats. He did not care to talk philosophy (with me) and he seemed to have taken a dislike to India and to the speculations of the Brahmins. Now that I come to think of it, this was a remarkable and revealing aversion: he may have feared the introspection and ruthless self-analysis demanded by Yoga. I know that he believed that he knew himself. But does any man, unaided by some well-tryed system of mental discipline, ever reach the shrine of the Self? I do not think so. I believe that T. E., with his iron will and brilliant mind, if he could have come under the influence of Christian mysticism or the Vedanta philosophy, would have found peace, and a clearer purpose in life. However, this is only my opinion. I might apply to myself the words of Saadi: 'If the hat does not see the sun, the splendor of that luminary is not diminished.'

Alone, he did not give me the impression of being particularly reserved, but I was always conscious of a kind of latent psychic superiority over me and mankind in general: in fact, of his greatness. That, of course, was not an altogether comfortable feeling. However, he did his best to put me at my ease, and once he succeeded. It was the Easter of 1930, when I had brought down to him — he was then stationed at Cattewater, near Plymouth — the proofs of *Bengal Lancer*.

He read the book in three hours, lying on the bracken of Dartmoor. He said: 'It's queer, elusive stuff. Tomorrow I'll read it again. I always

read a book I like twice. I admire your writing, but not your philosophy.'

His comments were practical, as well as kind and clever; he estimated the probable sales very correctly; he amended an Arabic phrase; he made suggestions as to spelling, punctuation, balance. Afterwards we talked of his campaigns (a rare privilege that), and of his future. 'I'm in perfect health now, but I think I'll crack up suddenly one day.' In saying this, I do not think he was prophesying his fate: he was thinking, rather, of the strains to which his body had been subjected, not only during the war, but afterwards. (While writing the *Seven Pillars* he was frequently half-starved. In the Air Force he often slept only three hours, so that he could find quiet in which to read and write.) We spoke of a young airwoman much in the public eye. 'I wonder,' he mused, 'whether she'll make such a mess of her life as I've made of mine.' That sounds an unhappy remark, but it was said jokingly. T. E. had no morbid self-pity or visible hysteria. He was the gayest, most stimulating companion imaginable. When I said good-night at the door of his barrack room, which he shared with fifteen other men, I knew I had spent one of the most delightful days of my life.

He had a power of giving happiness such as I have never known another man to possess. Giving happiness is a feminine quality. T. E. was entirely masculine in outlook and appearance, but with all his strength and courage he had also a woman's sensitiveness. His mind, so critical of himself, so charitable to others, was diamond-clear and cut in many bright facets. He possessed a radiant physical awareness (though he declared that he never noticed anything) and a cool, delicious, Irish wit; yet in the background, leashed but very much alive, a devil lurked. I had seen it early on this same day.

He had promised to meet me in a R. A. F. launch at the Drake Steps at Plymouth. After waiting an hour, I drove round to Cattewater, since he had not arrived. There I saw him, and his appearance was alarming. Although he was bare to the buff, except for a bathing slip, he looked a king among men, a scowling king. Behind him came two shrinking aircraftsmen, fully clothed, much taller than he, but obviously frightened. He carried a small object like a baby in his arms. The sun gleamed in his furious eyes, on his wet red hair, on his small brown body; as he strode up to me the very air seemed charged with his wrath.

I was thoroughly uncomfortable. Had I mistaken the rendezvous? Was he angry with me? My alarm grew to terror. It sounds ridiculous, but I felt paralyzed. His temper seemed like lightning, full of the possibilities of destruction.

But when he spoke, his expression changed. He apologized for having kept me waiting. Something had gone wrong with the launch's engine. The thing he carried was a dynamo. For two hours he had been working — a good part of the time under water — to locate a fault in the ignition system.

He went to dress. I lit a cigarette with a slightly shaky hand. Viewed with the eye of recollection, my emotions seem hysterical, but I have described the exact effect of his presence on me at that moment, and I believe that I saw then the power in T. E. that brought his Arabs to Damascus.

III

In 1930 he gave me the *Seven Pillars* to read, and the manuscript of *The Mint*.

The former is obscure in parts, occasionally dull, occasionally overelaborated, yet it is a masterpiece: a twisted masterpiece which will endure because

it is symbolical of the grandeur and misery of the days in which he lived, and because through it and in it glows an unconquerable able spirit.

Of *The Mint* he wrote: 'You will realize, when you read it, that it is only notes, of a very scrappy character, never intended for publication, or to be seen by anyone in its present form. Reading it is pretty grim work.' I agreed, and answered that it seemed to me a thousand pities he did not expurgate some of the (to me) unnecessarily dirty talk. Had he done so, had he worked at creative writing with the same finesse, flexibility, and enthusiasm that he devoted later to the development of speedboats, he would have given other masterpieces to the world. As it is, *The Mint* contains some of his best as well as some of his most mannered and tortured writing.

He was a man set apart for unusual tasks. Literature could not capture his whole imagination. He gave me the impression that he was a stranger to himself, that he disliked his sturdy, compact frame; indeed, that he hated it with a consuming, subconscious, perhaps prenatal hatred. Some such complex was the weak link in his mental armor. He was not human enough, though so kind and gentle in personal relationships, to take his place in the smooth and settled worlds of archæology, scholarship, or state employment. He needed some great, grim background for the full exercise of his talents; not finding such a setting in peacetime England, he sought refuge in the monasticism of barrack life.

Had the Air Force been able to use his knowledge and descriptive skill in the service of what he called 'man's last and greatest adventure,' I believe he would have given all his powers to the task. In that event, conscious that he was playing a big part in the world's work, he might still be alive to-day. He once told me that he wished that

there were a decent book on the Air Force. 'At present there's only *War Birds*, which is good but emphatically not decent. Also,' he added, 'Sassoon's unaffected little *Third Route*, which I put higher than its simplicity appears to claim.' T. E. could have written a great book on flying. He told me that he would have liked to keep the log of the Australia Flight. What a story that would have been! What opportunities were neglected in keeping him (happily, humbly, a little wistfully) tapping at a typewriter, or steering a motor launch!

Others know more than I of his work on speedboats, but I remember how he made me laugh at Southampton, telling me of the ideas of the Navy with regard to power-driven craft. In the days of Queen Victoria, he said, steam launches often broke down, so it was decreed that a pair of oars should be kept in them. Even in 1932 the absence of this accessory occasioned adverse comment from the nautical experts who sat in judgment upon the seaplane tenders in which T. E. was interested. A memorandum to the Admiralty, which he drafted, ran as follows: 'Objections noted. Oars will be provided according to recommendation. It is submitted that this principle should be extended also to wheeled vehicles: harness might prove invaluable in the event of a sudden breakdown.' Such letters do not endear the writer to Authority, but they produce results.

Already he has passed into legend. Already his spirit ranges beyond his grave at Moreton, inspiring the youth of England. We who knew him, however slightly, are guardians of a sacred fire. He had terrific, indeed terrible energies pent in his small body. They flared up at a great moment in his country's history, and, although they are now extinguished, something greater than the physical T. E. remains: a tradition to light future ages.

LAWRENCE AND CLIVE

BY A. W. SMITH

I

HE himself affirmed that his name of Shaw was real — that those of Ross and Lawrence were assumed. It was as T. E. S. that he initialed T. E. Lawrence's book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. He was Shaw when he died. It is, however, as Lawrence that he was known, and as Lawrence of Arabia that his name will be perpetuated in his memorial.

His was a strange and splendid, almost Messianic, figure — a scintillating personality whose light would not be hid. He strode through the decade of the twenties famous but unknown, shadowy yet familiar to the world.

That world was the world at large — not merely some literary coterie or clique of soldiers or statesmen. He was known to kings and to petty shopkeepers in Damascene bazaars — to common men in England as well as to the jumpy chancelleries of Europe. He was known in part at least to all, and wholly to none. He appeared to some as a dangerous and sinister influence, to others as an heroic figure of Romance. For some he still lives: the desert people look forward to his second coming.

He allowed no man to see his every side. His many-faceted character he displayed only one part at a time, for he was very conscious 'of the bundled powers and entities within me; it was their character which was hid. There was a craving to be liked — so strong

and nervous that I could never open myself friendly to another.'

Yet none was aware of any lack.

We like to judge our great by known standards. Lawrence has been likened to Marlborough, to Cæsar even, and to Napoleon. But no comparison yet made fits on more than one side at a time.

Most of all he resembles Clive. It is astonishing how closely these two ran in parallel, in both character and career.

Both at school were difficult pupils, but each read the classics for pleasure in later life. Clive was to choose Horace, and Lawrence, Homer. Each read voraciously, and Lawrence, like Clive, 'read for his own enlightenment.' Each had a clear, vigorous English style. Both made life a burden to their less agile-minded seniors.

Neither could command influence, or 'interest,' as Clive would have called it. At an early age they were both faced with the larger problems of war. Each had to build his own army with alien and indifferent materials. The impudence which took Arcot captured Aqaba; the boldness of Plassey was equally decisive at Deraa. When Clive was twenty-seven he was pronounced by Pitt 'a heaven-born general.' Lawrence at thirty brought the Arab Revolt to a successful conclusion.

Clive and Lawrence each made three Eastern kings, but both professed the

same contempt for the trappings of ceremony. When Shah Alam, for instance, was crowned in Benares, the throne was an English dining table, covered with embroidered cloth and surmounted by a chair, in Clive's tent. When Feisal, one of Lawrence's kings, was crowned in Baghdad — although unfortunately it cannot be shown that Lawrence had anything to do with this — the seat of his throne was the head of a beer barrel. Covered with suitable material, it was carried upended on the heads of four porters to the place of the ceremony, with the XXX on the underside exposed for all to see.

In a venal age Clive was moral. Faced with every kind of temptation, he retired, 'amazed at his own moderation,' with a legitimate fortune only a quarter of what it might have been. Lawrence, in a more particular age and with less temptation, made nothing.

Both were afflicted with too high a standard of honesty for their times. Each, however, once made promises which he knew would not be fulfilled — Clive in the case of the Omichand treaty, 'with a design of disappointing the expectations of a rapacious man,' Lawrence in confirming British promises of Arab freedom.

The one started what has since become known as the Clive Fund for the relief of invalided British soldiers, with a gift of £70,000. The other handed all the profits from his Arabian books to a Royal Air Force charity.

Clive died a suicide at fifty. Lawrence died at forty-six, almost as much the victim of his own hand.

But men of their kind, as Lawrence wrote of Allenby, are not to be judged by our standards, 'any more than the sharpness of the bow of a liner is to be judged by the sharpness of razors.'

Even in 1915 Lawrence was beginning to be famous — not indeed as the leader of the Arab Revolt, for that was as yet unborn, but as one who could

quell brass hats of any size by the mere power of the eye.

In those days Cairo was a hotbed of generals, supporting not less than three full-fledged General Staffs. Out of this confusion arose Lawrence — an impish, unmilitary figure, generally beltless, with hair of unorthodox length and a preference for black patent-leather dancing pumps.

Boyish in appearance then, he was never to look much older. Kennington's portrait bust of him, done in the middle thirties, might be that of a youth. Never was he to show any of that physical deterioration, that thickening, which comes as manhood advances. He was a little man — five feet five, to be exact — and too small to pass for enlistment at that time. So, it has been noted, was Napoleon. These facts have been remarked as having a delicate flavor slightly discreditable to the Army — as if by lowering the height requirement the ranks could have been filled with minute geniuses.

The Lawrence of those days was not without ambition. He wanted to be a general and knighted by his thirtieth birthday. When, in 1918, he reached that landmark, he was only a lieutenant colonel, a Companion of the Bath and of the Distinguished Service Order. But by that time all desire for titles had gone.

When he went to Arabia he was twenty-eight. He had traveled the Middle East and dug archæologically with Hogarth and Flinders Petrie. He had written a book, rather too specialized to be entertaining, called *The Wilderness of Zin*. He had rearranged the mediæval pottery in the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. He had silversmithed and sculptured — including, it is said, some of the figures outside the Nonconformist Chapel in the Ifley Road. He had even been a foreman coaling ships at Port Said,

sleeping on the honey-colored break-water by the flat whispering sea.

These things were in the civil sense. Militarily he was well prepared for war. In his teens he had studied mediæval siege craft. He had read, — Napier's *Peninsular War*, Coxe's *Marlborough*, Mahan on *Sea Power*, Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*, — books which were for Lawrence 'the usual schoolboy stuff.' Before he went to Oxford a private difficulty had led him away from home to enlist in the regular army, from which one must assume that he was either 'bought out' or prematurely discharged.

Later, at the University, he became 'tolerably' well read in the art of war. Jomini and Clausewitz, Cæmerrer and Moltke, von der Goltz and the post-1870 Frenchmen, led him to 'browse' through the thirty volumes of Napoleon's correspondence. These last carried him to the textbooks Napoleon himself had used — Guibert, Bourcet, and Saxe.

Even then in his mind lay the germ of the Arab Revolt. As a schoolboy he had dreamed 'of hustling into form, while I still lived, the new Asia which time was inexorably bringing upon us. Mecca was to lead to Damascus; Damascus to Anatolia, and afterwards to Baghdad.'

This thought, original to his mind, was already present in the minds of others — in Lord Kitchener's, for instance. Lawrence spoke with him a year or so before the war, of German dangers in the Middle East. Kitchener, aware of the peril, told him that there would be a world war within three years and that the lesser question would be settled with the greater. 'So run along, young man,' he said, 'and dig before it rains.'

Kitchener was right, as he usually was. He was not then that lonely tragic figure he was later to become, wrecked by his own inarticulateness

on the wordy brilliance of his colleagues.

Kitchener was not long dead when Cairo rid itself of Lawrence. He left gladly — to become the mainspring of a campaign, to make three kings, and to write one of the great books of the world. All was to come about within a decade.

II

In the archives of the War Office lies Lawrence's official report of the Arab Revolt. It is said that all credit for every act and every decision is given to Feisal as titular Commander in Chief of the Arab army, and that the pronoun 'I' occurs in it only once and that on the last page. If this is the case, the report must constitute a feat of objective writing — and be as dull as *Hamlet* without a Prince of Denmark.

Lawrence wrote his own story of the Revolt in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. It is not necessary to outline the story told there. The details are well enough known, and to retell it is hardly possible. The book is short, for all its better than a quarter of a million words.

There is a curious quality about the writing — an iciness, logical and direct, almost painful. It is impossible to escape the succinct domination of the style; one is held by its strength until one longs for the relief of an occasional oasis of weakness. There is a beautiful and ready use of language. The employment of Elizabethan words is unconscious-appearing, without pedantry or sense of the antique.

What influences were joined to produce the sense of power are not at once apparent. The most obvious, because they were Lawrence's favorite authors, would be Malory and Homer. Imagination alone could hardly make one feel that, if the swing and the exact choice of epithet are Homeric, the smooth flow of the prose is that of the *Morte d'Arthur*.

The book builds up steadily with undeviating force to the main climax. The narrative, always at high tension, is a joy to read. It leaves one marveling, and exhausted.

Lawrence makes no pretense of impartiality. Everything is subordinate to the Revolt. Outside happenings — the deeds of Allenby's army, the acts of statesmen — are viewed from an Arab perspective. Lawrence is on the inside looking out. There is no hint of how things looked from the outside looking in. Nor should there be, for this is his own story.

There is a sense of disillusionment which increases as the drama progresses. At the beginning there is the young Lawrence, glad to be free of wartime Cairo. He is 'the world's imp,' as old Auda called him, impatient and scornful, yet wise and modest. That figure fades with the passage of the book. High hopes turn to dust. Victory has no savor. At the end there is a Lawrence looking at the world with cynical old man's eyes.

The book is tragedy overhung with the shadow of empty promises. The Arabs, trusting persons rather than institutions, looked to Lawrence and his personal integrity as their guarantee for the fulfillment of the British bargain. Clear sight of his position came only when an Arab friend confronted him with a file of documents and asked which pledge was to be believed. Blandly he replied that England always kept her word. . . .

The Revolt itself had begun on false pretenses. Through the High Commissioner in Egypt the British had agreed to the Arab demands for freedom, — not only in Arabia proper, but in Syria and Mesopotamia, — 'saving the interests of our Ally France.' In this obscure sentence was hidden the secret Sykes-Picot treaty, by which England, France, and Russia were to divide parts of the promised areas and to

proclaim spheres of influence over the rest.

McMahon, High Commissioner for Egypt, had warned the Foreign Office that the utmost care should be taken to deal honorably with the Arabs, and no one on the spot knew of this treaty. It had been made by separate wartime branches of the Foreign Office, which refused knowledge to its left hand of what its right hand did. It was only when the Russian Revolution came that the fact of the treaty was published by the Bolsheviks. The Turks naturally took pains to broadcast the details where they would do most good.

One has to think back to the war days to remember that, beyond the temporary annoyance of embarrassment, anyone else would have regarded the end as justifying the means. At best another man would have salved his conscience with a plea of *force majeure*. Lawrence, however, felt personally responsible. Had he been honorable, he felt, he should have sent the Arabs home, but he believed that too much of the war in the East depended on Arab support. He resolved instead to make the Arab Revolt the engine of its own success, as well as the servant of the Egyptian campaign — 'to lead it so madly in the final victory that expediency should counsel to the Powers a fair settlement' of Arab claims.

For his own part, he had no refuge. He felt besmirched. He had become a man of divided loyalty, the victim of his own morality. That he refused all ranks, decorations, and moneys which might conceivably have come to him through his part in the Revolt was not enough. Its possible outcome did not obscure for him the fact of the fraud.

In that moment of bitterness he set out on his long and dangerous ride alone to Damascus. It was a moral purge, undertaken in the hope that he might be able to relieve his soul. It

was also an act of single-handed heroism which is dismissed in a paragraph. Whatever his reason for not giving the details of this adventure, the omission is deliberate, and based perhaps on the feeling that the journey had too personal an aspect and was not a contribution to his history.

If his object was to relieve himself of a feeling of guilt, he failed. Guilt was to remain with him to overshadow his life. And now in these after days it is perhaps interesting to note what he called 'the issue of the fraud.'

In 1922 the British, under Lawrence's guidance, were to untangle their promises, 'finding solutions,' Lawrence says, 'fulfilling (I think) our promises in letter and in spirit. . . . So we were quit of our Eastern adventure with clean hands.' The French, however, got Syria on claims which went back to the Crusades. M. Pichon pressed these claims in a long speech at Versailles, drawing from Feisal, a descendant of Saladin, the bland query: 'But, pardon me, M. Pichon, which of us won the Crusades?'

The sense of personal fraud was to remain with Lawrence until he could wish that death would take him. But for him, as for the Arabs, life was 'a thing inevitably entailed to man, usufruct beyond control. Suicide was a thing impossible and death no grief.'

But, if death was no grief, it was not a small thing, to Lawrence at least, and where his own were concerned. He could throw himself into cold rages at a single Arab casualty. He could be ruthless, but not wanton. If he took life, it was a deliberate contribution to this one thing that had become an obsession.

He even on occasion constituted himself the executioner — 'we wrote our lesson with gun or whip immediately in the sullen flesh of the sufferer. . . .' But there again he only charged himself with the dreadful duty

because to allow an Arab to do so would have opened the way to a blood feud within the cause. 'I made him enter a narrow gully of the spur, a dank twilight place overgrown with weeds. . . . The walls were vertical. I stood in the entrance and gave him a few moments for delay which he spent crying on the ground. Then I made him rise and shot him through the chest. He fell down on the weeds shrieking. . . .'

These obvious things — and there were others 'not to be mentioned in cold blood for very shame' — produced their changes in him by their cumulative impact. But more subtle forces were at work as the Arab began to possess him.

'In my case the effort for these years to live in the dress of Arabs and to imitate their mental foundation quitted me of my English self and let me look at the West with new eyes: they destroyed it all for me.' When at last he came up with British troops in the mass the full revulsion of feeling against them came over him. They were demeaning themselves by common service. 'This death's livery which walled its bearers from ordinary life was a sign that they had sold their wills and bodies to the State and contracted themselves into a service not the less abject for that its beginning was voluntary.' That night he felt himself nearer to his Arabs, and he resented it.

III

For simplicity's sake Lawrence can be called great — if the compound of mental and spiritual qualities, of wide knowledge and intellect, of leadership and courage, of achievement even, count for greatness. Some have gone farther and called him a military genius — a large word to apply to a man who had but one problem to solve, and that only limited in extent.

His one problem was not relatively a hard one. Its limits were nicely set and admirably suited to his temperament. His forces were small, never more than a handful, and always under his command and eye. He had to trust no one for the execution of a plan. He could see to it himself, using his superb courage and making his extraordinary gift of leadership felt.

His were not the major risks of defeat. If he had been beaten the result would have been, not the inevitable loss of all, but merely that the Arab dream was postponed temporarily and Allenby's way made rather harder. Had Allenby been beaten, Lawrence's whole strategy would have gone for nought. His Arab Revolt was subsidiary to the main campaign on which it depended for its success. Each, whatever the political motives involved, had as its common military objective the destruction of the Turkish armies.

Lawrence's Arabs lay along the flank of an enemy already fully occupied. They fought in a friendly country whose population, bitterly hostile to the Turks, was ready to rise at the least opportunity. For all practical purposes Lawrence was fully protected on both flanks and in the rear.

He need initiate nothing for himself, and nothing which did not offer absolute certainty of execution. All time was his. When Allenby, for instance, was busy at Jerusalem, Lawrence decided — perhaps thinking rightly that the time was not ripe — to confine himself to rather niggardly half measures. When the moment came for Allenby's last blow, Lawrence gave generously to assist a plan which succeeded beyond possible expectation.

Allenby had combined all the forces at his disposal in one perfectly coordinated sweep. Nothing was left undone which might contribute to the deception of the Turks, until the prepa-

arations assumed the proportions of an immense practical joke.

When the cavalry were marched from the Jordan front to bide their time hidden among the orange groves at Jaffa, the horse lines were filled with horses of painted canvas. Men were left to feed and water them — even to sound the proper trumpet calls into their dummy ears. Every condemned tent in Egypt was pitched to shelter a stage army which was set marching up to the front each day and back again at night. The dust clouds made by the phantom supply train proper for so large a force were made by mules dragging branches.

When the blow fell, it was swift and sure. The cavalry were boldly pushed through the corridor along the sea. The infantry were left to roll the Turkish flank back on itself. There followed the annihilation of the Turkish armies. In thirty-six days the front was advanced three hundred and sixty miles. Seventy-two thousand Turks and four thousand Germans and Austrians were taken prisoners, to say nothing of every one of the Turks' three hundred and fifty guns.

Even so, Lawrence could find it in himself to complain of British slowness in that brilliant sweep of Allenby's. Slowness was not a fault — if fault there was. The 5th Cavalry Division, for instance, covered the two hundred miles of hard fighting which separated them from Damascus in under eleven days. With Deraa roughly as the centre of a circle, they swung on its circumference. Slipping across a chord of the same circle with only seventy miles to go, Lawrence's Arabs were first in Damascus only by a matter of hours.

Lawrence's criticism, unfair as it is, is intelligible. It is symptomatic of front-line psychology — as indeed is his scorn for the regular officers. 'They do their best,' he remarked to

Liddell Hart later, 'but it's a pity it's such a rotten best.' This mass indictment is as ungrateful as it is undeserved. That he had suffered much at the hands of regulars is true. That he owed everything to regulars is equally true.

The whole success of the Arab Revolt was built on the complex foundation of a regular staff, and not in the sphere of operations alone. There were loans to the Arabs of armored cars and aeroplanes, of guns and machine guns and the men to man them, of thirty-five hundred camels, of camel corps, and of infantry to stiffen the Arab army.

Most important of all, perhaps, was the Allenby supply service, and the very able officers who manned it. What would have been Lawrence's worst problems were solved for him. Feisal's supporting tribes for miles around were provided for, in addition to which fifty tons of stores were delivered to his Arab army daily with unfailing regularity.

In the background were the gaping money bags pouring gold sovereigns into the Hejaz. They were the lifeblood of the Revolt, running rich and heavy in its veins. All told, ten millions sterling was the direct cost of the Revolt.

Allenby was once asked whether Lawrence would have made a good general of regular forces. 'A very bad general,' he replied, 'but a good Commander in Chief.' And when Lawrence was asked his opinion of Allenby he said, 'A great man. . . . And surely a man who can persuade armored cars, cavalry, infantry, camel corps, aeroplanes, warships, and Bedouin irregulars to combine in a single military movement is a great man, is n't he?'

Lawrence might have added a railway and a twelve-inch water-pipe line all the way across the desert from

Egypt, for even those prosaic things do not work of themselves. Without them there could have been no Palestine campaign. And if the Turkish armies had not been annihilated at Megiddo there would have been no armistice in 1918.

As General Wavell in his official history remarks: 'The famous epigram of Tacitus on the Romans, "They make a desert and call it peace," might aptly be inverted for this British advance, "They turn a desert into a workshop and call it war."' "

IV

When in 1922 a European monarch complained that the day's news had brought word of five fresh republics in Europe, Lawrence was able to reply, 'Courage, sir. We have just made three kings in the East.' Feisal had been crowned king in Baghdad, Abdullah ruled in Transjordan, and Hussein had been set up in Mecca. The Arab Revolt was ended, and British promises had been redeemed.

This end was as much Lawrence's work as the achievement of the campaign in the field had been. He spent those years after the war fighting for Arab independence. His new battleground was the conference table, with the intangible ammunition of words, in a struggle no less wearing than the desert campaign when a bullet was an unanswerable argument.

The manufacture of this threefold Arab empire was not enough to occupy his energies. He was at the same time writing, and in larger measure rewriting, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Text I was lost, stolen from him when he left his bag for a moment on the platform of Reading Station. Text II he burned because he was dissatisfied with it. Together these two amounted to 650,000 words. Text III, the basis of *Seven Pillars* as we know it, came to

350,000 words. These three texts, a sum of nearly a million words, were written as a leisure task in the three years between February 1919 and February 1922.

He had been exhausted when he reached Damascus. These three years of incredible labor left him worn out mentally and spiritually.

Suspicious that he might be exploiting his fame as Lawrence of Arabia, he refused any employment under that name. He had already refused to accept any reward, including his army pay, which might, however remotely, have come from his part in the Revolt.

He was without interest in life, and he lacked even the bare means to support it. Penniless and almost starving, he enlisted. The Royal Air Force offered all he needed. For his body, bread when he must eat, clothing, and a place to sleep. Mentally it eased him of any responsibility for his own life or anyone else's. For his spirit there were rest and forgetfulness. It was the resort he had foreseen in *Seven Pillars* — 'mind suicide, some slow task to choke at length this furnace in my brain.' He became what he had railed at so bitterly in Palestine — a man who had 'assigned his owner the twenty-four hours' use of his body, and sole conduct of his mind and passions.'

To one filled with the feeling of hopeless futility it was as natural a choice as anything else. The ranks were his first love. Now they offered him a living and oblivion. If he had lived seven centuries ago he would have entered a monastery as an escape from a wretched world.

His own explanation may be contained in his reply to his commanding officer when his identity was yet unknown. 'Why did you join the Royal Air Force?' he was asked, and replied, 'I must have had a mental breakdown, sir.' He had difficulty in soothing the

ruffled feelings of his commanding officer; but there was probably truth in his reply.

He must have been an odd figure in the ranks. Never noted for his reverence, he set himself to be a good soldier. Life was more comfortable that way. Occasionally, however, his old self got the better of him. Graves tells a story of a brush with a sergeant instructor who asked him, 'What are you grinning at there?' 'Do you really want to know, Sergeant?' asked Lawrence. As the sergeant did, Lawrence explained what had been occupying his mind during arms drill. For fifteen minutes sergeant and squad listened as he quoted. It was a joke of Lucian's in late Greek dialogue.

It was after he had gone to India as an aircraftsman — the Royal Air Force equivalent of a private — that he was asked to do his translation of the *Odyssey*. Bruce Rogers, having just finished the *Seven Pillars*, realized that at last he had found the man for his pet project, which was to be printed in a style worthy of the poem.¹ If anyone could bring an original point of view to bear on the problem of translating Homer, it would be Lawrence.

Problem it is. The mere turning of Greek, and simple Greek at that, into intelligible English is obviously not difficult in itself — a schoolboy can do that. The translation of a great poem must be more than merely intelligible. The English must be a supple instrument which deals faithfully with the text without sacrificing breadth of feeling.

The *Odyssey* has had different meanings for each of its many translators. To one it is a series of lessons in morals, to another a great fairy tale, and to others an archaic historical document. For Lawrence 'the tale was the thing':

¹ An American, Colonel Ralph Isham, generously supported the project with money and friendly encouragement. — EDITOR

'it was the oldest book worth reading and the first novel of Europe.'

He was a Homer addict, without a doubt of the effect he wanted to obtain. He wished that his translation should be worthy. 'It seems only a sort of game,' he wrote to Bruce Rogers, 'to try to bring him down to the ordinary speech of my mouth, and yet that is what a translation ought to mean.'

He wanted to make the *Odyssey* readable for the many who had become accustomed to think of it as a 'classic,' with all the associated clutter of the word. In this he was following the example of Palmer, who was the first to substitute 'you' for 'thou,' an alarming step for the orthodox classicist. Lawrence brought to the work the ability of the archæologist of catholic and unpedantic taste to simplify the technicalities in the story; but the desire for simplification occasionally led him into error.

For instance, in the scene in Alcinous's household, he describes the serving women at their weaving, 'and so close is the texture of their linen that even fine oil will not pass through.' The literal meaning is 'and from the close-spun linen drops the liquid oil,' which is surely as intelligible as Lawrence's version. Indeed it is more so, for presumably the threads, having been steeped in oil for easy spinning, would drip with it when woven tight.

Nor is his choice of epithet always the happiest. As an incursion into extreme literalness, for *ἑλικας βοῦς* he gives 'screw-horned oxen,' which is not only obtrusive but very improbable.

But the Homeric epithet will always remain one of the translator's greatest difficulties. There are certain inevitable conjunctions — 'wine-dark sea,' 'rosy-fingered dawn,' 'gray-eyed Athene,' 'winged words' — which almost defeat any attempt at departure from established rendering. One can

try to escape, as Lawrence has done, by calling 'red-cheeked ships' 'raddled ships,' but the effort hardly seems to be worth-while. The epithetic repetitions are part of the poem's charm.

Lawrence was doubtful whether his *Odyssey* — the twenty-eighth rendering into English — could be a success. He insisted, moreover, that it should be published without a translator's name on the title-page. He gained his point, but in the end he consented to sign the translator's note as T. E. Shaw — the name which by now was legally his by deed poll. 'I know,' he wrote to Bruce Rogers, 'that my writing without a name is n't worth much. In London I can get it published, just (not always); and they pay me about 30/- a thousand words, at best, for it.'

As a note to collectors it might be worth remarking that four years of anonymous work had brought him about thirty-five pounds. One can assume that there are about thirty thousand of his published words to be found by those who have the curiosity to seek and the power to find. No doubt they would be extremely valuable.

The *Odyssey*, however, was a literary event, and not only because of the clamor of his name. It is readable and well suited to the modern taste, but one cannot imagine Swinburne praising it for its 'inextinguishable fire' or Keats writing a sonnet to it.

V

Lawrence's life in the ranks was punctuated by the discovery of his whereabouts by the press. He despised the press, and because of his refusal to speak through it he was made an unwilling mystery. The press, loving those who despise it, for they are News, made life a burden to him whenever they found him out, as in the end they usually did.

For a man who claimed to be shy and to dislike publicity, he had a strange liking — almost an eagerness — for seeing himself, as he thought, through the eyes of others. He carried modesty almost to the borders of conceit. Always supremely conscious of himself, he never tired of recalling how he looked or what he wore on this or that occasion. The instances recur throughout the *Seven Pillars* with puzzling insistency. With this consciousness of self went a desire to be painted and sculptured, even photographed. There is, in fact, hardly an English artist of note of the last fifteen years who has not at some time or other done a Lawrence, and there seems to be an unfailing supply of photographs.

His own explanation is characteristic: 'My impotence of vision showed me my shape best in painted pictures, and the oblique overheard remarks of others best taught me my created impression. . . . The eagerness to overhear and oversee was my assault on my own inviolate citadel.'

He had warmth and a gift for friendship, but that within him always made him hold back some part of himself from each of his many friends, with the result that they were often jealous of each other in their common friendship with him. Aware of this, he treated them carefully in regard to each other, as a woman would her admirers.

Not a woman hater, he neither avoided nor sought their company. 'If they' (he called them 'the lower creation') 'forced themselves on me I hated them. To put my hand on a living thing was defilement, and it made me tremble if they touched me.' Yet he had a longing for 'the absolutism of women . . . and lamented myself most when I saw a soldier with a girl . . . because my wish was to be as superficial, as perfected; and my jailer held me back.'

He regarded the words 'intuitive' and 'feminine' as almost synonymous, seeming to deny to woman the power of reasoned thought.

The *Seven Pillars* provides the key to the man. He was neither irrational nor erratic. He was governed by reason. His character is not difficult to understand, provided one admits certain premises — that his reasoning was invariably ethical, backed by knowledge and a great power for analytical thought.

Early in 1935, Lawrence took his discharge, 'time-ex.,' from the Royal Air Force. He had served twelve years and now he was prepared to taste leisure for the first time in his life. But the burden of leisure was great. To Kennington the artist he wrote, 'Days seem to dawn, suns to shine, evenings to follow, then I sleep. What I have done, what I am doing, what I am going to do puzzle and bewilder me. Have you ever been a leaf and fallen from your tree in autumn and been really puzzled about it? That's the feeling.'

On Monday, May 13, he rode out on his motor cycle. To ride it very fast indeed was his one luxury. He felt that on a motor cycle he took more than a fair proportion of the risks of the road. He knew that 'it would end in tragedy one day,' but it was part of his claim that his life was his own to do with as he wished. Returning home, he swerved to avoid two boys on bicycles. He was pitched over the handlebars. A week later he died.

If his death was tragic waste, it was no more so than the wasted twelve years of his life. What he could have done if he had wanted, what he might have done if he had lived, none can know. He who had given everything of himself for an alien race had nothing left for that England which he loved well.

HOSPITALS AS THEY ARE

BY C. L. DE MERITT

I

'THE best is none too good for the sick.' A nice, comfortable precept. We complacently assume it to be the guiding principle of hospitals, until personal experience or observation makes us skeptical.

Hospital service has become as important a factor in community life as police and fire service. As medicine advances, it becomes more and more the application of complicated technique, requiring much machinery, by groups of doctors and associated workers. Hospitals offer superior facilities, in some communities the only facilities, for this kind of work.

If 'the best is none too good for the sick,' this ought to mean all the sick. As far as essentials go, there ought to be no distinction between the poor, the moderately well off, and the rich. Poor patients get good food and nursing, and in some hospitals, as will be shown later, a little better average of medical service than pay patients. But they do not generally get the inestimable right of privacy. In the common type of semiprivate hospital, which takes both indigent and pay patients, we find, not the equality and privacy of a well-ordered prison, but as many class distinctions as aboard an ocean liner. In city, county, and state hospitals there may be but one class, the ward, corresponding to steerage; and some private hospitals are all first cabin de luxe, for the rich only.

The hospital ward where, in beds a few feet apart, a sensitive, pain-racked patient lies between one in the delirium of fever and another in the throes of a hard death; where sleepers are awakened when a screaming accident victim is trundled in; where the most private functions of the body must be performed in public, or with no more seclusion than a bit of muslin screening affords, is a relic of mediæval brutality and caste distinction that has no proper place in modern life. Personal privacy is a fundamental part of civilized life; why blunt the morale of sick people by depriving them of it?

Hospitals with ward services have some facilities for isolating patients whose presence in a ward is frankly impossible, but too often such facilities are hardly adequate for extreme emergencies like delirium tremens, acute mania, or contagious disease developing after admission. If isolation space equals 20 or 25 per cent of ward space, it can be used to modify the bad conditions mentioned. This ought to be considered in enlarging existing hospitals. If a hospital with a hundred ward beds is adding twenty-five more, twenty-five small rooms, instead of ward space for the same number of beds, will take care of disturbing night admissions and provide privacy for ten to twenty patients who, for their own sake or that of others, need it most.

Some patients, mostly men not criti-

cally ill, profess to enjoy the companionship the ward affords; but their talk is hard to control and annoys those sicker than themselves. Social contact among hospital inmates is good or bad, according to their condition and the effect of their condition and behavior on others. When such contact is advisable, it should be intermittent, as in normal life, not constant. Sun parlors, roof gardens, and porches are the right places for getting together. When adequate in area, they can be used by a large proportion of patients, including some who cannot get up, if beds have large casters to permit easy wheeling.

The objections to herding adult patients in wards do not apply, in the same degree, to children. Their appreciation of privacy is not fully developed; they have more of the herd instinct than adults, and are not so profoundly affected by the proximity of suffering and death. A practical and pleasant arrangement for them is small wards of from three to six beds, the inmates to be carefully grouped, and single rooms in the proportion of one to each little ward.

I am opposed to large wards for patients of any age, for reasons not only of comfort and decency, but also of immediate safety. Drafts and dust, twin promoters of pneumonia, are harder to keep down to a minimum. My surgical work has been largely among elderly, debilitated men, and I have found these old gentlemen decidedly more apt to get post-operative pneumonia in wards than in private rooms.

The architectural changes are, for the most part, impossible at the present time. But their realization on a large scale in the near future is possible if the idea is kept before the public, who will have to demand better accommodations for poor patients before the architectural and medical professions will concern themselves much about it. American hospitals, in normal times,

grow so fast in size and number and, according to American standards, become obsolete so soon that, as economic conditions improve, we may expect much building of new hospitals and rebuilding of old ones. The 'room for every adult patient' plan does not mean that the cost of comfort, decency, and increased safety would be exorbitant. Narrow, built-in fixtures will reduce movable furniture to a bed and small bedside table. No space need be allowed for handling stretchers, because the use of portable beds will do away with them. The result of such economy of space will be rooms of practical size, yet so small that an average ward could be converted into them at a loss of not more than 25 per cent of its normal capacity. For obvious reasons, construction and operating costs will be somewhat higher. In hospitals, as elsewhere, what is worth having has its price.

II

There are two major defects in our hospital system. The first, herding in wards, already described, exists in practically all public and semiprivate hospitals. The second does not exist in the minority of hospitals that stand at the top. It does exist, in varying degrees, in the majority. It is lack of effective teamwork among the hospital physicians themselves, and between them and the nursing and administrative bodies. To understand this condition, we must trace its origin.

A community — anything from a prairie town to a neighborhood section of a big city — needs a hospital. The local doctors, or enough of them to assure medical support, having approved the project, a hospital organization is built up among the local public, with governing power vested in a board of trustees, if the hospital is to be non-sectarian, Protestant, or Jewish, on which doctors may or may not be repre-

sented. If it is to be Catholic, it will be governed by some order of nursing sisters. This governing body, whatever it may be, appoints the hospital doctors — must appoint them, in fact. During the formative period of the hospital there will be medical leadership of some sort, official or informal, and it will coöperate with the governing body in assigning doctors to the positions they are, presumably, best qualified to fill.

This is the semiprivate general hospital, the prevailing type in the United States, and the only one we need consider in detail. It operates as a private charity, doing the ordinary run of medical and surgical work, but excluding insane and highly contagious cases. It takes private, part-pay, and free patients. Part-pay and free cases outnumber private ones. To cover the cost of taking care of the former, the hospital depends on profit from the latter and various special services; local or other government help, usually inadequate, on a fixed appropriation or pro-rata basis; and income from endowment, if it has any. The almost certain result is a deficit, to be made up by periodical drives, bazaars, card parties, and other approved forms of benevolent extortion. This part of the financing is largely taken care of by auxiliary organizations, such as ladies' guilds. Private patients are the most variable source of income, and one of the most important; hence the hospital's efforts are constantly directed to getting more of them. But the methods used are, as I shall show, often damaging to the hospital's scientific standing, and so defeat their own object.

In any general hospital, however small, five departments are essential: (1) general medicine, (2) general surgery, (3) eye, ear, nose, and throat diseases, (4) X-ray, and (5) laboratory. Other departments vary in number and scope according to the size and policy of the institution. Common ones are dis-

eases of children, nervous diseases, skin diseases, bone and joint surgery, surgery of the female organs, surgery of the urinary organs, and maternity work. A department consists of one or more services, and each service is in charge of an attending physician or surgeon with one or more assistants who are eligible for promotion. The attending doctors and assistants constitute the attending staff. It is a common practice of hospitals to collect the charges for X-ray and laboratory work and pay the heads of those departments a salary or commission; in a few large hospitals, controlled by medical schools and used for teaching, some or all medical and surgical department heads have been put on liberal salaries on the same basis. With these relatively few exceptions, semiprivate hospitals do not and cannot pay their staffs.

The attending staff must treat ward patients free, with some exceptions. In liability cases covered by insurance, it is customary for the carrier to pay the established rate of medical charges as well as the hospital bill. In an average hospital service, the biggest part of the total work is free. This entails a sacrifice of time by attending staff members for which, since they work for a living, they must get indirect compensation. They get it from the prestige a hospital connection gives, from the facilities for study it offers, and from the right that goes with it to use the hospital for their private, pay patients.

The medical profession is not a body of mendicant monks. The abnormally unselfish, self-sacrificing medical drudge, pictured by complaisant clerical, judicial, or political orators at medical banquets, is practically, and fortunately, nonexistent. We are in business. It is not a highly remunerative business, and in obedience to economic law we are bound to give hospitals about what they give us. A hospital of one hundred beds may have enough

work in its department of general surgery, for instance, to develop and keep in training two outstanding, 100-per-cent surgeons, with enough income from private hospital cases to let them give their whole time to the study and practice of surgery and to hospital administrative details. Split the department into four services and there will be four 50-per-cent surgeons, whose income from hospital work is so limited that they must eke it out by doing general medical practice outside the hospital. Will the community be served best by two expert, full-time surgeons, or by four general-practitioner surgeons whose time for book study, case study, and needed rest is subject to the irregular and urgent demands of a family practice?

III

Here are illustrated two opposite policies for getting private patients.

The scientific policy: Attending doctors are appointed for ability only. The number of services is restricted to a minimum that gives each one adequate experience and a reasonable income from hospital work. They have full control of the medical administration, including the right to pass on applications for staff appointments, so that the control of technical matters is in the hands of a relatively small body of experts in the various branches of medicine and surgery whose interests are closely identified with those of the hospital. They make the hospital and the hospital makes them. Under such a system teamwork, the deciding factor in the makeup of a really first-class hospital, becomes a matter of routine, not of occasional emergency consultations, and diagnosis is a verdict based on the evidence of various experts. Assistants are properly trained and given reasonable opportunities to treat private patients, under supervision of their chiefs. The result is a loyal, co-

operative staff and a high-grade, scientific institution which the local public, seldom fooled in such matters, appreciates and patronizes.

The salesmanship policy: The hospital depends mainly on the persuasive efforts of individual staff members to get private patients. The tendency of this policy is toward an overloaded senior staff, which, as has been shown, favors a lowered standard of scientific work and a lax medical administration. A hospital gets started on this course because the medical body lacks strong and progressive leadership. Its staff may represent as much potential scientific ability as that of one rated much higher; the organizing and directing ability to mould a group of average doctors into a coöperative scientific association, and to keep it going afterward, is what is lacking. Private medical practice does not tend to produce this sort of leadership. Involving personal responsibility for life and personal attention to an infinitude of details, it favors the development of minds which, though self-reliant and decisive in individual cases, are poorly qualified to direct the work of others on a large scale.

Most private patients are sent to hospitals by their personal or family doctors, who, when they lack authority or skill to give the needed special treatment, can refer their patients to any qualified staff member. Attending doctors take private cases at all times, whether their ward services are continuous or intermittent. The same right often extends to their senior assistants, often rated as associate or adjunct attending doctors. This means competition between staff members, never an ideal condition. But in a hospital conducted under the scientific policy, competition is dignified and restrained, and is not allowed to hamper coöperation, because control is in the hands of a few real specialists whose own reputations are at stake.

On the other hand, the salesmanship policy tends to make a hospital a competitive arena, where dissatisfied general-practitioner specialists who are economically embarrassed strive, like rival small-town business men, for such meagre pickings of private work as the mediocre reputation of the institution does not drive elsewhere.

Take a hospital of this type, with twice as many attending doctors as it needs, and a like number of senior assistants who have obtained the right to compete on equal terms with their chiefs, because they are good 'feeders,' as I have heard them quite shamelessly called, of private work — four times as many would-be specialists as the hospital can develop and provide adequate income for. The worst results of this unrestricted competition are, naturally, in the surgical departments, where the most profit is. Some of our best hospitals allow surgeons to go beyond the limits of their departments in private work, but the common sense and coöperative spirit of the staff keep the practice within reasonable limits. Under less favorable conditions, it may become a free-for-all scramble, disregarding the welfare of patients and making the hospital ridiculous. Thus, an assistant 'specialist' in the maternity department may compete, for tonsil operations, with the throat specialist!

The secret splitting of fees, by surgeons, with doctors who send them private work, is a natural product of such an economic environment. Despite efforts at suppression, it undoubtedly persists, and the salesmanship policy favors it. In its worst form, fee splitting is a racket from which political grafters and gang leaders could learn much. The surgeon or other specialist who pays for his cases this way is not the real racketeer; he is rather the victim of extortion which he is too weak, or too hard-pressed, to resist. On the other hand, the racketeer's excuse is

that, in diagnosing and referring the case, he renders a service for which the patient would not be willing to pay an adequate price, hence he must collect through the specialist.

It is evident that in a staff where such conditions exist there will be not only dissatisfaction, but discord, cliques, and intrigue. To paraphrase an old saying: when politics enters at the door, science flies out the window. The governing body, haunted by the ever-present spectre of a deficit, may take alarm and try to restore coöperation and order by forcing a change in the form of medical administration. This is usually a concentration of authority in a small committee or a single medical director. The director system works well when a strong, impartial director is backed by an efficient governing body; otherwise it is a gesture of despair in the face of democracy run riot.

To the bad results of overcompetition in attending staffs we must add those growing out of auxiliary or courtesy staffs. These are groups of doctors who do no ward work, but have the right to treat private cases. Some very good hospitals tolerate them in a restricted and carefully selected form; in others, the economic stress of recent years has encouraged the extension of surgical privileges to many poorly qualified operators.

IV

The reason why free patients sometimes get more scientific treatment than pay patients is that, in the wards, teamwork costs nothing, while for private patients it means paid consultations. Most private cases can pay only moderate medical charges, and an estimate of the total is often demanded. A surgeon in an overstaffed hospital, struggling to meet family and professional expenses which critics and idealists will not meet for him, is tempted to

save from ten to a hundred dollars by handling the medical side of an operative case himself. The patient gets well, but a bad precedent is set, and some future patient, with an obscure heart defect that only a specialist in internal medicine can discover, pays the penalty.

The American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons are rating hospitals on the basis of conformity to some very moderate requirements, and, as their approval is important, there has been a general improvement to that extent. This stabilizing influence has also kept well-meaning but inept governing bodies from trying to meet the present economic crisis by a medley of bizarre and futile experiments, the result of which would be a national tragedy. But these two organizations lack official authority, and must proceed by the slow methods of example and persuasion.

I have stressed the worst results of the salesmanship policy because this is a critical article. The average is not so bad. In the poorest hospitals, good work is done and lives are saved by doctors who carry on, under adverse conditions, often more from a sense of public duty than for the little profit involved. But the fact remains that a large proportion of our hospitals are not giving the public nearly what it is entitled to.

Objections to overloaded staffs apply mainly to attending doctors and senior assistants, and do not conflict with the principle, approved by medical organizations, that a hospital should be an educational centre for the doctors of its community. Any hospital service can take on and teach many more junior assistants than it actually needs to do the work, and no harm is done if promotions are not forced by improper influences.

Abolition of wards must come through an aroused public interest, demanding

more decency and privacy. The general elevation of scientific standards is a more complicated problem, though already going on slowly, as I have shown. Most of the outstanding examples of scientific efficiency among our hospitals are public or semiprivate institutions whose services are controlled by universities and used, by their medical departments, for teaching purposes. It is quite true that American universities are not looking for added responsibilities at the present time. It is probable, however, that they would lend the occasional services of members of their medical faculties to a plan for extending their influence to the hospitals of their own and, in some cases, near-by states. The financing of such a plan would be mostly a matter of traveling expenses and clerical hire for a few persons, and would not be prohibitive for either state governments or private foundations; in the present state of American politics, financing by private agencies would undoubtedly be preferable. Eventually, the greater part of this work could be carried on by state and county medical societies, which are the component parts of the American Medical Association.

Our profession has its share of complacent reactionaries who will condemn this article as visionary, but who, if they gave away their real feelings, would say: 'The present state of hospitals suits us because we don't have to put on too much steam to keep up, and nothing shall be done about it if we can help it.' They will have to learn that, when the economic policy of a group conflicts with public interests, the group must revise its policy.

This article is not pessimistic. It is written in the hope of accelerating the slow and painful progress of changes already going on, and of hastening the day when it will be recognized in fact, as well as in theory, that 'the best is none too good for the sick.'

MR. PICKWICK'S BIRTHDAY

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

I

ONE hundred years ago, March 1836, a thin green paper-covered pamphlet called *No. 1 of the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was offered to a quite indifferent London reading public. Humble and meek in its beginning, acclaimed by no reviews, the good taste of the man in the street soon rescued it and its successors, and they were read as no books have ever been read before or since. They were read so diligently, in fact, that the critics were somewhat alienated; for, while they recognize that this is the ultimate function of a book, the extent to which Dickens is read has always struck the professional *littérateur* as slightly vulgar.

To the great army of readers, my own generation — at least the stratum to which I belonged — brought heavy reinforcements. We not only read Dickens, we lived him. Across our dinner tables we flung the speeches of Jingle and Micawber and Mr. F.'s aunt as the current coin of conversation. We acted him at Sunday School pantomimes. And when we went away to war we chose *Pickwick* as the one book to put in our knapsacks, and were perfectly content to go without a marshal's baton there.

The fictional incidents of the *Pickwick Papers* occur supposedly between May 12, 1827, and August 8, 1828. This is on the authority of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald (*The History of Pickwick*), who worked the chronology out in great

detail from internal evidence in the text.

The actual writing was begun probably in January 1836. The first announcement by the publishers was made in February 1836; the first advertisement appeared in the *Times* for March 26, 1836, and announced, 'On the 31st of March will be published,' and so forth. Dickens was to be paid fourteen guineas a number, which he described as 'emolument too tempting to resist.'

The work passed through a preliminary period of neglect. It is said that only about four hundred copies of the first number were sold. And that is a high estimate: Mr. Arthur Waugh, the present chairman of Chapman and Hall, says that fifteen hundred copies of the first few numbers were put out for sale, but the average sale had not exceeded fifty copies per number.

And then there came the sweep of overwhelming success — with the appearance of Sam Weller in the fourth number.

Dickens's honorarium was increased to £25 a number. His publishers gave him two additional bonuses of £500 and £750, respectively, at the end of the first year and the completion of the publication. In all, Dickens is said to have received about £3000 instead of the first agreed £280. The publishers, it is estimated, made a profit of £14,000 on *Pickwick*.

Dickens's life just then was very full. 'The first number [of *Pickwick*] had not yet appeared when his *Sketches by Boz* came forth in two duodecimos with some capital cuts by Cruikshank. . . . The *Sketches* were much more talked about than the first two or three numbers of *Pickwick*.' (Quoted from Forster's *Life*.)

On April 2, 1836, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth; the honeymoon was spent at the village of Chalk, near Rochester, which was the scene of the early chapters of *Pickwick*. He drew £29 on advance from Chapman and Hall to defray the expenses of his honeymoon.

When *Pickwick* was begun Dickens was living in Furnival's Inn in Holborn.

On January 6, 1837, his first son was born, and early in March of that year he moved, almost around the corner from Furnival's Inn, to 48 Doughty Street, which is now the Dickens House, and headquarters of the Dickens Society.

Halfway through the publication of the series came the deepest personal tragedy of Dickens's life — the death of his sister-in-law Mary Hogarth. He interrupted the writing of *Pickwick* for two months. Mr. Alexander Woolcott has a treasured possession — a pocket-knife with Charles Dickens's initials on it: it was a present from Mary Hogarth, and to the day of his death it never left his person. He carried it in his waistcoat pocket when he gave his readings, and it was found on him when he died. The most precious *Pickwick* in parts is the one which he dedicated to Mary Hogarth in his own hand (the Elkins copy).

Besides such deeply emotional interruptions there were a number of petty annoyances associated with the publication — notably changes of illustrators, and the Seymour controversy, to which I shall refer later.

The last number was issued in November 1837. The occasion was celebrated by a dinner with Dickens in the chair, Talfourd, to whom *Pickwick* was dedicated, in the vice-chair, and 'everybody in hearty good humor with every other body.'

II

The identification of the originals of the *Pickwick* characters has evoked a great deal of ingenuity.

The name 'Pickwick' itself came from the proprietor of the White Hart Inn at Bath. On the front of the Great Pump Room Hotel at Bath to-day is a bronze tablet which reads: —

ON THIS SITE STOOD
THE WHITE HART INN
DEMOLISHED 1869
ELEAZER AND MOSES PICKWICK
PROPRIETORS

Moses Pickwick also owned the coaches running from London to Bath, and the conversation between Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, as they are preparing to mount the coach for Bath, makes it almost a certainty where Dickens appropriated this particular cognomen. In 1835, a year before *Pickwick* was begun, Dickens was in Bath and Bristol, reporting on an election in which Lord John Russell was involved. He stayed at the Bush Inn, Mr. Winkle's domicile during his unhappy seclusion in Bristol. Undoubtedly the election scenes suggested the groundwork for the election at Eatanswill, so much so that some have supposed that Exeter was the scene intended, although the text plainly says the Pickwickians took the Norwich coach.

Fitzgerald writes that when the name occurred to him Dickens rushed off in triumph to the publishers, calling out, 'I have got it — Pickwick!'

A descendant of the Pickwicks, we are told, changed his name to Sainsbury, a far meeker manner of dealing

with authors than that employed to-day by any person whose name some luckless scrivener happens to light upon.

The original of Sam Weller can hardly be ascribed to any one individual. Many Pickwickians who had a favorite boots somewhere in the United Kingdom used to write in to claim the honor, irrespective of whether Dickens had ever seen him or not.

Sam Weller's speech, so far as it follows the habit of saying 'as the so-and-so said when so-and-so,' is ascribed to Sam Vale, a popular actor who played Simon Splatterdash, a servant part in a farce called *The Boarding House*. The lines frequently ran like this:—

'Let every one take care of themselves,' as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens.

'I am down upon you,' as the extinguisher said to the rushlight.

'Come on,' as the man said to the tight boot.

'Where shall we fly?' as the bullet said to the trigger.

'Sharp work for the eyes,' as the devil said when a broad-wheeled wagon went over his nose.

'Why, here we are all mustered,' as the roast beef said to the Welsh rabbit.

'Nibbled to death with ducks,' as the worm said to the fisherman.

Sam's most famous line has been corrupted into 'Life is not all beer and skittles.' I would wager that few people who use it could tell even vaguely offhand what it means. Sam used it in reference to the prisoners at the Fleet. 'It's a reg'lar holiday to them,' he said, 'all porter and skittles.' Skittles was one of the games (ninepins, practically) played in the yard of the Fleet. To C. S. Calverley, the composer of the Pickwick Examination Paper, is ascribed the first use of 'beer and skittles' in the poem 'Contentment.'

Weller senior was immediately recognized by householders on the road from London to Rochester as 'Old Chumley,' naturally a stagecoach driver.

Mrs. Leo Hunter was suggested — all this, remember, is conjecture — by an enormously rich lion-hunting lady of Portland Place. Sergeant Buzfuz was Sergeant Bompas, Q. C.

The Judge, Mr. Justice Stareleigh, was modeled on Mr. Justice Gazelec. He was very crotchety and excitable on the bench. He was the judge about whom the story was told that he carried his methods of cross-examination of witnesses to his own dinner table, where once he had a young counsel to dinner and asked him if he would have venison. The counsel replied he thought he would take some boiled chicken, to which the judge replied, 'That is not an answer to my question, sir.' Mr. Justice Gazelec resigned in 1837, the year in which the 'Trial' appeared.

The Fat Boy was the son of James Budden, who kept the Red Lion Inn at Chatham. Dr. Slammer of the 97th has been the subject of considerable research. There was a Dr. Sam Piper who was a character at Chatham in 1836. He was peppery and blasphemous, and when *Pickwick* was published seems to have recognized himself to the extent that he considered calling out the author and on second thoughts prosecuting him for libel.

Jingle is associated with Charles Mathews, the elder, who used to tell tall tales in a staccato fashion, one being of a lady in India who was burned to death and her husband called in the native servants to 'sweep her up.' Tracy Tupman was modeled upon a Mr. Winter, a stout buck who was very susceptible and elegant in his attentions to the ladies.

III

For one who is leisurely and sentimentally inclined about Dickens, there could be no more amusing and instructive way of spending a summer fortnight in England than in making the

Pickwickian pilgrimage and visiting the spots mentioned in the *Papers*.

My wife and I have taken many of these journeys, and last summer made the complete round again. Pickwick is still honored in his own country — the old inns are there, all keeping the tradition roaring, the streets, the houses, bearing memorial plaques. Best to go by automobile, although every town can be reached by train within an hour or two from London, and return trains in the evening are convenient. The food is solid, the beverages good (no ice), but do not be beguiled into staying the night in any of the historic inns, on the grounds that they are quaint (except Bath).

In following the path of the Pickwickians we are directed very specifically by Dickens himself. Except in a few instances, he does not resort to fictitious titles for cities, inns, or streets.

London is the hub from which all the Pickwickian journeys radiate.

Mr. Pickwick's London lodgings were in Goswell Street, and he took the famous cab and the famous cab horse from thence to the Golden Cross. Goswell Street still remains, fallen upon evil days, — now called Goswell Road, — for devoted Pickwickians to goggle at. It is in the neighborhood of Islington.

The London of Mr. Pickwick's day is not easy to visualize. Trafalgar Square and the Nelson Column did not exist. Buckingham Palace would have been unrecognizable; it was not used as a royal residence until 1837, when Queen Victoria chose it as her town residence. The Mall had not been parked as an avenue to connect the two landmarks, the Palace and the Square. The Thames flowed unrestrained at the foot of the Temple gardens; the embankment dates from 1864-1870. The Houses of Parliament, as we know them now, were not completed until

1857; the old houses were burned down in 1834. The National Gallery was erected in 1832-1838.

The Inn of the Golden Cross, from which the 'Commodore,' the coach to Rochester, regularly departed, no longer stands, but, since it occupied the site where Nelson's monument now rises, there will be no difficulty in placing it. Across the river is the Borough.

In the Borough, especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged. . . . Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories.

To one of them, the White Hart, we go in imagination, and with Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Perker we have the supreme adventure of meeting Sam Weller.

In imagination only can we go to the White Hart. It had a long career. It is mentioned in the second part of *Henry Sixth*: Cade says, 'Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark?'

But that long career is ended. There is no White Hart in Southwark. The original was destroyed by the fire of 1676 and rebuilt in the form described in *Pickwick*. But in 1889 this inn was demolished. The only relic from it is a baluster from 'the old clumsy balustrade,' and this now reposes in the Dickens House. But near by where it stood is the George Inn, which should be visited by all Pickwickian pilgrims. You go over London Bridge and turn into the High Street. With little trouble you should find the entrance to the courtyard of the George. The open balcony might have been the one drawn by 'Phiz' in the famous plate of the meeting of Wardle, Pickwick, and Perker with Sam Weller.

The George has traditions, too. Thinking that perhaps there was some mistake because the George looked so much like the picture of the White Hart, I asked the proprietress if any White Hart Inn was near by. She replied in the negative. I then suggested, as the English legal cross-examination has it, that perhaps the George used to be called the White Hart.

I struck fire there. With a toss of her head, 'There has been a George here for five hundred years,' she boomed.

The George well repays a visit on its own account. Nowhere else in England, that I know of, do you find an old coaching inn with a balcony. From the George, Dr. Johnson probably took coach when he visited Mr. Thrale at Streatham, and the George has appeared in a novel of its own, *The Amateur Gentleman*, by Jeffery Farnol. You will want to sit in the picturesque coffeeroom, and remember *David Copperfield*.

No true Pickwickian, I am sure, will fail to visit the Dickens House at 48 Doughty Street. In the basement is a reproduction of the kitchen at Dingley Dell. Here also you may see a Pope Joan board, the round game that was played at the card party. The house is crowded with mementoes and has a complete and valuable library.

A visit to the South Kensington Museum to see the most complete collection of Dickens manuscripts in the world should also be a feature of the Pickwickian's London tour.

In Holborn, a large red brick building occupied by the Prudential Insurance Company is on the site of Furnival's Inn where Dickens had chambers from 1834 to 1837 and where he began to write *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Grewgious, in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, found accommodations for Rosa at Furnival's Inn.

Not far down the street is the site of the Black Bull in Holborn where Mrs.

Gamp and Betsey Prig nursed Mr. Lewsome. Across the street is Staple Inn, a lovely bit of Old London. It is still accurately described in *Edwin Drood*:—

A little nook composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn. It is one of those nooks the turning into which out of the clashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton in his ears and velvet soles on his boots.

Out north are the Hampstead Ponds, which appear on the very first page, being the subject of a paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C.M.P.C., entitled 'Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with Some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats.'

In Hampstead Lane we shall pass the Spaniards inn on the right. It was here that Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Raddle, and other friends, spent the afternoon when they were found by Mr. Jackson, clerk of Dodson and Fogg, and conveyed to the Fleet Prison for costs in the action of Bardell versus Pickwick. Hampstead Heath opens out just beyond the Spaniards. Not far away is Jack Straw's Castle, where frequently Dickens and Forster forgathered for a red-hot chop and a glass of good wine.

Dulwich, in a different direction from Hampstead Heath, was the spot chosen for Mr. Pickwick's residence in retirement. 'The house,' said Mr. Pickwick, '... has a large garden and is situated in one of the most pleasant spots near London.' A Pickwick Villa is pointed out by the elderly inhabitants of Dulwich.

The Dulwich picture gallery is open for inspection—whether the same one in which Mr. Pickwick could 'still be frequently seen contemplating the pictures' I do not know. At Dulwich Church, Mr. Snodgrass was married to Emily.

IV

'I have at this moment got Pickwick, and his friends, on the Rochester coach,' wrote Dickens to Catherine Hogarth, March 18, 1836, 'and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described, who I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I want to get them from the Ball, to their Inn, before I go to bed — and I think that will take me until one or two o'clock, *at the earliest*. The Publishers will be here in the morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick at my desk.'

Of all the Pickwick shrines, the most important is undoubtedly Rochester. And of all the jaunts from London it is the one that may most profitably be made by automobile.

Leaving London at 11 A.M. we arrive at Rochester, on modern traveling schedules, at 12.30 P.M. Before we enter Rochester, though, we should take a short turning (this is the reason the automobile is more convenient for this trip) and visit Gadshill, Dickens's last home, in which he died. It is now used as a girls' school, but is usually open to visitors. Gadshill is the same one mentioned in *Henry IV* where Falstaff had his adventure, and at the Sir John Falstaff Tavern we may obtain strength and sustenance in the form of good Kentish beer.

Mr. Pickwick notes that the principal productions of Rochester are 'soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers and dockyard men.' It was still true at my last visit.

Yes, the Bull Inn is still there: 'Good house — nice beds — Wright's next house, dear — very dear — half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter — charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room — rum fellows — very.' (Wright's Crown Inn is no more.)

Everything is 'intact.' There is the very staircase where Jingle was the recipient of Dr. Slammer's defiance. The ballroom, equally 'intact,' corresponds exactly to the description: —

It was a long room, with crimson-covered benches, and wax candles in glass chandeliers. The musicians were securely confined in an elevated den, and quadrilles were being systematically got through by two or three sets of dancers. Two card-tables were made up in the adjoining card-room, and two pair of old ladies, and a corresponding number of stout gentlemen, were executing whist therein.

In M. Maurois's little study of Dickens, he describes a scene which he says is often to be observed in English music halls, especially in the provinces: the actor is announced as a Dickens impersonator and solicits votes from the audience for the character they wish impersonated. The cry goes up, 'Micawber,' and Micawber he does. Then Sir Mulberry Hawk, and Pecksniff, and so on. And M. Maurois reflects on the impossibility of such a situation anywhere else on earth for any other author. Could it happen in France for Balzac, in Russia for Dostoevsky, or in America for Hawthorne?

I was never lucky enough to witness such a performance, but we came near it at 'The Den' in Eatanswill.

We had thrown historical principles to the winds (of which there are many on the western coast of England in the summer) and definitely identified 'The Den' in a quiet lane in Norwich. (Most commentators agree that Sudbury is Eatanswill.) My wife began idly to declaim 'The Ode to an Expiring Frog.' Startled, I turned and saw that she had on the gilt helmet of Mrs. Leo Hunter (the secret of the one piece of baggage she had brought from London).

'Can I view thee panting, lying . . .'

Her voice, when she is nervous, has a carrying quality. The lane had been

completely deserted when she began. But at the first syllable two figures appeared around the corner, with the suddenness of popped grains of corn. Strays began moving in, and when they beheld the helmet they motioned wildly and the shock troops came on a run.

The line, —

‘On thy stomach, without sighing,’

brought a faint cheer.

‘Say, have fiends in shape of boys,’

went on the brave voice.

The heads of fiends in shape of boys, and fiends in shape of little girls, appeared over the top of walls, crawled through fences, and dropped from the boughs of trees.

‘With wild halloo, and brutal noise . . .
With a dog,
Expiring frog?’

The crowd was milling and muttering hoarsely. Just then a constable heaved in sight. And what a constable! He might have stepped from any English detective novel. He had a notebook; he frowned. He said, ‘Wot’s this all abaht?’

Things looked bad. We have never spent the night in an English jail, but we knew the procedure full well; had we patronized the only intelligent department of English literature for the last three decades in vain? Scotland Yard would be summoned, and the C. I. D. would send one of its crack men straightaway.

With the sweetest of smiles, my wife decided that honesty is the best policy.

‘I have been reciting Mrs. Leo Hunter’s “Ode to an Expiring Frog,”’ she said. ‘The lane seemed empty when we began.’

The words fell upon the sullen throng like drops of glistening cool dew.

The constable pushed back his cap and smiled.

‘Fraid we could n’t understand the accent, sir,’ he said.

‘I do readings from *Pickwick* myself, sir,’ he added. ‘The trial scene, you know, from the author’s prepared stige directions.’

‘Yore best is Bill Sikes and Nawney, though, Sam,’ ventured an ancient.

‘Sharp’s here,’ said a voice. ‘He’ll do Old Joe Bagstock.’

He did, with great gusto.

We had Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness after that, from a very small, thin, dirty little boy, and then Wilkins Micawber, from a very large, fat, dirty old man, and then the discomforture of Uriah Heep, and then — well, more were offered, but we made our excuses, distributed a small sum to be used after closing time was over, and, seeking the seclusion that the taxi granted, we drove triumphantly away.

Ipswich (do not call it ‘Issitch’ in an excess of British zeal: plain Ipswich) is notable, in the Pickwickian sense, for the Great White Horse Inn, where Mr. Pickwick got lost, entered the wrong bedroom, and found too late that it was occupied also by the lady in the yellow curl papers.

The Great White Horse still stands, still rendered conspicuous ‘by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door.’ The Inn itself, as every visitor avers, corresponds exactly to Dickens’s description: ‘Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich.’ No wonder, as everyone says delightedly, Mr. Pickwick got lost.

At the Great White Horse is the very room where the adventure of the

lady with the yellow curl papers occurred. It is No. 36, and is invested with every verisimilitude. 'There were two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning.'

V

Around the origin of *Pickwick* has grown up one of the famous literary controversies—the great Seymour question.

In the preface to the 1847 edition of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* Dickens wrote:—

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper . . . waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form. . . .

The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by MR. SEYMOUR, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or my visitor, that a 'NIMROD Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof sheets of which, MR. SEYMOUR made his drawing of the Club and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr.

Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of MR. SEYMOUR. . . .

Robert Seymour, at the time, was thirty-six years old. London born, he was a well-known cartoonist who portrayed English life in the manner familiar to us all, especially in the work of Cruikshank. His favorite subjects were sporting scenes. He was a man of unstable temper and subject to fits of despondency.

On the eve of the publication of the second number, he committed suicide. He attached a string to a fowling piece and in the summerhouse of his home at Islington shot himself in the head.

Three of his drawings appeared in the second number.

His death naturally placed Dickens and the publishers in a quandary. They cast around hurriedly for an artist. They engaged first R. W. Buss, who was, however, dismissed, and for the fourth and subsequent numbers Dickens and his publishers secured Hablot K. Browne, who drew under the pseudonym of 'Phiz.' 'Phiz's' great quality was that he was 'a marvel of pliability' and 'amenable to discipline.' (These expressions are quoted from J. W. T. Ley's *The Dickens Circle*.)

The implication is plain that Seymour was not so pliable and amenable. Dickens and Seymour had a conference the night before Seymour shot himself—between the time of the issue of the first number and the issue of the second. It may be assumed that they discussed the future developments of the story. It may be even assumed that they discussed them *as collaborators*, and from internal evidence which I shall discuss later Seymour may have suggested that more sporting scenes be introduced. This, however, is pure speculation.

There is, indeed, a distinct feeling of relief when 'Phiz' comes on the scene.

Dickens is absolutely free to direct things as he likes.

Then *Pickwick* took the town, and soon the world, by storm. The sales jumped from the ordinary four or five hundred to thousands. Pickwick Clubs were formed all over the kingdom. Pickwick chintzes figured in the linen drapers' windows, Weller corduroys in breeches makers', Boz cabs appeared on the streets, Pickwick canes, Pickwick gaiters, Pickwick hats — there is still a Pickwick cigar which had its origin in those days, although I do not know how direct is the succession from that first product to its modern representative.

Miss Mitford's evidence is entertaining: —

So you never heard of the *Pickwick Papers*? Well, they publish a number once a month, and print 25,000. It is fun — London life — but without anything unpleasant. . . . *I did think there had not been a place where English is spoken, to which Boz had not penetrated.* All the boys and girls talk his fun — the boy in the streets; and yet those who are of the highest taste like it the most. Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies *Pickwick* on the Bench while the jury are deliberating.

It was quite natural, in the face of all this exclamatory praise, for the family of Seymour to claim for him some of the credit. Mrs. Seymour stated that the central idea and the central characters of this acclaimed masterpiece were not of Dickens's invention but Seymour's. Whether Dickens replied publicly at the time, I do not know. The preface of 1847, written ten years after the event, is his definite answer.

But there was a sequel. In 1854 Mrs. Seymour published a pamphlet reviewing the entire controversy, and in 1866 Seymour's son repeated the claims, even attempting a suit for recovery of profits. Dickens, always

sensitive to criticism, was thoroughly incensed, and answered the claims again in a letter in the *Athenæum* on March 31, 1866.

The matter stands in Dickens's explanation that Seymour had an idea for a book concerning a club of sportsmen. Dickens vetoed this except that he retained the idea of a club and one sportsman (Mr. Winkle). He got nothing else from Seymour, and Seymour's drawings were made from his text. Mr. Chapman, the publisher, gave the artist the hint for the general outward appearance of Mr. Pickwick.

This explanation has been accepted practically without qualification by all the orthodox biographers and critics. Except in one case, it has never been challenged. That challenge, however, is very pointed. It was made by Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, in a brilliant little book, *When Mr. Pickwick Went Fishing*. Dr. Lambert became doubtful of the minor part Robert Seymour played in the inspiration for *Pickwick* when he acquired a book entitled *Maxims and Hints for an Angler*, and so forth, by Richard Penn. The book was published in 1833 (three years antedating *Pickwick*) and was illustrated by Robert Seymour. One of the characters represented repeatedly is exactly a forecast of the subsequent Mr. Pickwick.

The internal evidence Dr. Lambert adduces is striking. First, on the cover of all the original parts of the *Pickwick Papers* is a picture of Mr. Pickwick in a punt. He is fast asleep, but he has evidently been fishing. 'The scene is set on the Thames just off the bridge and church at Putney.' Above, Mr. Winkle shoots at a sparrow. The sides of the design show numerous sporting implements, including fishing rods, landing nets, and so forth.

In the entire book neither this incident of Mr. Pickwick asleep while fishing nor that of Mr. Winkle shooting

sparrows was ever touched upon. Yet the pictures continued to ornament the covers until the end.

Is it not a fair inference that Robert Seymour drew them without reference to the text, but with the understanding that the incidents they portrayed would find a place? In other words, that it was not so plain to all the parties concerned that the plates should grow naturally out of the text, and that, as a matter of fact, Seymour had decided to have quite a hand in the direction of the incidents?

Again, in the first picture of the meeting of the club and the representation of its founder, notice the assortment of fishing tackle in the foreground. It has nothing to do with the meeting of a literary and archæological club, but substantiates the idea that Mr. Pickwick was to be a fisherman. Again, here is plain evidence that Seymour intended to have a hand in things; that the pictures did not grow out of the text, but were freely elaborated by the artist.

But all this, of course, Dickens specifically denied.

On Dickens's side must be reckoned the letter he wrote to Seymour, between the publication of the first and second issues, which plainly indicates that Dickens was exercising his prerogative of supervising the drawings. It was in response to this letter, evidently, that Seymour visited Dickens, the only time they ever met, 'the night but one' before Seymour's death:—

MY DEAR SIR,

I had intended to write you to say how much gratified I feel by the pains you have bestowed on our mutual friend, Mr. Pickwick, and how much the result of your labours has surpassed my expectations. . . .

I have now another reason for troubling you. It is this. I am extremely anxious about 'The Stroller's Tale,' the more es-

pecially as many literary friends, on whose judgment I place great reliance, think it will create considerable sensation. I have seen your designs for an etching to accompany it. I think it extremely good, but still is not quite my idea; and as I feel so very solicitous to have it as complete as possible, I shall feel personally obliged if you will make another drawing. It will give me great pleasure to see you, as well as the drawing, when it is completed. With this view I have asked Chapman and Hall to take a glass of grog with me on Sunday evening (the only night I am disengaged), when I hope you will be able to look in. . . .

I shall be happy to hear from you that I may expect to see you on Sunday evening.

Dear Sir, very truly Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS

The explanation of the matter I conceive to be somewhat complicated, but one perfectly natural to anyone familiar with the artistic temperament and the processes of creation. Dickens, like all creative artists, derived his inspiration from thousands of sources, — of most of which he was not aware, — hints in conversation, bits of reading, flashes in the street and tavern. He took these into the warm recesses of his mind, and fused them into something that was unquestionably, no matter what their origin, his alone. And in the course of time he came to consider that every particle of the process of creation, including the inciting hints, was his.

This does not mean that Dickens deliberately misrepresented things in the preface of 1847 or in the *Athenæum* article of 1866. He wrote them, respectively, eleven years and thirty years after the event. It is not surprising that a man who had a universe of creative work to look back upon should fail to remember the exact circumstances of his inspiration when he was unknown and untried.

COMPLETE REPORT

BY CONSTANCE CASSADY

I

THE line of Pullmans was so long that the engine stuck out of the train shed like a kid growing out of his clothes. Passengers, hurrying down the platform, were negligible figures thrown into momentary cold relief against the warm lights of the station far at the other end. Mason stood beside the cab with his torch on the step beside him; a bitter wind blew in off the lake and tore at the yellow paper in his hand.

He read it again, by the jaundiced light from the torch. That was a hell of a Christmas present they'd handed him at the roundhouse.

'File complete report regarding 45 minutes delay No. 9 between Oakton and Grant Street terminal this A. M.'

Mason spat neatly between the engine wheels. So Mike Lynch wanted a complete report, did he? Well, she's leaking badly, the two superheater flues are squirting streams as big as your finger almost to the fire door, the main rod is pounding like a drop forge, the piston packing is shot, and the front end is blowing so badly you can't see past the cab. Forty-five minutes late! It was a wonder the old mill had n't fallen apart. There she stood, starting out on her return trip without a thing done. They'd hardly cleaned her fire. A fast schedule and a heavy train — hell of a Christmas present.

He folded the yellow sheet and stuck it into the watch pocket of his overalls. It was close to leaving time. Foley had

her hot, and the conductor, Gleason, was coming down the platform with the orders. Mason watched him impersonally as he advanced through the dirty light of the train shed, his blue uniform buttoned taut across his protuberant belly, his walk that reminded the engineer somehow of a trained seal. He was a pompous guy, but Mason did n't mind it. Maybe it was the uniform that made conductors that way. Or maybe pompous guys always got to be conductors. What the hell — it did n't matter. . . .

Gleason handed him the orders, and he read them aloud rapidly. 'Reduce speed to ten miles over soft spot in track one half mile north of Morgan Avenue viaduct —'

Gleason asked how things were.

'Could n't be worse,' Mason said. He had the habit of quiet speaking, no matter what the import of his words. 'They have n't done a damn thing to her.'

Gleason said, 'Tck, tck,' like an old lady, and they stood looking at each other for a moment. The conductor's face was pale and rather doughy in the torch light. Mason's looked tough and the color of rust, with a thin, ironic mouth under the white moustache.

He picked up the torch and put one foot on the step.

Gleason said, 'Well, hope we don't have any trouble,' in a kind of whinny.

The engineer raised one hand in

a half-satirical salute, and Gleason started back down the line. A porter was yelling, 'A-all aboard!' far down at the other end. Mason hung on to the grab iron for an instant, seeing and yet not seeing the people dribbling out of the coaches here and there — and then he climbed into the cab.

Foley was standing on the deck, sweating like a horse. There was a black smear of coal dust across his forehead already, where he had wiped it with one of his gloves. Mason handed him the orders and climbed on to the seat box. He was glad Foley was firing; the kid knew his job. Fourteen months in the black gang of a battleship had taken care of that. There was between them that deep and unspoken respect which exists between men who perform their duties in a workmanlike manner.

The engineer slid open the window and looked back. Far down the train he saw Gleason's lantern wave. He turned on the seat box, cracked the throttle, watching the ground outside as he did it. The cindery siding moved slowly backwards. When the slack between the cars had run out and the engine began to pull, he opened the throttle still more, giving it a couple of jerks. She slipped. He gave her a little sand, closed the throttle, jerked it open again. The wheels spun. He closed the throttle, pulled back the reverse lever, and, still watching the ground, slowly backed up the slack. He could feel it run back — a matter of two or three feet — and he threw the reverse lever ahead, jerked the throttle once more, and gave her the sand. This time they started — with a little jolt. Gleason would complain about that, but he'd got them rolling anyway.

He watched for a minute, closing and opening the throttle as she started slipping, using the sand, till they were under way. Foley cut down the injector, the water just showing in the bottom of the glass. He craned for-

ward, watching it intently for a moment. They were out of the shed now, rattling over the switches and picking up speed. At last she had got into her stride.

II

Foley stepped across the cab and handed Mason the orders. He glanced at the steam gauge: it had dropped back to 160, so he put in a fire, opening the door with one hand while the other drove the scoop into the coal — throwing it on, clanging the door shut, going through it all several times, each motion dovetailing the next with beautiful precision. The asbestos shield was smoking on his overalls; his face looked young and hard in the white light from the fire door. He thrust the scoop back into the coal and looked at the steam again. It showed 180 now. The kid climbed up to his seat box and looked forward at the heavy black column of smoke piling up from the stack. There was a grim contentment in his face.

Mason sat watching the outside from the right-hand seat. The city lights were scattering now; they were well on their way out of the terminal. The wind off the icy lake blew up through the deck and slashed at their feet like a knife. Both men had tied their overalls about their ankles with pieces of string, but it was cold anyway. That was the way it was in winter — your feet and legs froze while the rest of you sweated.

They called the signals back and forth automatically as they passed. Mason: 'On the green,' and Foley repeating, 'On the green.'

Approaching the viaduct, Mason slowed down, and Foley yelled cheerfully across the cab: 'Soft spot's been there for three weeks now. Wonder if they're ever gonna fix it —'

'Guess not.'

The cab was full of steam. Foley's face on the other side looked blurred, like a bad photograph. The main rod

was pounding hard, with a marked, monotonous rhythm. Foley spoke of it as they pulled into the station at Morgan Avenue. He said a few words about mechanics in general, and Mason agreed without caring greatly. 'Go on and fall apart,' he said, addressing the engine as he climbed down. 'God knows you don't belong to *me*. . . .'

With the bottle-shaped torch in one hand and the oilcan in the other, he went deliberately along both sides of the engine, sticking the long nose of the can in here and there while the torch spilled oily yellow light on iron and cinders. A sharp, hard sleet was driving down from the north now. It stung the face and cut at the hands like a million tiny spear points. A couple of passengers hurried down the platform and scrambled on to the train, their collars turned up and their heads drawn in like turtles'. Mason climbed back into the cab and pulled out his watch.

'Ten fifty-three,' he said, looking back for Gleason's signal to start. 'On time.'

'On time,' Foley echoed, thrusting the scoop into the coal and wiping the sweat off his face as he leaned to look at the water glass.

Mason looked at him. His eyes were strained with the terrible heat and brightness, and the muscles stood out hard and tight on his bare neck. It was going to be a tough pull, with the old mill in the shape she was. The main rod was pounding harder as they got under way, and the steam was blowing back on to the cab windows, where it crystallized into an icy veil, enclosing the cab, shutting it in against the night.

The engineer felt the rustle of the paper in his pocket as he put his watch back, and it seemed that that slight contact was sufficient to bring before him the personality of the man whose name was scribbled at the bottom of the sheet. Mike Lynch — *Mr.* Lynch to you, Mason. He grinned sardon-

cally, thinking back, step by step, through the years that had come between the present and the time when he had known Lynch well. Twenty-five years was a long time in a man's life — long enough to prove what a man was, or at any rate what end he had in view. And Lynch had undeniably kept to the road he'd set his feet on, in those days when they were starting out together.

Mason remembered him very clearly, restless and harried, even then, by the devils that drive such men. He remembered his words as if they had been spoken only a moment before: 'By God, I'm not going to be firing all *my* life.' He had had an eye for the main chance from the beginning. Pulling yourself up by your bootstraps — that was his idea. Only in practice it turned out to be more like climbing up on other men's shoulders, clawing and pushing, edging in here for a little credit that belonged elsewhere, edging out there to avoid the onus for some mistake that could be shifted to somebody else. Even before 'ninety-eight, when Mason had gone to Cuba, he had often regaled himself quietly with the spectacle of Lynch being agreeable to the right people. When he came back, Lynch had already begun to 'go up,' as he himself put it — well on his way, the hand-shaking, boot-licking way to the top.

III

Mason leaned closer to the ice-covered window, his eyes narrowing with the necessity for piercing its opacity, for establishing some contact with the intense darkness outside. He could hear the main rod now as if a gigantic hand were hitting it with a sledgehammer, as desperately ominous in import as was the constant back rush of steam and sleet — but it all seemed somehow inevitable, a thing which he had known and anticipated all his life, and his brief resentment against the

persons and the forces responsible for it seemed to have flattened out, subsided into a wide, impersonal, all-embracing disillusionment which was the warp of his own being. He was aware of Foley's unceasing rhythm of movement, of the locomotive cutting like a comet through an utterly still and static universe, of the incessant spill of steam and scatter of ice upon the windows and the savage bite of wind about his ankles — but it was all something which had existed since the beginning of time, part of a large futility which he could regard dispassionately and without active rancor. His mind dropped back to the past again, viewing himself objectively in various circumstances, and it struck him forcibly that he had always been in the nature of a spectator, looking on at other men's striving without taking sides or casting his lot on the issues which meant life or death to them.

There had been the day at Santiago, with the sun lying like a dead weight upon the water and holding the ship in a dazzling pall of sheer, impenetrable heat. He could see his own body in the depths of the fire hole, bare to the waist like the others', wet and shining like metal in the fierce light, as they bent, drew back, thrust forward, again and again, hour after hour. He could hear the bright, irregular explosion of the Spanish guns outside, and feel the shattering jar of the *Brooklyn's* volley, yet it had not, even at the time, seemed important. Only the heat, mounting till it seemed something incredible, was real. That, and the infallible regularity of the men's movements — the bend of body, the sharp, strong angle of the back-drawn arm, the swift and certain outthrust of wrist and scoop toward the insatiable fires.

He remembered the end of the watch, when they had come up from the concentrated dark heat of the fire hole into the white, diffused heat of the deck. The firing was almost over then. Only

a vagrant belch of soft smoke from one or another of the American ships sullied the stillness of water and shore line. They were hove to. A gray hulk lay beached on her side, a quarter mile to starboard. She was burning with a ruthless, steady flame, and she looked neglected and abandoned lying there, like an old man dying. The water all about was filled with swimming men and floating wreckage, and boats from the *Brooklyn* were picking up the men. The gray commodore was watching from the bridge, and smiling.

Mason nodded toward the flaming wreck and asked a seaman: 'What ship is that?'

The fellow had turned from the rail, goggling at him. 'The *Viscaya*,' he said, with a note of incredulity. 'Carrying Cervera's flag. . . .'

A decisive day, judged by the standards of those who determined such matters. Mason found himself wondering what peculiar inadequacy within himself had kept him aloof from all that moved and drove other men. Some were sustained by ambition — the desire for power or for money or for women. And some found a certain zest in the pure adventure of living, imbuing their own actions with a glamour which gave even to death a touch of the theatrical, requiring only the right setting, the dramatic incident. There was young Garvey, who had died of gunshot wounds under his very eyes, with the light of triumph in his twisted face, and muttering through blood: 'Well, they got me, Mason, but *we got them*, the . . .'

Mason knew that, if it had happened to him, it would have impressed him as merely one more negligible incident in a singularly pointless scheme of things. He tried to sift down his own detachment to its essential weakness, for he had the conviction that it must be a weakness, at bottom. He saw himself as a kind of two-dimensional figure,

moving across the face of life without the depth, the sense of significance, which belonged to most of humanity. Lynch, by comparison, was simple, understandable. There was something beautifully clear about his unscrupulous ambition. It was the thing he lived by, whatever meannesses he might of necessity have perpetrated in the attainment of his ends. Certainly every man must live according to his lights — but when Mason tried to discern what motive had lain beneath his own living he found himself grasping at something so vague and nameless that he could in no way define it. Not power, not adventure, not even courage in any conscious sense. Nothing more, perhaps, than the mere arid satisfaction of performing a hard job with no prospect of reward or recognition — that, and a kind of inherent honesty for which he took no credit to himself.

IV

The lights of a small town swept past on the rushing darkness — brief flashes of red and yellow and green — Christmas trees. He could imagine Gleason in the grip of sentimental nostalgia as he peered out at the family groups on Christmas Eve. Even young Foley was probably thinking of his mother getting ready for midnight Mass. And Mike Lynch would be enjoying himself after his fashion in the opulent background which he had created from the fabric of his own peculiar lusts. Every man to his faith — even if it were only a half-sardonic faith in his own supremely unimportant integrity. . . .

They were out in the open now, the signal lights flashing past rapidly. Mason looked at his watch. Still on time, and going seventy miles an hour. Foley was putting in the fire without pause, legs planted firm and wide upon the deck, and the asbestos shield smoking in the white heat. Mason craned

close to the front window. They were approaching the long curve to the left, where their track crossed the L. & B., just before coming into Norris, and he was watching for the familiar semaphore, but the open trap in the window blew a spume of mingled sleet and steam back in his face. He said: —

‘I can’t see a damn thing. Can you see on your side?’

Foley threw down the scoop and climbed on to the left-hand seat box. The sweat was running down through the soot on his face, and his eyes were strained and glassy from the fire. He wiped them impatiently with the back of his glove.

‘Clear.’

He turned back to the fire, blinking blindly, and Mason stood up suddenly and opened the window as they flashed past the signal. At once it occurred to him that this was what he had been going to meet all along, and he had a moment’s surprise that he had not seen it more clearly before.

He shouted, ‘My God, it’s red! *Jump!*’

He had one vivid impression of Foley’s face, white, immobile for a split instant in the roaring motion of the cab, and then it was gone. Quite automatically Mason closed the throttle, reversed the engine, applied the air, — all with incredible swiftness, — but he knew more certainly than he had ever known anything that it was a useless gesture. The final overwhelming futility of all endeavor rushed over him with an almost exhilarating force. The inevitable disaster seemed in some manner a complete justification for all that he had been and failed to be.

He stood for an instant, a gaunt, poised figure with legs braced against the sway of the locomotive, and as it hit the derail he accepted one last small gift of irony: —

‘Now who the hell will give him a complete report about *this?*’

CHURCH SUPPER

BY DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

I

THERE were no Community Chests, no Welfare Leagues, no alphabetical conundrums by which to lessen the obligation of the individual to his community in the days of which I write. We were all more or less poor together — compared, that is, to the luxury in which many people of to-day live, and still proclaim their poverty. But nobody, so far as I can recall, ever starved or froze or even felt the pinch of dire necessity. We were cold, we ate a lot of cabbage, potatoes, salt pork, and beans, but we did n't *know* we were so badly off. We saw no life of luxury or ease by which to contrast our situation. And so we went along under the delusion that we were often having a good time. We knew nothing of Higher Education, Woman Suffrage, Communism, or Realism — although most of the time we were pretty well on a level with the last. But we believed in God; some of us believed in the Devil. We sang 'Rock of Ages' for other reasons than the harmony. And we sort of looked after each other. If a neighbor got sick, other neighbors came in and took care of him. If he died, his friends and relations washed and dressed him in his best and carried him to his last resting place. Sometimes they even looked in on him afterward and read his epitaph. They did n't begrudge the time or effort. When one amongst us had hard luck, like losing an only cow or horse, or a farm, the

neighbors got together and made up a little purse, or even shared their own small homes. We did n't talk or think much about being our brother's keeper, but in a way seemed to think we were.

The minister, however, was one for whom everybody had to have a little thought. His salary was generally around three to five hundred dollars a year. Eight hundred was a *big* salary, and when he got that much he could jolly well look out for himself. But the man that tried to live and bring up a family on three hundred (and house) deserved sympathy — and got it. He got more.

Once a year, and perhaps in some communities twice, the minister's family was given a Donation Party. As I remember it, this was sponsored by the Ladies' Aid and usually occurred sometime in March, when what stores he had were pretty well depleted and it would still be some time before he could realize anything on the garden that went with his house.

Now a Donation Party was not by any means an organized affair. Nobody found out what the minister's family needed, because what they needed perhaps nobody else could give. So the date was set, word sent around by children, hired men, or the dressmaker, and announced at Meetin'. The party took place after supper, so that the guests would in no way diminish the store.

Each one took what he or she happened to have most of and could best spare. One farmer might take a bag of potatoes; two — or even three — might be of the same mind. A peck of beans would furnish substantial meals well into the summer. Beans are wholesome, filling, and cheap; if an army can march on beans, why not the hosts of the Lord? And a good solid slab of salt pork, brine-encrusted, stacked up against the beans, was suggestive of considerable sustenance. A bushel of 'beggies' was all that another might have to offer. In March, cabbage was no longer plentiful, and onions were sprouting; the green shoots, cut off well into the solid part and chopped up with vinegar, pepper, and salt, made a not-half-bad relish, but they were pretty well past the cooking stage. The minister's family would have to do without.

Sauerkraut, however, was plentiful and ripe. A covered tin pail, nosily inspected by some curious guest, exhaled an odor that caused exclamations in varying degree of shock. The odor was quickly suppressed. It had no place amongst the more polite occupants of the table: a pan of raised biscuits, loaves of bread, a crock of butter, and another of lard; jars of canned fruit, glasses of jelly, pickles.

Sometimes a farmer would take a few bags of grain to mill, and share part of the resulting grist with the minister — wheat flour (not too 'refined'), buckwheat flour, or corn meal. Occasionally the contributor would go to town and buy a few pounds of sugar or groceries to 'donate.' Why this generous spirit could not as well have dropped a silver dollar (which made a nice ringing sound against other coins) into the contribution box on Sunday, and let the minister buy his own groceries, is one of those mysteries of the charitably inclined mind into which one probes futilely.

In certain instances of which I know, the minister stealthily loaded up the 'boot' of his old top buggy with surplus provender, took it to the next town, and swapped it for something more urgently needed. It was a custom also for the minister and the treasurer to appraise the value of the donations and credit the amount to the Ladies' Aid. And there *have* been instances where it was credited against his meagre salary!

The Donation Party was often a bitter pill for the minister to swallow. He would have liked to think of himself as a professional man earning his keep, however small, and being paid like any other laborer. The Donation Party put him in the class of the present-day welfare dependent, but there was nothing he could do — or say — about it, and doubtless the members of his flock never even dreamed that their generosity left a little mark of hurt pride.

Once in a while an understanding mother smuggled in a bundle of clothing outgrown by her own children, but this must be handled with utmost tact.

'You won't be offended, Mis' Wheaton, now, will you? These are just a few things Willie and Eva 've outgrown, an' seein' they're just a year or so older 'n yours — I hope you won't take offense.'

Mis' Wheaton assures her she will not, but an astute eye catches a little tightening of the lips, a slight chill in the averted eye. Food — yes; the donation of food is an accepted custom amongst the indigent profession. But *clothes*, other people's left-over-hand-me-downs — this is another matter. To accept from the largesse of parishioners a proportion, as it were, of their wealth is one thing — a sort of tithe. But to be given something for which a family has no longer any use, something worn and discarded, *old clothes* — that is another. The children are shab-

by, no doubt. Bodies must be warmed as well as fed — but there is also pride. Fortunately for us of to-day whose needs are often no less than were those of yesterday, we have learned, through suffering, that there is such a thing as sharing without endangering self-respect.

The minister's children stand anxiously near, their eyes popping, their nostrils dilating, their mouths watering. How long, oh, how *long* before the company will go and they can have a bite!

The neighbors visit; the men, congregated restlessly near the door, talk of the weather. Sun's getting pretty high now — thaws some every day. Eaves drip — icicles fall. Well, it won't be long now. Ain't been a hard winter — saw a woodchuck yest'day. Crows cawin'.

The women, centred about the minister's wife, talk of spring sewing — Mis' Lou Esty, the seamstress who goes from house to house, is here, and gives account of her itinerary for February and March. She also deals with the absorbing subject of sleeves — basques, dolmans, width of skirts, gores and gussets. Mrs. Wheaton shows the rag carpet she is making for the parsonage. Offers of rags follow and are accepted with gratitude and pleasure. It makes a difference whether old clothes are given to put on your back or on your floor.

Finally the restive males begin to look significantly at their womenfolks and hitch their chairs uncomfortably. The minister takes a hint.

'Friends,' he says in his deep and properly ministerial voice, as he rises, 'I want to tell you how much we appreciate this evidence of your great kindness. Shall we kneel down and extend our thanks for the spirit of brotherly love that prompted these generous gifts?'

'Huh!' says my father tartly as he

tucks the buffalo robe around my mother's knees and his own, with me huddled snugly between, 'I bet he'd a ruther *cussed* a little. I would — folks come polin' out a little grub and standin' around grinnin' as if they'd laid a egg.'

II

The Church Supper was another means designed to help meet the startlingly small salary of the minister, who usually held Sunday-morning services in the church at the nearest community centre, and then, to earn a few dollars more, traveled to outlying communities, where a meeting was held in the afternoon — in a church, if there was one, otherwise in the schoolhouse. A supper was given in each of these neighborhoods, price probably twenty-five cents, the food having been contributed. It was one of the chief social functions of the year.

Occasionally this supper took the form of a Box Social. Each woman or girl packed a box with suitable food for two people. Wrapped in white tissue and tied with ribbon, the boxes gave promise; piled together on the table, they offered an attractive lottery to the men whose duty — and, in most cases, pleasure — it was to buy them unsight, unseen. Sometimes they were sold at auction, when, if the best cooks could be spotted, certain boxes brought in a most satisfactory return. The older boys often took a girl — the engagement made, perhaps, weeks beforehand at Meetin', Spellin' School, or a neighborhood dance. Sometimes they tried to get their girl to describe her box, but this was not considered fair play and only such as were desperately in love succumbed.

Men, too, would often try to identify their own wives' cookery, being sure then of something good, for, while most of the women of that community were

excellent cooks, there were some whose contributions were not sought. Galantry played its part. 'Well, if I can't get hold of my own woman's cookin', I'd be tickled to death to get yours, Mis' Bouldry. That fig cream cake you make is enough to make a man drool just to think of it.'

The Covells — that irresponsible family, neighbors of ours, distinguished for general shiftlessness, but with several pairs of eyes ever alert for the beneficences of a kindly Providence — always attended Box Socials *en masse*. Mr. Covell, of course, had to buy a box, but it was the custom to provide a generous supply of free food for the children, so the Covells went forth fortified by a lean stomach and a fat appetite.

'I fed 'em light on purpose,' Mrs. Covell would say blithely, marshaling her brood toward the table prepared for the children. 'Now, girls,' — the Covell children were all girls, — 'you set to and eat your fill. It's free, you know, so make the most of it.'

It was Mrs. Covell's duty, also, to provide a box, and since this was likely to be an unwrapped shoebox of worn and battered appearance, tied with a string, the men were reasonably aware of its parentage — and consequently skillful at evasion; for Mrs. Covell was known as a 'greasy cook,' and no one ever partook of her meals a second time if he could help it.

The trouble in evading Mrs. Covell's contribution was that Mr. Covell also knew his wife's handiwork and took this welcome opportunity to accomplish a change in nutriment by arriving early and securing, the moment the boxes were put up, *any* box but his wife's. Therefore, by the simple process of elimination, Mrs. Covell's box was always left, and, as in the game of Marching through Jerusalem, the one left out had to take it.

And this might not have been so bad,

— there was food in the pantry and the men were not stupid, — but the rules of this particular form of entertainment provided that the purchaser of a box must share it with the woman who prepared it.

My father, after one sharp and bitter experience, utterly refused ever to attend another Box Social. He was not particularly socially-minded anyway, except with his own clan, and hated what he called 'cutting up.' He was reserved, given to silence, and shy. He did not like mixing in crowds and always got back in a corner, acting, my mother said, 'like a clam with its mouth shut.'

On this one particular occasion, having followed his usual conservative custom, he found himself with Mrs. Covell's box, and Mrs. Covell herself, on his hands. He cast an appealing look at my mother — in telling of it later she said he 'looked like a calf that knew it was going to have its throat cut.' But she told the story with gusto and a wicked light in her eye that hinted of appreciation unworthy the theme.

'She led him off in a corner,' my mother related with relish, 'like leading a bull into a boxcar. He balked every step of the way — but he went. He said afterwards that when she lifted up the box cover (*he* would n't) and he took one look at what's inside, his stomach turned right square over. Two greasy pieces of cold sausage, coated with lard, two slabs of gray, sour-looking bread, two pickles, two friedcakes. The smell, he said, when the box was opened, — sausage, pickles, and friedcakes that had been cooped up together since the middle of the afternoon, — was enough to knock you down.'

At the moment, however, my mother was eating her supper across the room with the minister, when she saw my father jump up as if he had been stung

and come barging across the room straight to her. And before he got halfway there he began to boom, 'Miry! For gosh sakes, 'Miry, get up! We've got to go home!'

My mother rose in alarm, and so did the minister. 'What's the *matter?*' she asked him, but he had her by the arm and was marching her away, looking not to left or right, making neither excuse nor explanation except to say, loud enough for everyone to hear, 'I plumb forgot to milk — I was that anxious to get to the social.'

My mother, to whose skirt I was by that time clinging, stopped dead in her tracks and looked at him in dumb amazement. He was not a man for practical joking and he did not look ill — and he had *hated* coming to the social.

'Come along,' he scolded, 'get your things on and *come*. I got to go home and milk.'

My mother knew he had milked; she had taken care of the milk herself. And my father did not lie. Still — *he had lied*. And now he added another lie.

'I've got a fresh cow and I got to go home and milk her.'

Nothing to do but we must go home. My father had the horse and sleigh at the door by the time my mother and I had our wraps on. Mother was ready to die of shame and she was so mad she shook.

'Lije Thompson,' she said, when we were under way, '*you're a liar!*'

'Yes,' said my father truculently, 'and what if I be? I'd ruther tell a dozen lies than eat that stuff.'

'Well,' said my mother angrily, 'if you're going to lie, you might at least tell something folks'd believe.'

'No,' declared my father stonily, 'I don't tell that kind o' lies.'

The men, my mother said afterward, could n't get over laughing about it; they admired his courage. The women

did n't blame him, either; they thought he was smart. They all knew cows did n't freshen in February. But my mother said she was so ashamed of him it made her sick. She said he could have stood it once. Father said maybe he could — if he'd had to; but he did n't have to. And he never went to another Box Social.

III

In general, however, the women took great pains with their boxes. There was excitement in the thought of a chance partner. The girls did n't like it so well, because they wanted to choose the boy they'd eat with. But with the older women almost anyone would be — well, different.

Cold chicken was one of the most popular of box contents. Not pressed chicken, or chicken salad — women did n't 'mess up' their chicken in ways like that. It was good enough just plain cold. You disjointed and cooked the chicken (a last-spring *chicken*) slowly in a small amount of water, with an onion and a bay leaf and salt and pepper at the last, until it was done. Then you took it out, let it cool, and fried it in butter until slightly brown — just enough butter so it would n't stick.

Only the white meat and drumsticks were put in the box. The dark meat — upper thigh, neck, back, and liver — was used for the children. Nice, thin slices of bread and butter (yeast bread — my mother said salt-rising bread would n't stand being shut up), and either sweet cucumber or watermelon-rind pickles in a little jar, went into my mother's box. And cake. Almost always everyone put in two kinds of cake. For one my mother made a marble cake — a cake you almost never see nowadays, probably because it's a little trouble to make.

For this a rich white cake batter was

mixed: three fourths of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When this mixture was beaten to the right consistency (eggs added one at a time to creamed butter and sugar), one third was taken out and to it was added one-fourth pound of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves.

Then, into a deep buttered baking tin a layer of the white batter was poured, then a layer of dark, alternating until all the batter was used, leaving white on top. This required baking forty-five minutes in an oven that would just turn a piece of white writing paper to a nice delicate brown. That was the way we tested the oven.

The fig layer cake for which Mis' Bouldry was famous well deserved its popularity. A white batter, doubtless similar to that used for the marble cake, was baked in layers, but it was the filling that gave it distinction. Figs were cooked in a small amount of water to a rich syrup, then drained and chopped with an equal quantity of raisins, which had first been seeded and cooked. A heavy frosting was made by beating the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth. To half of this the figs and raisins and the small amount of syrup were added, and this was placed between the layers. The remainder of the frosting, flavored with vanilla, covered the cake.

Then there was jelly cake, a sponge cake baked in a thin sheet, spread with currant jelly, rolled, and dusted with powdered sugar.

IV

Many of the recipes used by the farm women of that time would appall the average housewife of to-day, whether of country or town, in the lavish use of eggs, butter, and cream. Every farmer

raised all the fowls his own family could consume and some to spare. The market, however, was limited, and prices low. Butter and eggs were exchanged for groceries, but ten cents a dozen was a fair price for eggs, and I have seen butter sold for twelve cents a pound. Cream was plentiful, and the recipe for the most delicious cookies I ever tasted in my life called for one cup of sour cream, one-half cup of butter, four eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to roll. These my Aunt Catherine always kept on hand in a wooden sugar bucket, with equally rich molasses cookies in a stone jar.

There was a certain 'cream cake' of which my father was very fond, and which my mother often made for supper when company was coming. This called for four eggs (beaten separately), one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-fourth cup of butter (creamed with the sugar), three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one third of a cup of milk, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. This was baked in three layer tins and put together with a filling made of one cup of thick sour cream, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of hickory-nut meats rolled fine. This was mixed, boiled, beaten, and spread between layers. The cake was then frosted with white of eggs and sugar.

Of course every storeroom had its supply of nuts. We should as soon have thought of buying apples as nut meats. 'Going nutting' was one of the seasonal ceremonies, as distinctive and certain as gathering greens in the spring. My father, mother, and I, followed, preceded, and circumambulated by the dog, Shep, devoted several Sundays to this delightful ceremony throughout October, after the first heavy frost.

On our own place were several hickory trees — shagbarks. And although I have lived in New York State a number of years, and am de-

voted to it, — flora, fauna, scenery, and people, — I have never been able to overcome a feeling of irritation at hearing upstaters speak of hickory nuts as 'walnuts.' As if a hickory nut could grow on a walnut tree! They simply refuse to recognize the hickory tree, and what their forbears made ox yokes, axe helves, and flails of, I cannot think. Certainly not 'walnut'!

There were both walnut and butter-nut trees along the roadside, and hazel brush grew everywhere. The shucks from the shagbarks dropped off in neat brown sections, but both walnuts and butternuts had to be shucked when first gathered. If the shucks dried on, it was impossible to remove them, and the nuts were harder to crack. Removing the shucks from the nuts, however, was no easy task, and hands and clothing were likely to be dyed with an almost indelible brown. In fact, housewives used these husks, or the green nut itself, as well as the leaves, to dye carpet rags.

Hazelnuts, growing in clusters, were easier to shuck. When all were done there was a rich store of all four kinds either hung in bags from the rafters of the attic, so that mice, rats, and squirrels could not get at them, or hidden in large wooden sugar buckets. The tin can had not yet invaded our homes to any great extent.

There, however, was the required ingredient for our hickory-nut cake, walnut cake, and for butternut maple candy; also for many a winter night's or Sunday afternoon's entertainment. The sound of a hammer clapping against the upturned edge of a flatiron was as familiar to our ears during the winter season as the chonking of apples.

The Box Social was still popular when, ten years later (for I must have been about six at the time my father put a quietus upon our attendance at this particular social function), I began

teaching in country schools. What limited memory I have of the earlier affairs is, perhaps, mingled with and colored by those later memories. And since we 'have our hand in,' as the excellent cooks of that day used to say, in the matter of cakes, I should like to recall one more recipe that I encountered as 'schoolma'am,' and one that I can recommend if you should suddenly decide that a Box Social might be something new by way of entertaining friends bored by the modern cocktail party.

These were quite simply called 'Mis' Taylor's Cupcakes,' but, if pigs is always pigs, it by no means follows that cupcakes are always cupcakes.

Mis' Taylor's recipe called for one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, a cup and a half of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. The butter and sugar were creamed, the eggs (beaten separately) added, the yolks first, and whites at the last. Milk and flour (into which baking powder had been sifted) were added alternately, and vanilla last. This was then poured into well-buttered muffin tins (floured) and baked about half an hour in the brown-paper oven (nowadays at 375 degrees.)

When these had been cooled, a deep round was cut out of the top and the cavity filled with a lemon or orange custard; then the top was replaced and covered with a stiff icing. Over this icing, if you want your cakes to look as ours did, sprinkle some pink sugar — if you can find it!

V

Beguiled by the memory of those cakes, which were star features of the Box Socials, we have for the moment lost sight of the Church Supper and its twofold object: a focus for community

sociability and a means of replenishing the pastor's slender purse. The Box Social was but one variant of the occasion. Sometimes, but not frequently, it took the form of an oyster supper, but because oysters had to be paid for, cash money, and the usual viands were contributed, the difference in profit rendered this kind of supper less popular.

Few if any of the country or small-town churches were equipped with means for serving a supper, or even boasted any room in which such an affair could be held. It was given, therefore, in whatever public building might be available, at the home of the pastor (he thereby benefiting by any surplus quantity of food), or at some private home accommodated to the purpose. After the supper was eaten, games were played, — Whirl the Platter; Spat 'em In, Spat 'em Out; Marching through Jerusalem, — the minister looking benignly on from the seat of honor, flanked by deacons, trustees, Sunday School teachers, and other persons of importance.

As the time for parting drew near, the acknowledged singers of the neighborhood gathered about the organ and led the soaring melody of such appropriate airs as 'Shall We Gather at the River,' 'Sweet Hour of Prayer,' and finally the Doxology, in which due recognition of present blessings was given.

VI

My father did not much like church suppers, no matter what form they took. In fact, he was quite plainly and sometimes belligerently averse to going away from home at all, especially at mealtime. He liked his own home food, his own chair, his feet under his own table. He enjoyed having his relatives come to visit him, and once in a while of a Sunday he enjoyed visiting them, but he never wanted to stay

long. The chores out of the way, his toilet made, — consisting of a shave, his bald head scrubbed until it shone ruddily like a polished Baldwin apple, a clean shirt, black tie, best trousers, and cloth-topped boots, — his breakfast eaten, and he was ready to start.

'How long 'fore you'll be ready?' he would demand to know as he rose from the table.

'Well, I've got the dishes to wash and get us ready,' Mother would answer, meaning herself and me. 'Take about an hour, maybe.' She always gave him at least an extra thirty minutes more than she expected it to take, in order to avoid as much champing at the bit as possible.

'An *hour!* What'n tunket you want to take an *hour* for to wash up a mess of dishes and change your dress! I could wash up them dishes, and more too, in fifteen minutes.'

'S'pose you take right hold of 'em, then,' my mother countered amiably. 'You do the dishes and I'll go get ready.'

Since my father, to my almost certain knowledge, never washed a dish in his life, the challenge was unnoticed other than by a grunt of derision. What he would do would be to go to the barn, hitch the horse to the buggy, drive up ostentatiously and noisily to the stepping block, and then call out, 'Hey, 'Miry! You 'most ready?'

As long as she could avoid it, Mother would pay no attention. If, within a few minutes, she did not appear at the door ready to go or to reassure him, he would get out, hitch the horse to the post, and, pushing his old hat (for he never seemed to have a new one, whatever the date of purchase) back on his head, come, stomping and fuming, inside.

'What in tarnation Tophet are you *doin'?*' I can hear him cry. 'You been *two* hours now, and you ain't ready *yet!*'

'You look at the clock,' my mother would advise him. 'It's just exactly twenty minutes since we got up from the table, and if you'll go out and keep still I'll be out. I've got to feed the cat and —'

But what minutiae of detail still remained to her list of duties were lost to his ears. He would take me by the hand, hustle my stumbling feet to keep stride with his own, and hoist me to the seat. Then he would put his hands behind him, bend his head forward as if searching the ground for reasons for such unconscionable delay, and pace back and forth from horse block to door, pausing an instant at the latter for sounds of approach.

When finally my mother did appear, a rather rusty black hat on her head, coated and gloved, she, impatient at finding him rampant and chafing on the step, would exclaim: —

'What you in such a hurry for anyway? We're just goin' visitin', ain't we?'

'I want to get started,' he would argue earnestly, 'so's we can get home. I got chores to do.'

Inasmuch as no powers of persuasion ever put forth during his lifetime, so long as I knew him, could induce him to remain anywhere more than an hour after dinner had been eaten, there seemed to be no immediate likelihood of stock or fowl going too long unattended. The controversy, however, was a ritual, seldom varied, and never missed.

I remember one particular instance where a church supper was to be held at the town hall some five miles away, when my father's stubborn disinclination to go from home very nearly redounded to his own grief. He had absolutely refused to go. It was around the first of March; the roads had thawed and frozen, then snow had fallen until neither wheels nor runners could make headway, and he declared

that neither he nor his horses were going to be dragged out in such weather.

My mother, however, had been asked to contribute a pan of scalloped potatoes and a couple of pies, and nothing my father could say would deter her from responding to what she considered her duty.

'I'll send 'em a couple of dollars,' my father volunteered, 'and that's more than the stuff's worth. *Take* two dollars out of the ho'ses to go over there. Say nothing of *me*.'

'How'll you send it?' inquired my mother tersely.

'Some tarnation fool will be goin' over,' returned my father sententiously. 'Bouldrys, likely.' (The Bouldrys lived half a mile beyond us.) 'Can't keep some folks to home.'

'Then I'll go along with the Bouldrys,' replied my mother calmly, and proceeded with her baking.

Now a pan of scalloped potatoes, as it came from my mother's oven, was something that would have drawn a man of less epicurean tastes than my father's from wherever he might be, so his nose was tickled by its aroma.

For such purpose as this she used a four-quart milkpan. The potatoes, crisped in ice-cold water, were sliced almost precisely to an eighth of an inch in thickness. Over a layer of these in the bottom of the pan, butter was thickly dotted, salt and pepper shaken, followed by a thin drift of flour. This was repeated until the pan was full. Then a good quart of half milk, half cream, was poured over the whole, and the pan set in the oven to cook slowly until the potatoes were done, and the top encrusted in golden brown and richer bronze.

This was one of my father's best-loved dishes, but to whet, tease, and harry the poor man's palate even further she had at the same time made two luscious mince pies, unusu-

ally large in size, and seeming to excel all others in steaming savoriness.

Close at hand stood my father, his eyes hankering with desire, his face long and doleful.

'Could n't you 've made an *extry* dish of potatoes,' he said testily, 'seein's I was n't goin'? Or anyway another pie?'

'I just did n't have time,' Mother sweetly regretted, as she swathed the dishes in towels to keep them hot. 'There's the cold beans left over from yesterday, and some eggs I hard-boiled. You can get the bread out of the crock, and the butter's in the cupboard. And there's some sauce —'

'Ain't you even goin' to *set the table*?' he demanded incredulously. For my mother to go and leave him alone at mealtime under any circumstances was incredible enough, but to leave him to set his own table was simply unthinkable.

'I'll get myself and Delly ready,' my mother said, 'and if I have time

before the Bouldrys come along I'll set it.'

'They may not go,' argued my father, casting a hopeful eye at the betoweled pans. 'Lem Bouldry ain't no fool about *his* ho'ses, either.'

'They're going,' my mother assured him cheerfully. 'The hired man went over to town this afternoon — I forgot to tell you. He said they'd be along.'

My father took a few uncertain steps toward the door, hesitated, then came back.

'What time *is* this tarnation-fool supper?' he wanted to know.

'Six o'clock,' said my mother, glancing at the clock. 'It's pretty near five now. They'll be along any minute.'

Another turn to the door and back — clump, clump!

'Well,' — he stood over the table and glowered, — 'seein's you seem to have time enough to get up something to eat for everybody else but *me*, I s'pose I'll *have* to go along, or starve.'

He went along.

OLD-AGE SECURITY FOR EVERYBODY

BY M. ALBERT LINTON

I

'You and I, yes, every individual and every family in the land are being brought close to that supreme achievement of the present Congress, the Social Security Law.' With these striking words the President referred last November to the great adventure upon which this country has embarked seeking economic security for its citizens. Although, as the President indicates, the law will affect the lives of all of us, people generally know very little about the degree of protection that it provides or the manner in which it will operate. Its implications simply have not been brought home to the average man and woman.

The old-age security provisions of the law are the most important and eventually will be of most interest to the country at large. In less than a year, more than one half of the workers in the United States are going to be compelled to pay a tax upon their wages or salaries to support a Federal pension plan.

To the average person the old-age security programme appears technical and complicated. Although this is true as to the basic calculations, it fortunately is not true as to the broad principles which underlie it. I say 'fortunately' for the reason that the programme has such far-reaching consequences that it should be understood and discussed from one end of the country to the other. From the point

of view of financial magnitude, of the number of people concerned, and of the administrative problems that will press for solution, the programme is unprecedented. Its various provisions must be soundly conceived and properly coördinated or the consequences may be quite different from what is anticipated.

The difficulties of caring for the dependent aged have of course been accentuated by the depression. Irrespective, however, of economic conditions, the old-age security problem will continue with us because of the changes that are taking place in the age distribution of our population.

Thirty-five years ago the number of people in the United States aged sixty-five or over was 3,100,000. To-day the number is 7,500,000 and the estimate for thirty-five years hence is 15,100,000. To-day those sixty-five or older represent less than 6 per cent of the population. Thirty-five years hence the figure is estimated to be in excess of 10 per cent. Prospective changes of this magnitude in a country where the electorate is becoming increasingly interested in old-age pensions point to the conclusion that, whether or not the present law shall survive the test of the courts, some practicable way will be found to make the old age of our workers more comfortable and happy.

The old-age security programme as it now stands has two parts. The first is a contributory plan, entirely Federal

in character, requiring no state legislation to make it effective. It is to be supported by payroll taxes paid equally by the employees and their employers. It is estimated that the plan will apply to some twenty-five million workers. Even though a business may have only one employee, that employee, if of eligible age, is included in the plan provided the occupation is not an excluded one. Among those not included are agricultural workers, domestic servants, casual laborers, and those working for a Federal, state, or local governmental unit, in the merchant marine, or for charitable, educational, or religious organizations not operated for profit. Some of the occupations are excluded for administrative reasons, some because of constitutional limitations, and others from considerations of policy. Proprietors and the self-employed are not included. Railway employees are covered by a separate plan contained in subsequent legislation.

The second part of the programme provides for coöperation between the states and the Federal Government in furnishing free assistance in the form of monthly grants to needy aged persons not otherwise provided for. This system of free grants holds out the hope of a gratuitous pension to the large number of workers in the excluded occupations mentioned above, if they reach old age without resources. The assistance plan can become effective only by appropriate state legislation, the incentive for which is the offer of the Federal Government to bear a large part of the financial burden. The distinction between the two plans should be kept clearly in mind. They are entirely separate and operate upon entirely different social theories.

II

The twenty-five million workers estimated to be covered by the contrib-

utory plan represent somewhat more than one half of the gainful workers in the country as determined by the 1930 census. In 1937 those included in the plan will begin to pay a 1 per cent tax upon their wages or salaries. Their employers will pay a similar tax, making 2 per cent in all. The rate is to stay at this figure for three years. In 1940 it is to be increased to 3 per cent. Similar increases are scheduled to occur every three years, until in 1949, and thereafter, the rate of tax is to be 3 per cent for the worker and 3 per cent for the employer, or 6 per cent in all. The tax will apply only to earnings up to \$3000 in any year. Anything over \$3000 will not be taxed.

Pensions are first to be paid in 1942. The age at which the pension is to commence is sixty-five, provided the worker is not then regularly employed. The pension increases with the years of employment following the inauguration of the plan. Prior years of employment do not count. The general manner in which the pension formula operates may be illustrated by the following schedule showing the pensions available to persons of certain given ages who will earn \$200 a month steadily until age sixty-five.

<i>Age in 1937</i>	<i>Year of Retirement</i>	<i>Monthly Pension at Age 65</i>
60.....	1942.....	\$22.50
50.....	1952.....	42.50
40.....	1962.....	56.25
30.....	1972.....	66.25
20.....	1982.....	76.25

These figures show what is meant by the statement that the plan reserves the more adequate pensions for the rather distant future.

Another feature of the plan is that for a given period of service the amount of the pension relative to earnings decreases as the earnings increase. This is illustrated by the following figures relating to persons aged forty in 1937 who retire in 1962 at age sixty-five.

<i>Average Monthly Wage over 25-Year Period</i>	<i>Pension at Age 65</i>	<i>Pension as Percentage of Wage</i>
\$ 50.....	\$25.00....	50.0
100.....	37.50....	37.5
150.....	50.00....	33.3
200.....	56.25....	28.1
250.....	62.50....	25.0

The maximum pension that anyone can receive is \$85 per month. It will be available to those few individuals who will have earned \$3000 or more a year over a period of employment of at least forty-three years subsequent to 1936.

To arrive at the amount of the pension it is not necessary to compute a worker's average monthly earnings. The factors in the pension formula apply to the total earnings after 1936 and before attaining age sixty-five, excluding all earnings above \$3000 in any calendar year. This avoids difficult questions arising from fluctuating earnings and periods of unemployment.

In the event of death before age sixty-five, an amount equal to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the earnings which have been taxed is paid to the estate of the worker. If the pension has commenced and the worker dies before the pension payments have aggregated $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of taxed earnings, then the balance is paid to his estate. Since the maximum amount that a worker can contribute is 3 per cent of his earnings subject to tax, the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent death benefit ensures a return in excess of the amount he himself has paid into the plan.

In considering the application of the pension programme one is apt to think of it as applying almost entirely to those who work right up to age sixty-five and then retire. This is not the case. Anyone who works on at least one day in each of five different calendar years after 1936 and before his sixty-fifth birthday is entitled at sixty-five to a pension, provided the total wages equal or exceed \$2000. Therefore, many who stop working at a relatively young age will be entitled to

a pension when they reach age sixty-five. For example, a stenographer who after 1936 works from age twenty to age twenty-five for total wages of \$6000, and then leaves business and gets married, will be entitled forty years later to a pension of \$17.50 a month.

III

The old-age contributory plan is set up on a theoretically self-supporting basis. That is to say, the proposed payroll taxes are expected to provide all of the benefits under the plan without resort to general revenue funds. As we have seen, the larger pensions are reserved for the rather distant future. In the meantime, the payroll taxes are expected to exceed pension payments. The excess is to be invested in a reserve fund which shall earn interest of at least 3 per cent a year. Eventually the interest on the reserve fund, known as the Old-Age Reserve Account, is estimated to cover approximately 40 per cent of the benefit payments. The remaining 60 per cent will be covered by the then current receipts from the 6 per cent payroll tax. Since the benefit payments for pensions and death benefits are estimated eventually to reach approximately 3.5 billions a year, this means that about 1.4 billions will be provided by interest on the Reserve Account and the remaining 2.1 billions by the payroll taxes. It is important to keep in mind that the sole function of the Reserve Account is to produce interest. It is not contemplated that the principal will ever have to be drawn upon.

The Old-Age Reserve Account is to be invested in direct obligations of the United States or in obligations fully guaranteed by the United States. It is to be no small affair. According to the estimates of the Senate Finance Committee, the Account will reach approximately forty-seven billions by 1980.

The excess of tax receipts over benefit payments and expenses as estimated by the Committee will continue until about 1967. Here are the figures for certain years: —

<i>Year</i>	<i>Excess Tax Receipts</i>
1937.....	\$254,000,000
1940.....	640,000,000
1945.....	946,000,000
1950.....	1,278,000,000
1955.....	973,000,000
1960.....	559,000,000
1965.....	173,000,000

These sums do not include any interest upon the principal of the reserve fund to be built up during this period.

The tax receipts are to be paid directly into the general revenue fund of the government, and the hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars slated to reach the Reserve Account will do so only if Congress is so minded. To have had the taxes paid directly into the Account would, it was feared, jeopardize the plan if its constitutionality should be challenged. Therefore, in the Act, Title II provides the old-age benefits and Title VIII imposes the payroll taxes. The fact that the two titles relate to each other must be implied. It is nowhere directly indicated in the Act. In setting up the independent pension plan for railroad employees it is interesting that the taxes and pensions are provided by two entirely separate acts.

IV

The anticipated large excess of income over outgo resulting from the self-sufficiency principle is the most dangerous feature of the old-age programme and may have consequences quite different from what was planned by the framers of the Social Security Act. Their plan as embodied in the law is to have actuaries calculate each year the amount theoretically needed to be added to the Reserve Account and then to have Congress appropriate that

amount to the Account until finally, forty-five years hence, the enormous interest-bearing fund of forty-seven billions will have been accumulated. Suppose, however, that Congress is not impressed by actuarial theory and decides to follow some other course. What are the probable alternatives?

A quite likely alternative is an increase in the scale of pension benefits. Millions of voters are going to be mystified by the huge surpluses that will apparently result from the operation of the plan. Having no understanding of actuarial principles, they will believe that something must be wrong, that surely larger pensions could safely be paid than are being paid. A popular change in the plan would be to follow the British principle and pay larger immediate pensions without reserving them for the rather distant future. This would, of course, absorb a large amount of money and within a few years might easily eliminate the anticipated excess of income over outgo. In this event, the accumulation of the reserve fund would not take place. The danger lies in the probability that a scale of pension benefits would be adopted which in the end would prove unbearable for our children and grandchildren.

Another popular method of employing apparent surplus income would be to lower the pension age below sixty-five. A large proportion of industrial and other workers become unadapted to their work before they reach sixty-five. Lowering the pension age to sixty would be exceedingly popular. However, the increase in the pension load would be marked. Reducing the pension age from sixty-five to sixty would raise the eventual estimated benefit load from 3.5 billions a year to at least five billions a year.

In reflecting upon the possibilities, the popularity of old-age pensions among the voters should be kept con-

stantly in mind. Everyone fears an old age of poverty. Any plan to have the Federal Treasury provide an old age of comfort, free from want, will have a powerful political appeal. When upwards of twenty-five million voters directly concerned with the operation of the contributory plan become acquainted with its provisions and begin to pay taxes to support it, they are bound to take a lively interest in what is going to come back to them. If perchance their interest should tend to lag, candidates for political office will take care that it is revived.

The two liberalizations of the plan above referred to might be adopted in combination. It will probably appear feasible not only to increase the schedule of benefit payments, but also at the same time to lower the pension age. Powerful political forces are almost sure to rally to the support of attractive and for the moment apparently sound liberalizations of the plan which eventually would either cause the system to fall of its own weight or induce an inflationary rise in the price level to offset the unbearable pension load. Either would undermine the very security that is being sought.

A third alternative is that future Congresses, instead of following actuarial theory and appropriating excess pension income to build a huge reserve fund, will spend the money for current projects. A spending programme to benefit the voters of the present would be much more attractive than saving money to benefit the voters of the generations to come.

It is interesting in this connection to note that it would be possible not only to spend the money currently, but also in so doing to go through the motion of building up the Old-Age Reserve Account. This could be accomplished by appropriating the money to the Account, having it borrowed by the Treasury and then spent for the pur-

pose authorized by Congress. This procedure is made possible by the provision of the law which empowers the Treasury to issue its own obligations, bearing 3 per cent interest, directly and exclusively to the Reserve Account. The sole function of the reserve, it will be recalled, is to provide interest to enable future generations more easily to bear the pension load we are placing upon them. Therefore it would be most unfortunate if the operation of the plan in its earlier years should stimulate an increase in the Federal debt.

In passing we may well question whether it is sound public policy to give the Treasury the power to borrow at 3 per cent irrespective of market conditions and without the necessity of having to submit the credit of the government to the appraisal of the financial community by selling securities to the public in the normal way.

A fourth alternative is that the anticipated increases in the tax rate, which is to rise from 2 per cent to 6 per cent in twelve years, will not be put into effect. The first increase in the rate is to be made in 1940, two years before pension payments are scheduled to commence. When 1940 arrives, is it likely that Congress will attach much weight to actuarial theory and increase the tax rate when there is no apparent necessity of so doing?

As a matter of fact, the estimates underlying the report of the Senate Finance Committee reveal a very interesting situation. If the 2 per cent tax rate should be continued without change it would not be until 1951 that current benefit payments would exceed current tax receipts after paying the estimated expenses of operating the system. Furthermore, if the excess tax receipts prior to 1951 should be invested in a reserve fund earning 3 per cent interest, the fund would reach six billions before the mounting benefit

payments would necessitate drawing upon it. If the principal of the reserve fund should then be used to supplement the 2 per cent tax receipts, all benefits provided by the law could be paid until 1963 before it would be necessary to seek more revenue.

During the twenty-seven-year period from 1937 to 1963 inclusive, the estimate of the total taxes at the 2 per cent rate is seventeen billions. At the rates of tax specified in the law it is forty-one billions. The additional twenty-four billions are to be collected solely for the purpose of building a reserve fund, the interest upon which is to help pay pension benefits after 1963. Not a dollar of the additional billions would be needed for benefits prior to that time.

In contemplating a situation such as this we shall be quite safe in assuming that there will be no tripling of the tax rate by 1949, provided the present benefits remain unchanged. Now that the law is on the statute books, this fourth alternative provides what is probably the most practicable way out of the morass that would be created by the self-supporting reserve basis of operation. Simply allow the 2 per cent rate of tax to stand until it appears necessary to make an increase. This would reduce the dangerous excess of income over outgo that would result from the operation of the present law, and facilitate the transfer of the system to a practicable current-cost basis.

In considering the various alternatives we may be confident of one thing. The programme for the Congresses of the next thirty years to practise self-denial by investing hundreds of millions each year in a reserve fund mounting into the tens of billions belongs in the realm of dreams. The fund possibly may be allowed to reach a total of a few billions. After that the country will call a halt. The danger inherent, therefore, in the self-sufficiency plan is not that the huge reserve actually will

be created, but that the excess of income over outgo will lead either to a dangerous liberalization of the benefits or to a programme of unsound governmental spending.

V

In the light of these considerations it is interesting to contrast some of the features of our programme with the corresponding ones of the British contributory old-age security programme adopted in 1925.

In Great Britain the plan was so arranged that the maximum rates of pension went into effect at the outset. The middle-aged and older workers who had spent their lives in the insured trades were not to be penalized because the country had not previously established a system to which they could have made contributions. Great Britain believes it sounder policy to allow the present generation to enjoy the maximum practicable benefits of the pension system instead of postponing them for many years to come. The contributions paid jointly by the employer and employee are not sufficient to accomplish this objective, and therefore substantial grants are being made from general revenue funds.

A plan of this kind tends to keep the benefits within manageable limits, since they become a relatively large charge upon current taxes. It keeps the taxpayers of the present acutely aware of the cost of a pension system. For that very reason the promised pensions may prove to be more reliable than ours, since there is less likelihood that the plan will eventually break down through promising more than can be delivered.

On the other hand, the British programme is less ambitious than the one we have adopted. Broadly speaking, it applies only to the low-income-earning groups, so that it is not necessary for the contributions and the pensions to be graded according to earnings. One

uniform rate of contribution applies to men, another to women, and the pensions, in general, are paid at a uniform weekly rate.

The British plan does not involve the accumulation of huge reserves. In the years immediately following its establishment, receipts exceeded benefit payments, so that in 1931 a fund equivalent to about 230 million dollars had been accumulated. However, the accumulation is being drawn upon, and the actuary's report issued a year ago indicates that the fund will have been completely exhausted in 1946. Great Britain evidently is under no delusion as to the undesirability of a reserve system in a nation-wide public pension plan.

The hazards connected with the large excess income inherent in the kind of self-sustaining reserve plan embodied in our legislation were emphasized by the actuaries associated with the work of the Committee on Economic Security. They recommended the formulation of a current-cost plan which would practically balance current taxes and current pension outgo and provide for no more than a reasonable contingency reserve to be used in years when adverse business conditions might cause current tax receipts to fall off and be insufficient to meet pension payments.

The Committee on Economic Security, in order, to use their own words, 'to keep the reserves within manageable limits,' recommended a programme which involved tax rates starting at 1 per cent and rising to 5 per cent in twenty years and which would have produced a reserve fund estimated to reach a maximum of fifteen billions. Later there was to be a government subsidy from general revenue to compensate for the fact that interest would be received upon a fund of fifteen billions instead of upon a fund of more than three times that amount.

The adoption of the final plan with

its higher schedule of taxes starting at 2 per cent and rising to 6 per cent in twelve years, and its estimated eventual reserve fund of forty-seven billions, resulted from the insistence of the Secretary of the Treasury before the Ways and Means Committee of the House that the plan be made theoretically self-sustaining. It is an interesting example of an attempt to apply an actuarial theory to a set of conditions where, because of non-actuarial considerations, it is not safe to do so.

VI

Although we may be convinced that the projected huge reserve fund will never be created, it is interesting to consider some of the questions that would arise if the theory embodied in the Act should actually be carried out.

For example, the outstanding direct and guaranteed obligations of the United States in which the reserve fund may be invested now aggregate less than thirty-six billions. Despite the fact that the state of the nation's finances points to an increase in this figure before the peak will have been reached, the proposal to accumulate a reserve fund of forty-seven billions would seem to contemplate the eventual transfer to the Old-Age Reserve Account of the entire Federal debt with perhaps a margin left over for investment in other securities, as yet undesignated. When we consider the beneficial reduction in the national debt which occurred during the 1920's, would it not be advisable to plan for a comparable reduction in our present unprecedented debt as revenues increase with improving business conditions? Yet how can this be accomplished if a reserve fund of forty-seven billions is to be invested in United States securities, the present supply of which is less than thirty-six billions?

The conflicting conceptions here indi-

cated deserve our careful consideration. Evidently a reduction of the debt is anticipated by the Administration. Last September the President released a statement regarding the 1936 and 1937 budgets in which he said that it was clear to him that existing tax schedules would supply sufficient revenue to meet the expense of the necessary operations of the government and 'to retire its public debt.' In the summer, the Secretary of the Treasury appeared before the Senate Finance Committee to advocate the 1935 tax bill. He said that he hoped the proceeds of the new taxation would be 'preserved scrupulously for the purpose, first, of reducing the deficit, and later, of reducing the public debt.'

For convenience in considering this subject we may divide the revenues of the government into two broad classifications, general revenue and pension revenue, including in the latter both the receipts from the old-age payroll taxes and the interest on the investments in the Reserve Account. Normally, a reduction in the outstanding Federal debt would occur when current governmental expenses had been covered by general revenue, leaving a margin with which to retire outstanding obligations, which would then be canceled. Under the old-age security programme, when outstanding United States securities are acquired by means of excess pension revenue, they are to be kept alive as assets of the Old-Age Reserve Account and are not to be canceled. On the contrary, interest at not less than 3 per cent a year is to be paid upon them indefinitely in the future. Under a plan of this kind could it be said that the obligations thus acquired had been retired?

However, there is this to be said. Since the principal of the Reserve Account, according to theory, will never have to be drawn upon, its sole function being to furnish interest to

help carry the future pension load, it would not be necessary for the securities owned by the Reserve Account to have a maturity date for the payment of principal. These securities could be considered as perpetuities or actually be reissued in that form. In this sense a type of debt reduction might be said to have taken place when the securities had been purchased by the Old-Age Reserve Account. Perhaps this is what the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have in mind when they speak of retiring or reducing the debt. Be that as it may, the fact remains that theory requires that interest be paid until the end of time upon a fund that will eventually aggregate forty-seven billions, all of which must be invested in obligations of the United States.

If all outstanding United States obligations are to be purchased out of pension revenue for the benefit of the Old-Age Reserve Account, then there is no need that general revenue should include any sums to be applied to debt reduction. General taxation, therefore, could be on a lower level than would otherwise have been the case. In passing, it is interesting to reflect upon the fact that in a situation of this kind a large proportion of the money applied to the purchase of United States securities would arise from taxes imposed upon the lower-paid workers of the country, and would be money that normally would have been used to buy food, clothing, and other necessities.

In considering the interesting financial arrangements embodied in the pension programme, one wonders whether future generations are likely to understand the bookkeeping arrangement between the Treasury Department and its subsidiary, the Old-Age Reserve Account. When the Reserve Account reaches the contemplated forty-seven billions, the interest at 3 per cent which will have to be raised each year

will amount to about 1.4 billions. This sum presumably will have to be included in the budget of that future day and be raised by general taxation. When the money is received by the Treasury, it will be paid over to the Old-Age Reserve Account and promptly turned back into circulation in the form of pension payments. About 40 per cent of these payments, it will be recalled, will then be covered by the interest on the Reserve Account.

In seeking a more satisfactory method of operation, would it not be better policy to abandon the plan of keeping the Federal debt alive as an asset of the Reserve Account? Instead the debt would be retired to the lowest practicable level, and then in the years to come the country would raise directly by taxation for the benefit of the pension system that amount of money which under the plan as it now stands would have to be raised as interest on a debt owed by the Treasury to one of its own departments. The menace of a huge fund which could be raided would be removed, and there would be much less likelihood of political manipulation and stimulated extravagance. The whole transaction would be much more understandable to the voters of the country.

VII

The second part of the old-age security programme involves a system of free assistance for the benefit of those who are now aged and in need and for those not included in the contributory plan who in the future will become old and be found in need, provided they are not in a public institution. It is a form of poor relief, subject to a 'means test' and not granted as a matter of right, independent of means, as is the pension in the case of a person covered by the contributory plan.

This free assistance depends upon coöperation between the states and the

Federal Government. Aged needy individuals will be cared for on a fifty-fifty basis up to \$30 per month per individual. A state may pay as much as it desires, but the Federal contribution to an individual is limited to \$15 per month. Undoubtedly in the course of time many states will permit an aged man and his wife without resources each to apply for assistance, so that together they will be entitled to receive up to \$60 per month with the Federal Government paying one half the bill.

The intention is to establish age sixty-five as the uniform pension age, but, owing to the existence of a number of state plans which have a higher limit, age seventy will be approved until 1940. No residence requirement may exclude any resident of a state who has resided there for five of the nine years immediately preceding application and has also resided there continuously for one year immediately preceding application.

In broad outline, the old-age assistance plan follows the precedent of Canada, where for about six and one-half years, on the average, eight provinces and the Dominion have been supporting a coöperative plan providing up to \$20 a month to needy individuals aged seventy or more. The latest date for which figures are available is March 31, 1935. On that date approximately 37½ per cent of the total population aged seventy or over in the eight provinces were on the pension rolls. The average monthly grant per individual pensioner was running at the rate of \$17.23, or 86 per cent of the maximum.

The Canadian plan has one provision that this country would do well to consider carefully. When a pensioner moves from one province to another, that part of the pension not paid by the Dominion Government is shared equally by the two provinces, provided the new province is in the pension plan.

If it is not, then the original province continues to pay what it would have paid if the pensioner had stayed at home. In this country no provision for transfer has been made. In a substantial number of cases aged persons will want to follow a son or daughter who has moved to another state. In other cases the rigorous climate of some of our states will make it advisable for pensioners to move to a more favorable part of the country. Requiring aged people to remain in a state, on penalty of losing their pension, for five years would in many cases cause much hardship and distress. The Social Security Board would do well to seek a reasonable solution of this intensely human problem.

The working out side by side of the contributory old-age pension plan and the assistance plan, with its free pensions to those found to be in need, will lead for many years to considerable overlapping. It has already been pointed out that under the assistance plans that will probably be adopted by many states a needy aged couple will be entitled to receive up to \$60 a month. Under the contributory plan, no \$60 pension will be paid to anyone before 1960. No one whose forty-first birthday occurred before 1936 can receive as much as \$60 a month in any event. No one whose total wages average less than \$1534 a year, over a forty-five-year period subsequent to 1936, will receive as much as \$60 a month. Pensions of \$60 under the contributory plan are going to be deferred for many years and then will not be available to large numbers of pensioners.

It is interesting to reflect upon the consequences of a situation of this kind. A retired worker, Jones, who is over sixty-five, will be receiving a contributory pension of \$40 a month. Neither he nor his wife has any other resources. In his neighborhood are aged couples

who have had no connection whatever with the contributory plan who are receiving free assistance pensions of \$60 a month. What is more likely than that Mrs. Jones will apply for an assistance pension of \$20 a month, so that she and her husband may be at least as well off as those who have made no contribution toward their pensions? According to any reasonable rules of fair play, the \$20 supplementary pension should be granted.

Upwards of twenty million gainful workers of the country are estimated to be in the class subject to the operation of the free assistance plan. A still larger group will be compelled to pay taxes to obtain, as a matter of right, pensions which in a very large proportion of the cases will provide less than \$60 a month per aged couple. It will be most interesting to watch the interplay of attitudes between these two groups.

The Social Security Act appropriates 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions for the benefit payments under the old-age assistance plan for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936. This relatively small sum gives no inkling of the probable ultimate cost of the plan. The actuaries associated with the work of the Committee on Economic Security, after reviewing the experience in Canada and elsewhere, reached the conclusion that within a decade these free pensions would probably be costing about one billion dollars a year — five hundred millions for the states and five hundred millions for the Federal Government. The staff of the Committee on Economic Security felt that this estimate was too high and produced an estimate of cost less than one half of the actuaries' total. Time only can determine which estimate is the more reliable.

VIII

Of one thing we may be certain: the taxes called for by the Social Security

Act mount up to huge figures. Including the payroll taxes for the contributory old-age plan, the taxes to be raised by the states and the Federal Government for the old-age assistance plan, and the payroll taxes for the unemployment benefits provided by the Act, the yearly total, if the law remains unchanged, may reach three billions within ten years and four billions within twenty years.

On the other side of the ledger are to be set the enormous costs of old-age dependency and unemployment, which are very real and are now being borne in countless ways. If the billions of new taxes will replace these costs in an orderly manner and at the same time support a system that will confer worth-while social benefits, the country can well afford to pay them. If they will not accomplish these ends, then the economic and political consequences will be serious indeed.

The staff of the Committee on Economic Security faced an almost superhuman task when they were called upon in a few months' time to formulate from the ground up a well-rounded social insurance programme for a nation of 128 million people with marked

sectional differences. We cannot criticize their work. The programme finally adopted involved a number of changes from what they had recommended. Some of the changes were helpful, others were not. The change placing the contributory old-age benefit plan upon a theoretically self-supporting basis was unsound, and it is doubtful if its consequences were appreciated.

Despite extensive hearings by House and Senate Committees, Congress, busily engaged in putting through other far-reaching and difficult pieces of legislation, did not have the time to inform itself adequately regarding the intricate subject of social insurance. Therefore it is essential that the programme be subjected to further painstaking study in order that its faults may be remedied. Otherwise the law may promote general insecurity and not the security for which the country is seeking.

Finally we must postulate the placing of the financial policies of the government upon a sound basis. There is no other way of avoiding a type of inflation that is a cruel destroyer of the best-laid plans for social security.

TABLE ILLUSTRATING MONTHLY OLD-AGE BENEFITS PROVIDED BY
TITLE II OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT

Average Monthly Salary	Years of Employment after 1936 and Prior to Attaining Age 65								
	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45
\$50	\$15.00	\$17.50	\$20.00	\$22.50	\$25.00	\$27.50	\$30.00	\$32.50	\$35.00
75	16.25	20.00	23.75	27.50	31.25	35.00	38.75	42.50	46.25
100	17.50	22.50	27.50	32.50	37.50	42.50	47.50	51.25	53.75
125	18.75	25.00	31.25	37.50	43.75	50.00	53.13	56.25	59.38
150	20.00	27.50	35.00	42.50	50.00	53.75	57.50	61.25	65.00
175	21.25	30.00	38.75	47.50	53.13	57.50	61.88	66.25	70.63
200	22.50	32.50	42.50	51.25	56.25	61.25	66.25	71.25	76.25
225	23.75	35.00	46.25	53.75	59.38	65.00	70.63	76.25	81.88
250	25.00	37.50	50.00	56.25	62.50	68.75	75.00	81.25	85.00
or more									

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS

BY KAREL ČAPEK

TO-DAY I wanted to be idle; perhaps because it is so exceptionally lovely, or because the carpenter is working in the yard down below, or because the sun is shining, or for a thousand other reasons. I wanted to be idle.

I did not want to go out for a walk, for walking is not idleness; nor to read or sleep, for neither the one nor the other is idleness; nor to amuse myself nor to rest, for idleness is neither amusement nor rest. Idleness, sheer, perfect idleness, is neither pastime nor distraction; it is something negative; it is an absence from all the things which occupy, amuse, distract, interest, sadden, delight, impress, importune, bore, fascinate, attract, or disgust a man. It is a nothing, a negation, an aimlessness. It is something perfect and rare.

In the first place, idleness is not wasting time. I should be wasting time if, for instance, I were to draw water in a sieve. But when I am being idle that is just what I do not do; I do nothing unnecessary, for I do nothing at all.

In the second place, idleness is not the mother of wickedness; it cannot be the mother of anything, being completely barren. Its affections do not go out to anyone, for if they did it would not be idleness; it would be doing something, it would have an aim.

In the third place, idleness is not laziness. To be lazy is to omit doing something that one ought to do and to want to take it easy instead. To be idle

is to do nothing at all and not to want anything while not doing it.

To be idle is not even to rest. If you are resting you are doing something useful; you are preparing for further work. Idleness is without relation to any past or future work; it has no results and looks forward to nothing.

Nor is idleness the enjoyment of repose. To bask in the sunshine, to blink blissful eyes, to purr like a cat, all this is an activity which serves some purpose, for it is at least enjoyable; and enjoyment for its own sake is something like an aim. Idleness is absolutely aimless; it seeks neither repose nor pleasure, absolutely nothing.

Repose is a slow and even-flowing stream which silently bubbles and sways; rest is a dark and peaceful pool on which float the rubbish and foam of bad or violent moments; laziness is a creek covered with green weed, slime, and frog spawn; but idleness is stationary — it has neither rhythm nor sound; it does not move forward. It does not give life to weeds or slime or gnats. Its waters are dead and transparent. However long it stands, it does not grow warm. It stands still and does not get grown over. It has neither direction nor contents nor taste.

I wanted to be idle to-day; no, I wanted not to want anything.

I want — what do I want, really? Nothing; for that really is idleness. To be like a stone, but without weight. To be like water, but without reflection.

To be like a cloud, but without movement. To be like an animal, but without hunger. To be like a man, but without thoughts. To gaze at the white paper, empty and smooth. To write nothing and to go on looking until (of its own accord) it covers itself with black writing, words, sentences, lines, from top to bottom; one page, and a second, and a third. And then — then not have to read it; with the immense self-evidence of real, profound idleness, not read it through at all, but turn my eyes on the first fly of spring which is crawling across the windowpanes, and not to see it. And then — but what

does idleness want with a programme? Everywhere you can find something not to do, not to see, and not to look at.

And when you have finished with being idle, you wake and you return as it were from another world. Everything is a little strange and far away, a trifle disagreeable and strained; and you feel so . . . so queer that . . . well, you have to have a rest after your idleness. Resting, you have to yawn a little, and then laze about a bit, and then give yourself over to a certain repose; and only after that are you able to collect all your faculties and do something quite unnecessary.

DECEMBER IN THE TROPICS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE palm trees slope against the sky
As still as they were painted so . . .
Very strange it is that I
Stand under them, knee-deep in snow.

In other lands as green as this
Are other men, perhaps, like me,
Listening to the seething hiss
Of snowflakes falling endlessly.

Oh, kindly hills of home! that keep
For us who left them years ago
A wintry silence, muffled deep
In newly fallen, immortal snow.

POLITICS CARRIES THE MAIL

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I AM the most important person in the army after your excellency, for you are the head of the serpent, and I am the tail. — RICHARD WALL to his Prince, circa 1719

I

Good news is coming. Very shortly Mr. Farley will announce another surplus.

It will not be an excess of income over outgo, as surpluses were so accurately defined in the florid elocution of that great practical economist, Wilkins Micawber, but an 'official' surplus nevertheless; and if history repeats the national experience of 1934 and 1935, the newspapers once more will bring forth their most compelling block types to proclaim the Post Office's balanced budget — for the third successive year!

The achievement commands attention, not so much for the light it throws upon the efficiency of the postal service in recent years as for the evidence it offers of a new method of purely political bookkeeping. At best the balance sheets out of Washington are subject to hairsplitting legalistic interpretations; and at worst, as in the annual postal summaries, they approach closely those forms of public fraud which both the Securities Exchange Commission and the Federal Trade Commission were established to curb in private enterprise.

Figures are tiring, so we shall use them sparingly — and always keep them below a billion, even at the cost of leaving the audited record for a page or two at a time.

On December 3, 1935, the Hon-

orable William W. Howes, First Assistant Postmaster General, appeared before the House Committee on Appropriations for examination relative to the postal estimates for the fiscal year 1937, a matter of \$778,140,684. The printed transcript of the proceedings, deposited in the Library of Congress on February 5, 1936, carries an extended recapitulation of postal receipts and expenditures since 1930. On pages 4 and 5, under the item 'gross audited deficit,' appear these totals: —

<i>Fiscal Year (ended June 30)</i>	<i>Gross Audited Deficit</i>
1930	\$98,215,987
1931	146,066,189
1932	205,550,611
1933	112,374,892
1934	44,033,834
1935	65,807,950
1936	90,652,054*
1937	78,909,149*

* Department's official estimate submitted to the House through the Bureau of the Budget.

From this tabulation the question arises: How will Mr. Farley in his press releases covering the fiscal year 1936, which ends on June 30 next, manage to show a surplus, after his First Assistant Postmaster General has sworn before the House Committee on Appropriations to a prospective deficit of more than \$90,000,000 for the year?

Quite obviously Mr. Farley will

attempt this amazing feat in fourth-dimension integration, for at a testimonial dinner tendered him on February 8, 1936, he told the employees of the New York Post Office: 'For the past two years there has been a continual improvement in the postal business, and during these two years the service of the Department for which the public pays in postage has been conducted within the revenues received for those services which it holds for hire. Not only have we been able to wipe out the huge annual deficits in those services for which the public pays, but many improvements have been made in the service as well as many additions and extensions.'

Last year (fiscal year 1935), Mr. Farley was able to report a surplus of roundly \$5,000,000 at a time when the audited accounts of the Department showed a deficit of approximately \$66,000,000. An examination of the balancing method in that instance provides a probable guide to the now imminent operation upon the figures of the current fiscal year.

In his annual report for 1935, addressed to the President of the United States, Mr. Farley said in his third sentence, 'I am pleased to report that for the second successive year the ordinary operations of the postal service were maintained within the postal revenues.' How, then, may this glowing impression of a balanced postal budget, as released to the press, be squared with the actual postal deficit of \$66,000,000?

The answer, of course, comes from Amos 'n' Andy — 'You deducts.' Mr. Farley's words mean what they say, but not what they appear to mean. No one unfamiliar with Washington localisms ever could explain how his sentence slips under the wire to the protected area of official truth. The elastic element in the sentence is the term 'ordinary operations.' For an explanation

as to wherein ordinary operations differ from simple, everyday operations, as that term generally is used in the English language, we turn again to Mr. Farley's official report for 1935: —

The primary function of the Post Office Department is to render service to the people generally, for which it receives pay in the form of postage and fees collected from those who use its facilities.

Second, it handles without charge mail matter for Congress and all other governmental agencies; carries free of charge reading matter for the blind, newspapers for delivery within the county of publication, and carries without collection at zone rates of postage certain publications entitled under the law to preferential treatment; provides quarters and other facilities in post-office buildings without receiving payment therefor.

Third, it pays, in the form of mail contracts, subsidies for the maintenance of an American Merchant Marine and for the promotion and development of aviation. . . . Taking credit for these non-postal and adjusted items, amounting to \$70,772,100, there was a net surplus of \$4,964,149.31 with respect to that part of the Department's services which are rented for hire.

Mr. Farley presumes to find authority for these deductions in an act of June 9, 1930, which requires the Postmaster General to communicate to the Treasury at the end of each fiscal year the amount of postal revenue which, at the regular rates, would have been collected on free government mail — plus certain other preferential items relatively negligible in amount. During the fiscal year 1935 these items aggregated 147,685,000 pounds of mail. The revenue at regular rates would have been \$32,566,239, of which \$31,858,942 would have been collected from the government.¹

But these items present less than half of the deductibles. The remainder, roundly \$41,000,000, is found in three

¹ Exclusive of mail carried free for Post Office Department. — AUTHOR

considerable items of positive outlay—\$28,000,000 for ocean-mail subsidies, \$8,000,000 for air-mail subsidies, and \$5,000,000 for janitor and watchman services, electricity, and heat prorated to other Federal agencies occupying postal quarters.

Here, then, are roundly \$73,500,000 in deductions and adjustments set against the 'gross audited deficit' of \$65,800,000; which clearly leaves a postal operating 'profit' of roundly \$7,700,000. From this there is now subtracted a final adjustment item of \$3,900,000, covering 'prior current obligations,' mostly in open construction contracts. All of these items, when carried to exact dollars and cents in the audited reports of the Department, produce the hypothetical Farley surplus of \$4,964,149.31, as reported to the President and the press.²

Thus do we arrive at the rounded formula for that mysterious political alchemy which transmutes the base metal of a \$66,000,000 deficit into the sparkling publicity gold of a \$5,000,000 surplus. No matter how large the deficit, the process of conversion is the same.

The Division of Cost Ascertainment was established in the Post Office Department by an act of February 28, 1925. Since about 1927 the cost-revenue relationship of every branch of the postal service has been known to every administration. But never before 1934 were certain items of expenditure deducted from the auditors' tables prior to their release in summary form to the press. The special provision of June 9, 1930, requiring the formal certification of the government deadhead volume, was for the express purpose of focusing public attention upon the lavish government mailbag and its extravagant cost to the taxpayers. In the record of

the legislation there is no suggestion that the measure was conceived as a new proposal to fool all of the people all of the time.

Some reputable commentators, in discussing Mr. Farley's tremendously publicized surpluses of 1934 and 1935, have accused the Postmaster General of juggling the figures. A more charitable view is that he limited himself to juggling public information. Everybody reads the newspapers, but practically nobody reads the annual reports of the Postmaster General, or the thousand-page stenographic transcripts from the House Committee on Appropriations covering the annual postal supply bills. When Mr. Farley, either in the capacity of Postmaster General of the United States or Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, presents a statement regarding postal finances which is grossly at variance with his auditors' figures, he probably is doing no more than any other ambitious politician would do in the circumstances.

II

The same broad principles of political window dressing which guide postal budget policies appear also to govern Mr. Farley's major decisions touching personnel administration.

As of March 1933 there were, in our 46,000 post offices, roundly 13,600 postmasters subject to presidential appointment. Under the then prevailing order, which had been last changed fundamentally in 1921, candidates were selected from among the three highest eligibles certified to the Postmaster General by the Civil Service Commission. This provision was mandatory, but it did not give Mr. Farley sufficient elbowroom for the emergency operations which the times, and the pressures of the party faithful, appeared to demand.

On July 12, 1933, a presidential

² Annual Report Postmaster General, December 30, 1935, p. 49. House Document No. 314, 74th Congress, 2nd Session. — AUTHOR

executive order issued from the White House which empowered the Postmaster General thenceforward to *disqualify any certified candidate at will*. This obscure provision empowered the Post Office Department, in fact, to call for examinations again and again in relation to the same vacancy, until the desired political candidate should 'qualify.' The detailed operation of this extraordinary arrangement in nominal Civil Service examinations, explored in our next section herewith, has led to a number of appointments distinctly offensive to the postal morale.

In another clause, the President's order disqualifies the incumbent postmaster, at the expiration of his four-year appointive term, for competition in these nominal Civil Service examinations. It also bars all classified Civil Service employees in presidential post offices from attempting to qualify for a vacant postmastership by competitive test.

This executive order, the import of which was generally missed at the time, now is regarded by authorities on Civil Service history as the most flagrant planned retrogression in merit administration since establishment of the competitive régime in 1883. Other administrations had seen fit to cut corners here and there by various devices and winking stratagems, but here was a positive change of the legal scheme, to meet the requirements of spoils. In its annual report for 1934 the National Civil Service Reform League alluded to the examinations prescribed by Mr. Roosevelt's executive order as 'a sham and a mere cloak for the spoils system,' as a 'disgrace to the Roosevelt Administration and a serious liability to the Civil Service Commission.' Such violence did the new arrangement offer against established Civil Service practice that soon thereafter the Civil Service Commission began to append to its calls for

postmaster examinations in the three presidential classes: 'This is not an examination under the Civil Service Act and rules, but is held under an Executive Order of July 12, 1933, providing for such procedure.'

Of equal significance with the order itself was the manner of its promulgation. It was released at the White House simultaneously with an official announcement that Mr. Roosevelt this day had asked the Postmaster General to draft legislation which would bring all presidential postmasters under Civil Service law. So sensational was this gesture toward cleaning out the refuse pile of Federal political patronage that for a time it drove even the then budding NRA to the inside pages. It was a breath of cool air in a land of hot hysteria. In the mounting enthusiasm for so noble a step in Civil Service reform the tortuous and obscure legal language of the appended executive order was entirely ignored or missed. Many news reports of the day intimated that the executive order accomplished instantly by emergency fiat the steps which Mr. Farley's bill would ratify in due course. It seemed to be a reasonable forecast and was so accepted.

So much for the promise. Now let us look at the actual legislative history of the policy for which so much had been expected. The story is briefly told. Nineteen months elapsed without action. Then on February 6, 1935, Mr. Farley's bill was submitted simultaneously to the Post Office Committees of the House and Senate. To date neither body has called it from the calendar for consideration. Meanwhile, the provisions of the executive order of July 12 have been operative for thirty-three months.

Following a new series of attacks upon political postmasters, in the House and Senate, President Roosevelt initiated conferences a month ago with

departmental advisers and Congressional leaders concerned directly with Civil Service affairs. Thereafter, at his press conference on February 21, 1936, the Chief Executive made it clear that he would press for final legislative action on the Farley bill during the present session. A week later, however, no Congressional action indicative of an agreement between the two houses, or of a clear determination to enact the law, was visible on Capitol Hill. With all of this, one cannot but remember that a presidential election is due next November.

By these measures, four months after inauguration, the way was cleared for purely political selections in all presidential post offices. The range of appointments thus subject to the decisive selective influence of the Postmaster General may be judged by the fact that during the fiscal year 1935 alone no less than 3369 presidential postmasters were confirmed by the Senate. Among this number only twenty-five classified Civil Service postal employees won postmasterships by advancement from the ranks. In the same fiscal year, 2179 appointive terms expired in presidential postoffices, but only 277 incumbent postmasters were reappointed.

By way of measuring the intensity of the spoils raids within the Post Office we need only compare the 3369 presidential postmaster confirmations during 1935 with the total of 821 reported by the Civil Service Commission for the fiscal year 1932.

'We have received numerous complaints of presidential postmasters being asked to resign before the expiration of their appointive terms and being immediately succeeded by "acting postmasters" for obviously political reasons,' the National Civil Service Reform League reported on November 15, 1933. 'Two letters to the Post Office Department for information as to the number so removed elicited the reply

that these figures were not available, and that the labor involved precluded their being prepared.'

III

Understanding well that matters in the Post Office are not always precisely as the newspapers say, men of long experience in Washington now are quite indifferent to the fact that the departmental labor involved precludes the presentation of any information whatever in that quarter touching fundamental concerns of public policy.

It falls within my own experience, for example, that an Assistant Postmaster General once responded in apparent sincerity that the Department did not carry an index of incumbent postmasters which showed expiration dates of appointive terms. On another occasion the chief of an important administrative section responded, with flattering regret, that no one in the Department possibly could know how many presidential postmasters had since 1933 been removed prior to the expiration of their appointive terms. The Chief Clerk of the Department once responded that even the Postmaster General had no way of knowing who sponsored a certain candidate for postmaster in Boston, whose confirmation at the moment was being resisted vigorously by two Democratic Senators from Massachusetts. It is well known, however, to voters in the Bay State that the two principal sponsors of the nomination were leaders in the political faction actively supporting the Administration's policies.

It is known also that Postmaster William E. Hurley, whom the politicians sought to remove, boasted a Civil Service record covering thirty-five years in the ranks. A former Member of Congress, Mr. Peter Tague, who was active in behalf of the Roosevelt candidacy in Massachusetts in 1932, is Mr.

Farley's choice for the berth. If the opposition of the two Massachusetts Senators can be broken by political pressures in Washington, he will be confirmed in the present session.

This spoils raid parallels closely the turnover in New York City in 1933. There, John F. Keily, with a Civil Service record covering forty years, had served with distinction two terms as postmaster. His advancement from the classified ranks in 1925 to the nation's premier postmastership was hailed throughout the service as a crowning triumph for the merit system. Under pressure, however, by Mr. Edward J. Flynn, PWA Administrator for New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and Mr. Farley's powerful ally in the Bronx, Mr. Keily was demoted late in 1933 to the grade of assistant postmaster, to serve the two years required for his pension eligibility. Thereupon, Mr. Albert Goldman, New York Commissioner of Plants and Structures under Mayor James J. Walker, was appointed postmaster.

In these two instances alone, no less than seventy-five years of faithful service to the government is swept away by the spoilsmen.

Aroused by a wave of dismissals among their number late in 1933, the Service Postmasters' Association, comprising appointees elevated from the clerical ranks, launched an informal national survey of such cases. They counted no less than 175 displacements of service postmasters between March 4, 1933, and January 1, 1934. Many of these liquidated postmasters had been in the classified Civil Service as long as twenty years before attaining heart's desire in the form of the postmastership. All had been advanced to the rank of postmaster prior to the Harding administration. From the files of the Service Postmasters' Association come these characteristic details: Jesse W. Noble, postmaster at Manitou, Colo-

rado, dismissed after thirty-three years in the classified service; Hugh W. Judd, Watsonville, California, after thirty-two years; Philip K. Dewire, New London, Connecticut, thirty-two years; Benjamin W. Landborg, Elgin, Illinois, thirty years; Cyrus W. Ricketts, Paola, Kansas, twenty-six years. And so the list runs, through every state in the Union.

At Grand Rapids, Michigan, the postmaster had been thirty-nine years in the postal service. At fifty-nine years of age he was returned to the rôle of clerk, in favor of a prominent local Democrat who assumed the duties of acting postmaster. Unable to maintain the pace at the sorting racks where he had begun as a lad of twenty years, the liquidated postmaster requested assignment as a supervisor. The petition was denied. As the clerk's pay was only a few dollars more than his earned retirement annuity, he ended his Civil Service career by refuge to the pension rolls.

How many active men thus have been forced prematurely to the retired rolls probably could not be determined in the Post Office Department without much labor; but from page 82 of Mr. Farley's annual report for 1935 we learn that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1934, there were 9310 retirements in all grades of the postal service, against 2698 in the fiscal year 1932, and 4665 in the fiscal year 1933.

Total separations from the active postal service for all causes (among only the 215,000 employees contributing to the pension fund) were 7140 during the fiscal year 1932 and 14,357 during the fiscal year 1934. Separations by death alone, however, did not increase. These were 1167 in 1932, and 1192 in 1934.

Seldom does the complete record of political interference with Civil Service procedure find its way into the *Congressional Record*. But one such case is

traced in the two-hour Senate debate of February 6, 1936, concerning a nomination for postmaster at Cody, Nebraska. The name submitted by President Roosevelt, and favorably reported by the Senate Post Office Committee, was that of a lady whom the debate disclosed to be a sister of the Democratic county chairman for Cherry County. The job is of no importance. Cody is a village of less than six hundred population on the Chicago & North Western about ten miles north of the Niobrara River. But, in the history of Civil Service, Cody is a *cause célèbre*.

To fill a legitimate vacancy, the lady in nomination was appointed acting postmaster on February 18, 1934. Routine examinations were held by the Civil Service Commission on March 24, and the results certified to the Post Office Department on May 23. In this examination the lady in nomination had failed to qualify. Soon afterward, the Post Office requested the Civil Service Commission to review the records of the examination, to which the Commission responded in due course that no error could be found. There was no reason, as the Commission viewed it, for changing the ratings of the several applicants examined. Thus the matter dragged on for ten months. In March 1935, the Post Office formally requested the Civil Service Commission to hold a new examination.

'So far as I know,' said Senator Norris in outlining the case on the floor, 'no charges ever have been made that there was anything wrong with the first examination, but the Civil Service Commission proceeded to hold another examination.'

In the second examination, on July 25, 1935, the acting postmaster was placed third on the list. Her name then was submitted for confirmation.

'It is with the hope that at some time Congress will enact such a law, and

take the Post Office completely and entirely out of the control of politicians and job hunters, that I am making the few remarks I submit to-day,' Senator Norris explained. Whereupon, at the conclusion of a spirited debate pointed sharply in the direction of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, the lady was confirmed in due form.

Many irregularities of this and other forms in the selection of presidential postmasters have been aired from time to time during the last three years — in the debates of Congress, protests to the Civil Service Commission, extra-curriculum addresses of Senators and Representatives, and the periodical publications of the postal federations. Notable among appointments thus challenged on various counts of flagrant spoilsmanship were those at Brooklyn, Boston, New York, Grand Rapids, Atlantic City, St. Louis, Cleveland, Columbus, and Pittsburgh; Springfield, Massachusetts; Yankton, South Dakota; Bristol, Vermont; and Beloit, Wisconsin. Viewed together in retrospect, these cases, and all those others which they epitomize, appear to illuminate with dazzling light the prophetic statement of Mr. Farley before the Jefferson Day banquet at Minneapolis on May 8, 1933: 'We know that for every job we can find a Democrat of superior qualifications.'

And wherever necessary, to bring these superior qualifications through the nominal Civil Service routine prescribed by the artfully framed executive order of July 12, 1933, the Postmaster General always rings twice.

IV

As Senator Norris observed parenthetically in the Cody debates, this postmaster business 'has controlled our official life for one hundred years.' In political literature, the story of the

Jacksonian Era is an old wives' tale. On the occasion of Lincoln's first inauguration, runs one official history of the Civil Service Commission, 'a large number of Republicans who desired post offices formed a guard to protect the President from assassination, thinking that thereby they might obtain easy access to him, and so press their claims to the best advantage.' William Dudley Foulke, in his classic *Fighting the Spoilsmen*, tells of Lincoln's having once pointed out an eager multitude of office seekers thronging the White House: 'There you see something which in the course of time will become a greater danger to the Republic than the rebellion itself.' And to Carl Schurz Lincoln once remarked: 'I am afraid this thing is going to ruin republican government.'

Andrew Johnson's 'bread-and-butter brigade' remains an historical highlight of the Reconstruction Era. Grover Cleveland, sickened of patronage intrigues, rapped knuckles to the right and left; and when his first term ended in 1889 he had almost doubled the classified personnel. In his second term he more than doubled the Civil Service rolls — increasing them from 37,865 to 87,044 by March 3, 1897.

Theodore Roosevelt, a former vigorous member of the Civil Service Commission, once described the merit system as, 'in its essence, as democratic and American as the common school system itself.' During a little more than seven years in the White House he increased the classified rolls from 106,000 to 234,000.

President Taft's famous executive order of October 15, 1912, placed 36,236 fourth-class postmasters under Civil Service at one swoop.

Woodrow Wilson issued an executive order on March 31, 1917, making *mandatory* the nomination of the highest ranking candidate in an examination for any presidential postmastership.

Herbert Hoover's executive order of April 27, 1931, creating the Federal Council of Personnel Administration, was directed to a determination of 'the extent to which the government service does offer, or can be made to offer, a partial or a permanent career.'

Through all these advances, however, the tradition of a post-office director selected primarily on the basis of political considerations has prevailed unscathed. Few and feeble have been the assaults upon this citadel of spoils.

Not every postmaster general has brought grave embarrassment upon his chief. There always has been considerable variation in the political admixture in the commonplace business of dispatching the mails. Yet the fact remains that the largest unit of the Federal establishment has remained constantly in essentially political hands.

Why the principal political mentor of each successive President should preside over the Post Office never has been explained or defended, save euphemistically from time to time in terms of the political necessities of patronage. If this theory of political realism were true, we should also have political intimates of the President as Secretary of the Treasury and Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve Board. The logic is the same.

As a matter of fact, I think, the explanation is easier than that. Our political tradition in the Post Office is so much with us that the enormity of the folly simply does not register longer upon the national consciousness. Only a shocking scandal arouses the country to the dangers of postal spoils.

The excessive costs of this system we have no way of knowing. In reviewing the administrative corruption of the spoils crisis in the early 1880's Foulke offered the consolation: 'Such is the vitality of republican institutions that they could live and thrive if the service were twice as bad as it then was and

cost twice as much.' But the thought offers little assurance to a generation which is witnessing a comprehensive policy of spoils for the victor such as Mr. Foulke never saw.

Some twenty-five years ago the late John Wanamaker proposed, half in jest, to lease the Post Office establishment at several millions a year. Charles G. Dawes, after his experience as Director of the Budget, once said he could pay \$25,000,000 annually for the domestic mail monopoly and show a handsome profit. In the *Challenge to Liberty*, Herbert Hoover wrote: —

That the government should control the mails for reasons of confidence is not denied, but that private enterprise could collect and deliver the mail for three quarters of the present cost is obvious to anyone competent to study the subject. One thing is a certainty: that if all industry, through the inescapable play of political and bureaucratic action, were reduced to the

efficiency of the post office, we should fail within a few years to produce sufficient to feed, clothe, and care for our people.

All of which brings us, as I see it, to the point offered by Senator Norris in the Cody debates *supra*: 'Mr. President, it would not take an act of Congress to remedy the evil of which I am complaining in this case. It could be entirely remedied if the Department wished to place the Post Office upon a business basis instead of a job-hunting basis.'

The truth is plain before us. The Post Office includes so overwhelming a proportion of governmental employees that the virus of spoils, endemic there, must poison the whole body of our government. So long as the vicious custom persists of appointing as Postmaster General the man responsible for party success at the polls, the spoilsman's flag is nailed to the top of the mast.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A COLD

You wake one morning feeling rather queer; your head aches a little and your back; there is a scratching at the back of your throat and an itching in your nose, but that is all; only the whole day you are rather irritable and you swear at everything, even when you really have neither cause nor reason. But towards evening a ton weight descends on you from nowhere, all your joints go soft, all your flesh tingles sensitively; the patient sneezes wildly about a dozen times, and here it is!

With weeping eyes, crumpled up in a heap of misery, surrounded by wet handkerchiefs which are drying in every corner, the humiliated and streaming creature in slippers by the stove snorts, blows his nose, barks, drinks some infusion or other, sneezes and coughs, skulks about the room, avoids everybody. He has a slight temperature; instead of a head he has a heavy, painful ball; with limbs as though lamed and a handkerchief to his nose he is a dreadful sight.

Creep away on tiptoe, all you who see this unhappy man; your noisy and happy gambols torture him; he needs solitude, extinction, and dry handkerchiefs. He would like to take off his head, hang it up by the chimney and dry it; he would like to take his humiliated body apart into its several members and set each piece down in a different place. He would like . . . he would like . . . ah, if he at least knew what he wanted! If there were anything worth wanting! If only there were anywhere in the universe something warm and comforting which would give this poor, heavy head the relief of forgetfulness. Sleep? Yes, if there were no chaotic and disagreeable dreams. Lay a patience? Yes, if it ever came out! Read? Yes, but what? And this pitiful human ruin gets up, turns round, and staggers to his bookshelves.

Bookshelves, many-colored rows of a thousand backs, I want to find in you a

little book which will comfort me, who am accursed. No, to-day somehow I could not bear you, you fat, scientific book; for my brain is dull and stupid. I should like to read something which will not remind me of my dullness and slow-wittedness; something easy, amusing, to pass the time away. . . .

Away with you, humorous tales, out of my sight! To-day I could not bear the vulgar malice with which you hold up a stricken man to ridicule; I, too, am stricken by fate and I could not enjoy the spectacle of us unfortunates suffering from ridicule and exposed to the whim of the scoffers. And you, heroic romances, would you not carry me off to distant ages and epic times when there were no colds, among whole and glorious men, who slay a base rival in less time than I blow my nose? But the hand held out to the heroic book trembles weakly; I could not believe in great and magnificent deeds to-day; man is a small, weak creature, severely tried and loving peace. . . .

No, leave me in peace to-day, heroism and honor, noble sentiments and laurels of fame; away with you, amorous passions and intoxicating kisses of royal beauties. How can a man think of such things with a wet handkerchief to his nose? Good heavens, no, that's not what I want. Give me a detective novel for me to sharpen my wits on; give me an absorbing shocker which will carry me breathlessly along the exciting trail of some dreadful secret — no, that is not what I want, either; to-day I do not care for crimes and underground passages and evil people. Show me the gentler face of life, reveal people to me in their intimate everyday life. Only for God's sake no psychology! I have not the patience to linger over feelings and motives; for some obscure reason psychology is always rather painful and harrowing — as if we had not enough suffering of our own! Why do people write books at all?

And that one there — it's too realistic

for me; I want to forget life to-day. That one is sad and disillusioned at bottom. That one is cruel towards humanity and demands all manner of self-torture and redemption. That one over there is superficial, pretentious, and clever — away with it! That one is too high up. And that yellow one is bitter and jaundiced. In each of them is something which hurts. Why are books almost all written by wicked and unhappy people?

The man with a cold hesitates in front of his many-colored bookcase, shivering with chilliness and self-pity. Where can he find something . . . something really good . . . genial towards us unfortunates . . . and comforting? Something which does not wound in any way . . . does not hurt a man in his smallness and humiliation?

And then he reaches to the end of the shelf and takes out a book which he has read at least a dozen times before when he was thus depressed by the suffering of body and mind, snuggles down in his armchair, takes a dry handkerchief, and heaves a sigh of relief before he begins to read.

What is the book? Perhaps our old friend Charles Dickens.

ON CONCILIATION

In general I am in favor of punctilio; the brittle forms and empty rites of polite usage, 'by your leave' and 'if you please' and the exchange of compliments, are a necessary screen and a becoming veil to the naked egos that live in the world together. But I can dispense with apologies. I learned something of the essential nature of the apology at an early age.

My parents were hard put to it to think of punishments for their children; they were squeamish, and did n't like to beat us; they disapproved of denying us dessert or shutting us in dark closets because it ran in our family to be thin and afraid of the dark and they hesitated to encourage either tendency; and to keep us home from a party was not a punishment, because we were *farouche* and preferred to stay at home. But they discovered one day that it humbled our proud spirits to be made to apologize, and from then on we were sent on solemn missions of self-abasement to the cook, the

French teacher, ladies who called on our mother, the postman, the man whose door-knocker we took on Halloween.

They rather overdid the thing. We hated it at first; it made us feel silly to say we were sorry for something we had done on purpose; it made us feel abused to say we were sorry for something we had not intended as an overt act; we felt our position in either case to be weak and ridiculous. But, being average bright and adaptable children, we learned in time to wring a little amusement from these trying situations in which we found ourselves so often. We learned to apologize so offensively that the breach we were sent to heal was irreparably widened. There were several ways of doing this: there was the rather crude way of tendering the olive branch in a surly and hostile manner with the lower lip stuck out; there was the more irritating and slightly more subtle way of being specious, wordy, and obviously insincere. We became more fluent and objectionable with practice; we began to enjoy it, and sought out occasions to apologize. Many offenses which would have passed unnoticed were in this way turned into permanent rifts.

For we learned rather soon that the man who apologizes is in the saddle; he has the whip hand of a situation that is from first to last of his own making, and power can go no further. You do someone a wrong, which makes you dislike him and wish to annoy him further; so you stand on his doorstep and refresh his memory of the harm you have done him, poking up the wound. You say you never meant to do it, which is either untrue or evidence that you are rather absent-minded about his welfare. You say you are sorry you hurt his feelings, which is presumptuous. Then, having added insult to injury, having virtually had your picture taken with your foot on his chest, you expect him to acknowledge you have done the handsome thing, to kiss you on both cheeks and invite you to dinner.

Not that we had any such ridiculous expectations; we knew the uses of apology, and that conciliation was not one of them. If we did a wrong to someone we were fond of, we were not so reckless of his affections as to apologize; we allowed a decent interval of silence to elapse, so that his resentment might be dulled, and then we gave him a

present. We had a sound instinct that words were the wrong medicine; better go softly and let it all pass, and then make a concrete gesture of good will that anyone could understand. There was an element of bribery in this, but bribery is the essence of human amenities. Animals and children have too much social sense to apologize. Cats stand around and insult you, showing they don't care, but permitting you a little human dignity; dogs lower their tail, avoid your eye, and hide; children, being higher in the scale, offer you a bribe. . . .

We learned the underlying insolence of the apology, and that the more elaborate form was the more insulting. It would be unreasonable to suspect the sincerity of the man who mutters 'Sorry' in a hangdog way when he steps on your foot; this is merely a routine acknowledgment of an unintentional offense. But when a friend says, 'My dear, I can't tell you how sorry I was not to look you up when I was in town; I had been looking forward to seeing you, but I was so frightfully busy' (follows a list of engagements, detailed and tedious); 'I thought about you continually, and up to the last minute I meant to telephone you, etc.,' you are justified in sulking. The offender, by way of conciliation, makes the following unlikable assumptions: that you are so unreasonable you cannot take it for granted that people's plans are subject to change, so spoiled that you demand constant attention, so frail that you mope when neglected; that the offender is so kind he would n't hurt a fly, so frank and handsome that he is ever ready to admit his delinquency, so popular that he is full of engagements. All these assumptions may be true, but they are not soothing.

The innocuous apology in such an instance is to say briskly and without transition, 'I am sorry I missed seeing you. Did you know the Chalmers' bought a new horse?' — which releases the injured person from saying, 'That's all right, really it's quite all right,' in an embarrassed and monotonous refrain, strophe and antistrophe. The more rambling, effusive, and ornamental form is the highest expression of egotism; the injured one is reduced to the position of listener, willy-nilly; he is not permitted to explain that he was, as a matter of fact, busy and happy all the time he was

being neglected because the apologizer is having too much fun being remorseful. He has not only enjoyed the pleasure of doing as he pleases at our expense, but also works himself into a lather over our injured feelings, enjoying every minute that he is pouring salt into the wound. He knows we are bound by the rules of the silly game; we must swallow our rage and pretend that everything is all right now. Mate in two moves.

The innocuous apology is to be inarticulate, avoid the appearance of cheerfulness, and send flowers; the appeasing and assuaging apology is a divine inspiration which cannot be counterfeited. An ill-fated and awkward young man once paid a call on an old lady whose father had been an ambassador to a foreign court where he had been presented with a tea set by an emperor. The old lady naturally cherished this relic (which was her favorite topic of conversation), but, not realizing her young friend's lack of physical coördination, she served tea out of it while he was calling on her. He, to point a moral and adorn a tale, made one of his sweeping and unpredictable gestures which endangered the welfare of anything within reach, and smashed a large proportion of the imperial souvenir. He turned quite white, started to his feet, and stumbled blindly toward an open window. 'My God, Mrs. Ransom!' he said. 'Shall I kill myself?' This apology had a deserved success. The old lady appeared for a moment to toy with the idea of permitting him to throw himself out of her window, but perhaps, like Walter Savage Landor, she thought of the violets — and perhaps she was moved by his evident sincerity. In any case she forgave him. The amends he suggested was, after all, adequate; it showed a sense of values.

A good rule to remember is the simple mathematical formula of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; if you have done a really salient wrong you must be prepared to do something rather striking in the way of amends, or let it all go. Unless you are hunting for trouble. In that event, in the words of Roget, extenuate, palliate, excuse, varnish, slur, gloze, put a good face upon, gloss over, propugn, rue, regret, recant, plead guilty, sing *miserere*, cry *peccavi*, beg pardon, etc., etc.

*A message for
those who do not
believe in
MIRACLES*

We do not wish to be misunderstood. We have the highest regard and the utmost respect for the current cars of lower prices. They are all exceptional values and worthy of commendation. However, while *they* have been progressing, *La Salle* has been progressing. You would have to believe in miracles to expect *La Salle* to be duplicated in the price range below it. To get *La Salle* style, quality and performance, you must buy a *La Salle*. There is no substitute.

La Salle not only delivers exceptionally generous gasoline and oil mileage—but all service charges are unusually low. Furthermore, La Salle is so soundly designed and so superbly built that it requires much less service attention than cars of lesser quality. Almost anyone can afford to drive a La Salle.



PRICES LIST AT DETROIT, MICH.

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE thought and character of Mr. Pennyfeather leave no doubt of his distinctive New England origin. Mr. Pennyfeather was first introduced to us by **Donald Moffat**, the Boston author; as one comes to know him better it is possible to detect a rather delightful family resemblance to the Autocrat of blessed memory. If Boston is a state of mind, says Mr. Pennyfeather, what would you call New York?

A close student of labor conditions in the United States, **George E. Sokolsky** speaks with a knowledge of character and a freedom from bias very different from proletarian or other pleading.

In the days of Kipling's India, **Mrs. Edmonia Hill** lived at Allahabad, where her husband was Professor of Science at the Muir Central College of Allahabad University. The Hills knew young 'R. K.' intimately. 'When we made a trip round the world,' writes Mrs. Hill, 'our traveling companion was Kipling, and he used the "Professor" as a mouthpiece for his theories in the "Sea to Sea" letters.'

An Oxford graduate whose 'second country' is Spain, **Geoffrey Household** has lived for considerable periods in the Balkans, South America — and Manhattan. He is at present in Málaga, devoting three months' concentration to the completion of his first novel—which, incidentally, will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

The first American poet to hold the Charles Eliot Norton Lectureship, **Robert Frost** will be assured of Standing Room Only when he speaks in Cambridge. A collection of new poems by Mr. Frost will appear in April under the title of *A Further Range*.

The children of James Abbe, international press photographer, **Patience** (age 11), **Richard** (age 9), and **Johnny** (age 8), told something of their 'Eleven Years Around the World' in the March *Atlantic*. But let their father speak: 'Well, we five Abbes marched into Putnam's, in New York City, the morning of the twentieth and bought our first copy of the March *Atlantic* with its "I, Patience" leading the field. And of all the thrills Papa and Mamma ever had during

fifteen years of thrills, this was the tops. To be perfectly honest, the three little authors caught sight of bound copies of "funnies," sat down on Putnam's floor, and buried their noses in Dick Tracy, Tarzan, et cetera. They may be well launched in the literary field, thanks to you, but I'm afraid they are not intellectuals. They did, however, look over the *Atlantic* and satisfied themselves that it is "a good paper," which should take a load off your mind.'

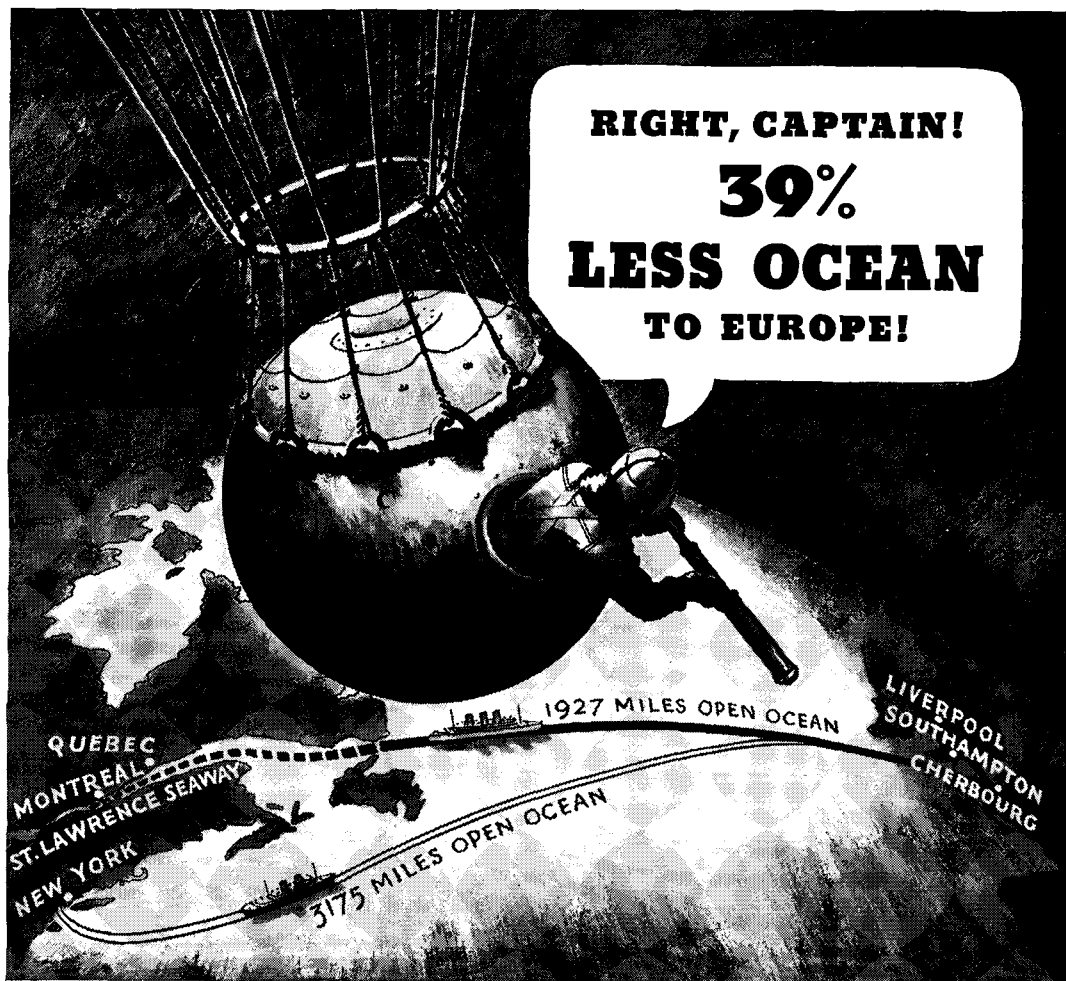
An invalid who for fifteen years has known no relief from heart trouble, **Madame France Pastorelli** writes with unquenchable courage. She is particularly intent on lightening the burden which the sick impose upon their sympathizers — and vice versa!

T. E. Lawrence was unquestionably the most glamorous figure to emerge from the Great War. At this time, when his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is fresh in mind, it is pertinent to detach the man from the legend, studying the views of two British officers, the Near View of **F. Yeats-Brown**, of the Bengal Lancers, who knew Lawrence well, and the Long View of **A. W. Smith**, late of the Gloucestershire Regiment.

Born in Boston and a graduate of the Baltimore Medical College, **Dr. C. L. De Meritt** has practised in New Jersey since 1900, being connected for most of that time with a well-known hospital where he was the attending urologist. 'Besides keeping up with current literature on hospitals,' he says, 'I have had the experience of being intimately concerned with the financial and medical administrative problems of an average hospital, in a poorer than average community. During part of the World War, I served as surgeon in the merchant marine, under various flags, and it made me wish that hospitals could be run like ships.'

Doctor, author, and resident of Kansas City, **Logan Clendening** has been a lifelong devotee of the *Pickwick Papers*, whose one-hundredth anniversary he wishes us to remember.

When we accepted **Constance Cassady's** story we asked to see her credentials as a railroad



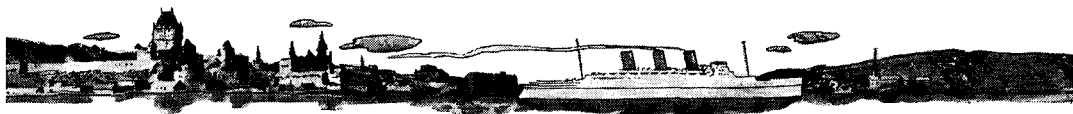
Discovery! Actually, Europe is 1248 miles nearer North America on this ocean crossing. But that's only half its attraction. The other half is those two unforgettable days, when you sail serenely down the broad reaches of the St. Lawrence Seaway, between the picturesque shores of France in the new world.

Sail from Québec in French-Canada to Cherbourg and Southampton on the *Em-*

press of Britain or *Empress of Australia* . . . from Montreal to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Southampton, and Havre on the reasonably-priced *Duchesses* or the low-cost *Mont* ships. Get "39% Less Ocean" booklet and fares from YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal. 32 other district offices in U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

... VIA ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY



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The COLUMN

engineer. And here is her reply: 'As for the details of the story, I feel a little guilty to be obliged to confess that I've never actually been in an engine cab. All the authentic color of the story must be credited to my husband, who was a railroad man before the war, and whose reminiscences of railroading have always interested me. He maintains that the average railroad story does n't ring true — that the writers of these tales tend to inject a kind of sentimentality which is entirely lacking in real railroad men, and that the much-publicized affection of the "hogger" for his locomotive is pure fancy. For a long time he has wanted me to write something in the true spirit of railroading. I'm glad that you feel that I've succeeded.'

Each time that **Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes** tells us of the food her mother used to cook (on a farm in Southern Michigan) and her father used to eat, there are cries of 'More! More!' from hungry readers. Her book will be ready for all-American gourmets in the early autumn.

President of the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, **M. Albert Linton** was one of the four actuarial consultants associated with the work of the Committee on Economic Security when the social security programme was being developed.

Playwright at large, — his *R. U. R.* was produced by the Theatre Guild within recent memory, — **Karel Čapek** is a Czechoslovakian whose talent also finds expression in essays, skillfully translated by Dora Round. The American edition of his delightful papers will be published in May.

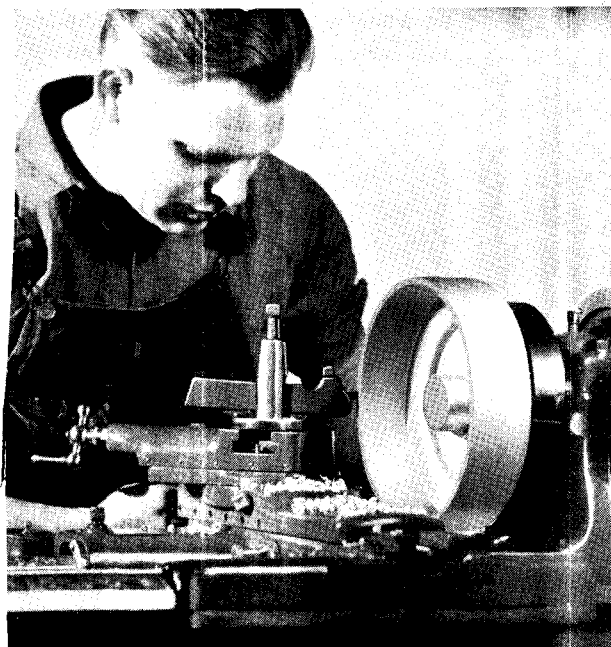
James Norman Hall is one of the *Atlantic's* twin favorites in the South Seas. Readers of the *Bounty* trilogy and *The Hurricane* will enjoy this passage from a recent letter: 'I've spent a good part of this past month on a voyage to Christmas Island, which lies about 1200 miles from Tahiti, just north of the Equator, and about midway between here and the Hawaiian Islands. No shipwrecks this time, thank the Lord! Christmas is a wonderful place for its bird life. Sea fowl actually darken the skies above their nesting grounds, tens of thousands of them. I've never seen anything like it, except on some of the rocky bird islands of the Marquesas. I wish I might have spent a month on Christmas, but I was lucky to have the chance to go at all and am duly thankful for it. On the way I had an opportunity to visit two other islands, uninhabited: Malden and Vostok. I don't suppose there are two lonelier

islands in all the Pacific, or a less-traveled sea route than that between Tahiti and Christmas. Christmas hadn't had a ship in the past eight months, and the people were longing for food other than coconuts and fish. We brought them a good supply and carried away more than three hundred tons of copra.'

Lawrence Sullivan's scrutiny of Washington is close and well informed. For ten years he has served there as correspondent and White House reporter for press associations and — more recently — for *Forbes Business Magazine*. His paper, 'Our New Spoils System,' which appeared in the February issue, provoked wide discussion.

When the *Atlantic* published 'Our New Spoils System,' its prime purpose was to call national attention to the fact that upwards of two hundred thousand persons have been added to the full-time payroll of the Federal Government without making them subject to the rules of Civil Service. That there was urgent need for such an article, presenting a rounded, documented study of the abuses of the merit system, — abuses experienced by a great many individuals, — was apparent. Editorials appeared in hundreds of newspapers. Letters and telegrams flowed into the offices of the *Atlantic*, many of them relating further outstanding cases in which 'career' employees of long standing were removed to make way for political appointees. Of special interest to the editors — and to readers — were three lengthy communications from the Commissioners of the United States Civil Service Commission, Harry B. Mitchell, Lucille Foster McMillin, and Leonard D. White. These communications were too detailed to summarize here, although their general import was that Mr. Sullivan's article gave 'a one-sided, imperfect and misleading impression of the merit system at the present time.' In view of the evidence to the contrary, the editors took considerable pains to answer the Commissioners point by point from official documents. Nowhere have we seen a more poignant expression of the position in which many Federal employees found themselves during the 'housecleaning' of 1933, shortly after the advent of the present Administration, than in the address of Luther C. Steward, President of the National Federation of Federal Employees, before his annual convention at Kansas City, September 4, 1933. He said in part: —

Orders have been issued, only to be countermanded, altered or postponed. Naturally, with the atmosphere of uncertainty in high official places, the rank and file of the Federal employees have been in a state of well-nigh panic. That their morale has not been completely shattered, and the great mass of them have stood staunch and steadfast under the most adverse conditions, is due simply and solely to their strength of character and long habit of giving the best possible service to the job, regardless of



*SKILL
WAS BEGOT IN
A THOUSAND
SHOPS*

★ *FIFTY YEARS ago this spring all the commercial Aluminum in the world was represented by a few shining pellets in the hand of young Charles Martin Hall.*

Fifty fleeting years—and men who actually saw the first pouring of Aluminum by Hall and his commercial associates see trains made almost wholly of Aluminum, setting speed records on the tracks of American railroads.

The skyways are full of Aluminum airplanes. Along the highways roll huge motor trucks and buses with light Aluminum bodies. Bridges, armored cars, power-shovel dippers, office chairs, building facades are rapidly “going Aluminum.”

How could, how did, Aluminum grow up so fast?

Because it was mastered by the skill, the resources, the ingenuity of the men who are the metal-working industry.

Bit by bit, quirk by quirk, process by process, in a thousand shops, large and small, famous and obscure, Aluminum was made useful by men who refused to be baffled by the different working characteristics of this new metal.

It would not have been surprising if these men had argued that the older metals were good enough. They knew each of these stand-bys like a book. The knowledge of copper dates back at least to 3700 B. C.

The history of lead goes back nearly as far; lead pipe was common in ancient Rome. Iron is as old as the hills themselves. Zinc coins antedate the Christian era.

Nor would it have been surprising if, when engineers had instigated the development of new, stronger and tougher alloys, the metal-working industry had wavered in its enthusiasm.

On the contrary, the interest grew, and skill with it. For these men who knew metal saw that Aluminum was capable of doing things no other common metal could do. They recognized these capabilities as the heritage which makes Aluminum not a competitor but a co-worker in the great family of common metals.

So came, with the help of the metal-working industry, our modern knowledge of how to work Aluminum—to roll it, cast it, forge it, weld it, extrude it, heat treat it. So have come our railroad trains and airplanes, and all the other applications where Aluminum serves mankind better.

And while all this practical knowledge was accumulating, this company, as one factor in the Aluminum industry, has been at similar problems in its Research Laboratories, so that it might be well prepared to return the compliment to the metal-working industry in the form of helpful and practical suggestions based on exhaustive scientific research.

A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE FROM

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external conditions. There have been many casualties, however; mental and physical breakdowns, premature deaths and suicides have been tragic incidents. (From *The Federal Employee*, Vol. XVIII, No. 10, October 1933, p. 5.)

A further sidelight upon 'Our New Spoils System' is found in the annual report of the National Civil Service Reform League, dated June 15, 1933: —

The President has appointed to the United States Civil Service Commission Harry B. Mitchell, of Montana, and Mrs. Lucille Foster McMillin of Tennessee, in place of Governor Campbell and Miss Dell. The selection of the new commissioners was dictated in large measure by political considerations and neither Mrs. McMillin nor Mr. Mitchell has had any particular experience in personnel work (p. 12).

Our correspondence with the Commissioners would fill many pages, but we wish to be entirely fair and shall recur to the subject again.

ˆ ˆ ˆ

Nautical readers of the *Atlantic* have been quick to point out the inconsistency in the opening sentence of 'The Salvation of Pisco Gabar,' by Geoffrey Household. The author is as quick to apologize: —

Dear *Atlantic*, —

I spotted the howler in the opening sentence of 'Pisco Gabar' just too late to get the correction to you in time, though I managed to have it altered in the English magazine edition.

I know what I would write to you myself: that if these writers can't take the trouble to check their nautical terms, they ought to lay off them.

As a matter of fact I do know my nautical terms, but in the first draft of 'Pisco Gabar' the *Santa Juana* was sailing south from the Canal and had the coast of Ecuador to port. I wrote and rewrote the opening sentence and made, as I thought, all the necessary alterations. But, alas, I never altered 'port' to 'starboard.'

I'm awfully sorry.

G. E. W. HOUSEHOLD
Málaga, Spain

Peering through the mist of words.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

In the February *Atlantic*, Albert Jay Nock cites as impostor-terms the words *honor*, *glory*, and *dignity*, used to beat up enthusiasm for the Mexican and Spanish wars, declaring that the wars in question were really *imperialistic undertakings*, *freebooting enterprises*, *sheer brigandage*. Thus he uses a live set of impostor-terms to knock over a dead set.

I mention this embarrassment only to bring out the difficulties of achieving the honest language which

he desires. All good writing is thick with metaphor, and metaphor always is employed for the particular purpose of gaining an effect stronger than the facts warrant; it is used to summon preconceptions and prejudices from the subconscious. And even writing which avoids metaphor is almost as difficult to reform, since the same end is gained by variation in the arrangement of the simplest words — that is, by style.

So to make our language honest we must cut it away until there is none left. Then, when we stand naked of words, we at last shall be able to express a completely frank opinion concerning one another, and concerning affairs in general, by the old device of putting a finger to the nose.

PHILIP H. PARRISH
Portland, Oregon

Said Professor William Orton in the March *Atlantic*: 'The United Press and the International News Service now sell their news reports direct to advertisers, and the news thus enters, along with crooners and jazz bands, the field of commercial sponsorship.' To which the International News Service offers this qualification: —

International News Service does not sell its news reports direct to advertisers. It makes its news reports available only to radio stations in the same relation that it makes them available to newspapers. International News Service staunchly maintains its independence as a news-gathering organization in this respect. If, however, the radio stations seek commercial sponsorship for their news casts, they are privileged to do so in the same manner and in the same relation that newspapers seek support through advertising revenues.

Small town versus the city.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

I am a New Yorker, bred if not born, and like many another, probably, I have been roused to violent wrath by Mr. Calkins's article 'Small Town.'

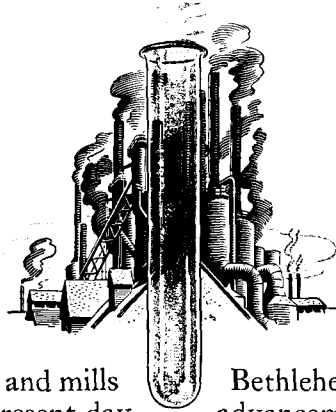
He says, 'It is obvious that practically everything which can be bought with money is as accessible to the small-towner as to the big-city man.' What does Leigh do when he wants to go to the theatre, opera, dinner, club? He drives one hundred miles to Chicago, which is as accessible to him as the Berkshires to the New Yorker. But is n't it a bit strenuous and unnecessary to drive one hundred miles for such attractions when the small town is so full of city advantages that it might easily compete with Chicago?

'There is something in us that demands contact with elemental forces — earth, sky, wind, sun.'

Has Mr. Calkins ever walked down Riverside Drive on a winter's day? Has he ever stood at the Battery and watched sky and water? Has he ever noticed the setting sun reflected in the myriad windows of the Empire State? Has he ever watched the Chrysler Tower change color with the passing of huge clouds in the blue sky?

'Neighborliness'! I have been to the same shoemaker, delicatessen, laundry, tailor, for eighteen

Research in Steel



While Bethlehem furnaces and mills are turning out steels for present-day demands, Bethlehem laboratories are perfecting new steels for tomorrow's requirements.

A staff of research men trained in pure and applied science, never satisfied with the accomplishments of the present, continuously seek answers to the questions *How can we do this better? How can we make this a better product?*

Every important application of steel, every phase of its manufacture, rolling, shaping and treating, is explored. One man may be studying electrolytic cleaning and coating. Another will be assigned to heat-treatment of rails, steels subject to impact at sub-zero temperatures, or gas absorption and diffusion in metals.

Pioneering is nothing new for Bethlehem Steel Company. From the blowing of the first Bessemer steel in America (1861) and the rolling of the first steel rails (1867) in a Bethlehem plant, many an epochal chapter in the history of steel has been written within the

Bethlehem organization. Bethlehem advancements within the last few years include stainless steels that are free-machining, steels that retain their strength at very high temperatures, steels possessing exceptional resistance to abrasion, and electrolytically-zinc-coated wire.

James Watt's teakettle, germ of the age of power, typifies the way in which mankind's steady advancement in material well-being has been along a road paved by the insatiable curiosity and glowing energy of practical dreamers.

No one can foresee what lies ahead in science and industry. But whatever new developments and inventions the future may unfold and however deep may be their impress on our daily lives, it may safely be predicted that the steel-maker will be called upon to play his indispensable part.

Continuous, well-directed research is assurance that in the years to come, just as today, steel consumers in every field may look with confidence to Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

years, and when, after an absence of two years, I returned to New York with my own baby, I went as a matter of course to each and every one to show them my child. We were exclaimed over by Italian, Jew, German, and Swede alike, and I was asked by each to remember the days when I was four years old and came in with my mamma, 'and is n't Mamma looking well? But how she has missed you!'

'For a boy, at least, a big city is a barren waste beside the unfailling attractions and diversions of the country.' I am not a boy, but I think that most boys would enjoy exploring the waterfront, days on Brighton Beach, fishing in Sheepshead Bay, hours in the Museum of Natural History, and perhaps the theatre, an opera, or even the Philharmonic!

AN EXILED NEW YORKER

Dear Atlantic, —

'Small Town,' in the February *Atlantic*, is of special interest to me, for I have recently returned to such a place after residence in a large city for a number of years. There are certainly many features of life in a small community that are appealing, but I cannot agree with Mr. Calkins that the cost of living is one of them. It is his contention that in the average Mid-Western town or city of five to forty thousand inhabitants the 'necessities of life are cheaper' than in a metropolis. I do not find it so. My experience in one of these 'ordinary small Western towns' is that the cost of food is now, at least, as high as in a big city, if not higher. The same holds true of some other things properly included in a list of 'necessities.' Of course if the author's arguments are directed only to people having incomes of \$25,000 or more a year, as would appear from the income comparisons he makes, that is entirely different. One can get 'as much of living,' or at least as much as is good for him, most anywhere, with that much money at his disposal.

HORACE E. MCFARLAND
Junction City, Kansas

In his biographical paper on Father Coughlin, which appeared in the December *Atlantic*, Mr. Forrest Davis had occasion to analyze certain Papal Encyclicals. With Mr. Davis's interpretation a Catholic authority now takes issue.

Dear Atlantic, —

Permit me to comment on that part of Mr. Forrest Davis's article on Father Coughlin in the December *Atlantic* which attempts to analyze Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical, *The Condition of Labor*, of 1891, and Pope Pius XI's Encyclical, *Forty Years After*, of 1931.

Mr. Davis tries to show that *Forty Years After*, which adapts *The Condition of Labor* to present-day economic life, virtually advocates Fascist dictatorship. He writes that Pope Pius XI in *Forty Years After* 'outlined as his formula for a regenerated society a state scarcely distinguishable from the syndicalism of Mussolini's corporative pattern.' Of the entire Encyclical he says: 'In the main, it was

sound Fascist, as well as Catholic, doctrine.' Moreover, he objects: 'It was silent on the means of enforcing the "just" wage, stewardship, and public ownership.'

To support his criticisms the writer resorts to mis-statements regarding both Encyclicals, and in one quotation from *Forty Years After* to a mutilation of the text (p. 663, paragraph beginning, 'Economic interests,' sentence beginning, 'Free competition').

The simple truth is that Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI both teach that men are free to decide the form of political government and the form of economic organization they are to live under. (*Forty Years After*, p. 28.)

In 1891 *The Condition of Labor* listed as the first of the four causes of social injustice the destruction, in the preceding century, of workers' organizations, and the fact that 'no other organization took their place' (p. 2). It affirmed that the right to organize in free unions is 'natural' (p. 31); that unions 'should be adapted to the requirements of the age in which we live,' and that it is 'greatly to be desired that they should multiply and become more effective' (p. 30). Workers are not, without their free and uncoerced consent, to be compelled, as they are under the typical company union, to select their representatives exclusively from the company payroll, and above all are not to be obliged to accept as 'representatives' those whom a dictator appoints for them.

In urging free economic organization *Forty Years After* is, if possible, even more emphatic than *The Condition of Labor*. It exhorts workers, employers, farmers, and professional persons to organize in occupational associations which, through freely chosen and not state-appointed representatives of the rank and file, would administer and adjust wages, hours, salaries, prices, profits, and interest rates (pp. 26-28). Social reconstruction would be effected through voluntary organization of economic groups, with the government playing the necessary, though relatively lesser, rôle of guide, referee, or chairman (p. 26). The evils of economic dictatorship over and through the state which the financially powerful now exercise would, according to *Forty Years After*, be corrected, not, as Mr. Davis says, through 'a rigidly controlled state.' On the contrary, the Encyclicals hold in effect that, assuming such is the will of the people, the state is to be 'rigidly controlled' by all the people who make it up and not by one individual, a Fascist dictator.

Mr. Davis's criticism that Pius XI's programme fails to suggest means to secure just wages and other social-justice measures is likewise directly at variance with the facts. 'Right to organize,' 'unions,' and 'occupational organization' are the bone and sinew of both Encyclicals. Clearly the charges of Fascism, even in attenuated form, and of absence of enforcement machinery are entirely without foundation.

VERY REVEREND FRANCIS J. HAAS
St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wisconsin

When Life was young.

Dear Atlantic, —

I'm plumb tickled to be able to add another Oliver Herford whimsey to Carolyn Wells's priceless recollections.

The Barrancas

Climax of your Southern Pacific trip to Mexico



Barrancas is the Spanish word for gorges, but all over Mexico it means a hundred mile stretch of line on Southern Pacific's West Coast Route between Tepic and Guadalajara.

People you meet on the train will tell you about The Barrancas. But you won't realize what they mean until *El Costeño*, with two locomotives pulling hard, suddenly rounds a bend and the whole world lies at your feet. Reaching to the horizon in every direction are mountains, jumbled-up, hodge-podge mountains—some with flat tops, some with tops shaped like jigsaw puzzles. Far below, thousands of feet straight down, are tiny valleys, drowsing in the warm sun. Hours fly by like minutes. Then suddenly the mountains end and you're in Guadalajara, with Mexico City only a night away.

The train is king

After this trip through The Barrancas, you'll realize why the best way to go to Mexico

is by train. No highway penetrates these mountains. No highways reach Mexico's most interesting byways—the country is too rugged. But trains go almost everywhere.

When you go to Mexico City, have the agent route you on our West Coast Route either going or returning. Very low roundtrip fares permit this. You'll see Guaymas, where Southern Pacific's modern resort Playa de Cortés just opened; Mazatlan, where South Sea Island movies are filmed; Hermosillo, the "Little Beauty"; Navojoa, where beautiful *sarapes* are woven; Tepic—in short, a part of Mexico entirely different from the rest. Through air-conditioned Pullmans from Los Angeles and Tucson to Mexico City.

For information and literature about the West Coast of Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. AM-4, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. For de luxe booklet about Mexico with large map in full colors, enclose 25¢ in stamps or coin.



Spring Flower Festival, Mexico City, May 2 to 6

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The COLUMN

As advertising manager of *Life* in the late '90s, when Herford was running rings round his supposed competitors with his inimitable animal cartoons, I learned to know him quite well. It was a question who could produce the most ridiculous 'animile,' Herford or T. S. Sullivant, of the macrocephalic familiars of the barnyard — both, doubtless, sky-hootin' through the Elysian Fields at this writing.

When Herford dropped in, with a drawing under his arm, it was an event. No one ever knew or could even guess what Herford was going to unlimber before the 'General,' as beloved John A. Mitchell, *Life's* president and all-round dictator, was familiarly known to the office staff.

Mitchell never permitted anyone else to buy any drawings; that was his particular job, which in no circumstance was he ever known to delegate to another. Tom Masson could play with visiting manuscripts all over the lots. Jim Metcalfe was the 'works' in theatrical criticism, and Andrew or 'Tiff' Miller, *Life's* secretary, signed checks when he could withdraw from Belmont Park or the Sheepshead Bay race track long enough to reach for a fountain pen. But drawings, cartoons, from Richards's 'worm's-eye' view to a Maxfield Parrish masterpiece — the General's word was not only final; there was none other. Incidentally, he was personally fond of Herford.

One day Oliver blew blithely into the office with a two-horned rhinoceros for the General's kindly consideration. The General liked it. And, following his usual procedure, he asked Herford the price of the drawing — this notwithstanding that those disturbing details had been long standardized with Herford's product.

'Thirty dollars, Mr. Mitchell,' was Oliver's suave reply.

'Why, Herford — what can you be thinking of? You know we have never paid more than fifteen dollars for any of these animal drawings of yours.'

'Sorry, Mr. Mitchell, but that's the price — thirty dollars.'

Said the General, resuming, 'Really, Herford, I don't want to argue over a matter of this nature, that has been so thoroughly understood between us for so long a time. But — I will make an exception in this particular case: I'll pay you twenty dollars and that's the best I can do.'

'What? Twenty dollars for a two-horned rhinoceros?' was Herford's amazed rejoinder. 'Really, I cannot think of such a thing, Mr. Mitchell.' Reaching for his beloved eraser, he expunged one horn and, handing the drawing back to the General, replied smoothly, 'Now you may have it for twenty dollars, Mr. Mitchell,' and left the office before the General could recover his composure.

The only ones left of that goodly company are Charles Dana Gibson and dear old E. S. Martin, for years *Life's* editor and recently retired from active service at the ripe age of eighty. 'Thim were th' good ol' days.'

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM
San Francisco, California

Hats for 'the Gussies.'

Dear Atlantic, —

The article, 'The Gussies,' in your Contributors' Club for October, was immensely interesting to me, as I was the founder of the shop in 1907 which specialized in matron's hats. I am not the mother of the young man, now middle-aged, who designed the models, but I do feel that my refined breeding and influential friends all contributed to its success — after the death of my husband in that same year. Our last shop was on West 51 Street, which alas, through the depression, death of old patrons, and accumulating difficulties, went out of business last August. But for years we have had the reputation for smart matron's hats. The only trouble was in duplicating the models. We had a very disastrous time when Dr. Satterlee was consecrated Bishop in Holy Trinity. Two of our very select customers ordered hats without our knowing where they were to be worn. And, strange to say, in that huge church they were put side by side in the same pew, with the very same models. They each turned and spoke to the other and then, as Mrs. B. said, her day was spoiled. But the consecration went on just the same. Only we had to take back the hat and make another model. After that I always asked which church the people attended who were buying a hat!

I think the name is delicious, and it will be a long time before just such a place will be found again.

JEAN SEAMAN
New York City

Poets, Listen!

THE Editors believe that there are a good many poets in hiding among the *Atlantic* readers. To tempt them into the open it is proposed that an informal Rhyming Contest be held in these columns. The rules are simple: The candidate is asked to write a stanza of not less than six lines in which a rhyme or rhymes must be found for 'chrysanthemum,' with which word the second line must end. Candidates are limited to three tries. All manuscripts must be submitted to the Contributors' Column, *The Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before April 20, 1936.

To the poet whose verses best fulfill the requirements we shall award a crisp ten-dollar bill. A subscription to the *Atlantic* will be conferred upon the also-rans (if they be fast enough). The winners will be published in the June issue.

By way of demonstration we publish these sample verses: —

The parson mumbles to his cues,
He wears a small chrysanthemum,
His flock sit patiently in pews
And secretly this anthem 'um:

We're here to help you praise the Lord,
But oh, my hat! we're awful bored.

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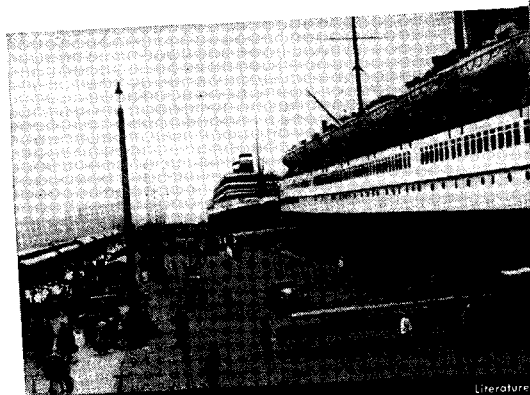
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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

This department is designed to help readers to a better understanding of the general business conditions which affect their investments. It is obviously impossible to give advice as to specific investments.

THE DIARY OF A PRUDENT INVESTOR

by MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

[THIS is the first installment of the life story of an investor. It will present his changing point of view toward risk and safety as he moves around the circle from youth to old age. To make the comment of maximum practical service to readers, problems have been considered at each age of the investor from the standpoint of present-day conditions. — EDITORS]

WHEN Jim Blake, at twenty-two, received his sheepskin from college, his personal ledger balanced, with his financial assets and liabilities, at zero.

As a recruit in the world of hard knocks, Jim was less concerned, however, with managing his nonexistent estate than with getting a job. His first idea was to give Nicholas P. Winthrop, an old friend of the family, an opportunity to redeem that pledge: 'When you've finished school, come in to see me and I will take care of you.'

Mr. Winthrop gave Jim a job and a title — executive assistant, salary fifteen dollars.

The shock brought Jim down to earth. He suddenly realized that he could not get rich quick on fifteen dollars a week. This amount, it seemed to the new 'executive assistant,' was commensurate neither with his title nor with his hopes. How could he achieve financial independence on such a pittance?

His first major move was to consult his employer as to the secret of attaining a competence — and, by implication, on fifteen dollars a week.

'My advice to you, my boy,' said the merchant, 'is to open a savings account, subscribe to building and loan shares — and look into life insurance.'

As his employer spoke, Jim kept thinking, 'On fifteen dollars a week.'

Mr. Winthrop's eyes dropped to his mail. The interview, brief but epochal, was over.

Lunch time found Jim Blake at the office of a local insurance agent. Torn between nervousness and self-importance, Jim had a vague idea that the agent would ask him: 'When do you expect to die?' Instead, the first question was: 'When do you expect to marry?'

'As soon as I can afford to,' replied Jim.

'When do you want to retire?'

That challenge caught Jim wholly unprepared. Having just started on his first real job, Jim had scarcely thought yet of his final curtain call on the business stage.

'Sixty-five is a suitable age, don't you think?' the agent said, almost automatically.

Jim thought it a bit far off, but he did n't argue the point. He was too surprised at discovering that insurance has much more to do with the business of living than of dying.

Seeking to move rapidly from theory to the practical act of getting a signature on the dotted line, the agent said: 'You should start on your insurance programme immediately, while your health is robust, and begin to add to the foundation as your needs and income expand. If you are looking forward to getting married, you will want to start immediately to save as much as you can. You need a policy that will emphasize above all the savings feature. You need an endowment policy — about a forty-three endowment, which will mature on your sixty-fifth birthday.'

The agent did not recommend more insurance than Jim could carry on his present slim income. He suggested a \$2000 policy. At the end of forty-three years, if Jim lived, his annual payments to the company, — the premiums, — less the actual cost of insuring him against premature death during that period, plus the earning power of the premiums invested in bonds and mortgages by the company, would create a sum equal to \$2000. This would be his sixty-fifth birthday present to himself.

The agent explained that, since Jim had no one dependent on him, the endowment policy was advisable rather than ordinary life or a twenty-payment life or a term policy, because endowment entailed the lowest net cost provided he lived, and offered the largest degree of saving of any of the policies offered. The annual premium would amount to \$46.80, from which he could deduct whatever profit-sharing dividends the company paid. Of course, dividends depended on the skill with which the financial management of the company would meet the challenge of fluctuating con-

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“Not Worth a Continental”

When people refer to something worthless, they often say it is “not worth a Continental.” That phrase, which had its origin in the worthlessness of the Continental Currency, has survived for a century and a half. But the misery of the generation that suffered from the inflation has been forgotten.

If currency inflation is permitted to start today and run its inevitable course, destroying the wages and savings of an entire nation and bringing social chaos in its train, perhaps some future generation will remember only enough of our suffering to say “*not worth a Dollar*” when referring to something of no value.

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The COUNSELOR

ditions. If dividends were continued at the rate in effect when Jim took out the policy, he could anticipate \$10.12 in dividends at the end of the first year, \$10.20 at the end of the second, \$10.28 at the end of the third, and so on, increasing through the years.

The merit of the endowment policy lay in the fact that, if he lived, he would find a high proportion of the annual premium reserved for him as savings. Thus, the policy which involved the largest annual cash outlay for premiums would ultimately prove to be the least costly in the event of his survival.

'As soon as you can afford more,' the agent continued, 'say in a year or two from now, you can buy at least another thousand. Insurance can be modified to meet changing needs. After you are married and have children, you will become more interested in protection than in savings, and doubtless will be attracted to the ordinary life form. Then, when you attain the retirement age and your children have become self-supporting, you can automatically convert your insurance fund into a joint and survivorship annuity policy for your wife and yourself, guaranteeing each of you a regular income for life.'

Next day at noon, Jim called at the Building and Loan Association office. 'What is the smallest amount I can invest?' he asked the man behind the barred window.

'Fifty cents a month,' was the reply.

Fifty cents a month sounded so easy to Jim that there seemed little merit in accomplishing it. He naively asked the secretary how it was possible to take out in a dozen years considerably more cash than he would be called upon to put in.

Jim learned that the association was a privately managed, mutual thrift organization, organized and directed by responsible local business men and owned by all its shareholders. Many persons bought the shares in large and small amounts. Their deposits were then loaned by the association to local home owners, who would give a first mortgage on their homes as security. Moreover, the borrowers agreed gradually to retire the loan through regular monthly payments.

'The fifty cents you pay in each month,' explained the secretary, 'pays for a \$100 share in the association. We pay dividends depending upon our earnings, which, of course, vary with economic conditions and interest rates. The range of dividends is between 3 and 5 per cent. In addition, to reward consistent, systematic saving, the association pays a bonus equal to 1 per cent a year at the time the shares reach their \$100 maturity value. Should a subscriber need money, the association attempts to repurchase the shares.'

Jim figured that he could afford to subscribe to

ten shares, which meant paying in five dollars each month. The results over a period of years were illuminating to a novice in saving. Five dollars, saved regularly each month, amounted in ten years, at a 4 per cent dividend rate, to \$734.95. At a 5-per-cent rate, it accumulated to \$774.30. Actually he would have paid in only \$600, which would be augmented by the earning power of the mortgage investments, less the operating expenses of the association.

There was still time during the noon hour to investigate Mr. Winthrop's last bit of advice — a savings account. Jim found it required only a dollar to open an account. The teller informed him that the bank paid 2 per cent interest. Jim realized that when you buy something with money the resale value of the article depreciates as soon as you leave the store; on the other hand, when you entrust a dollar to the bank, it becomes \$1.02 a year — and still remains an option on everything within its price range.

Accordingly, he made a covenant with himself to deposit part of his salary every pay day, so that he might build up a fund each year to meet his scheduled insurance premiums as well as unexpected contingencies.

At the end of his first month on this programme, Jim's little book of accounts showed the following notations: —

Savings bank account	\$10.00
Building and loan	5.00
Insurance	3.90*
Total	\$18.90

*The agent advanced the first semi-annual premium, Jim paying him back in six equal monthly installments.

He persevered in this programme, even though it took nearly one third of his total income.

His first month's savings started him on a \$2000 insurance policy, \$1000 (maturity value) in building and loan shares, and a bank account that would provide the basis for a more ambitious investment programme later. The institutions he used assured him that his savings would be managed by specialists in finance and real estate, and promised him a regular income on his slowly forming capital fund.

Jim's book of accounts on another page disclosed the subjoined allocation of his gross income: monthly earnings approximately \$65, against which \$18.90 was reserved for savings and insurance, \$25 paid to his parents for room and board, leaving about \$20 for clothes, cultural activities, amusements, and incidentals.

Jim's friends around town, impressed with his sonorous title, assumed he was probably making a fortune. But Jim bided his time, knowing that he was making progress, soaking up experience and laying the basis for a satisfying career.

(To be continued)